

American

JULY 1954

MERCURY

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Sulzbergerism	Chesly Manly
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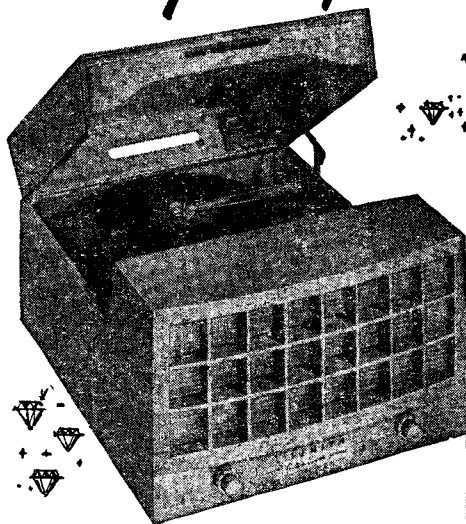
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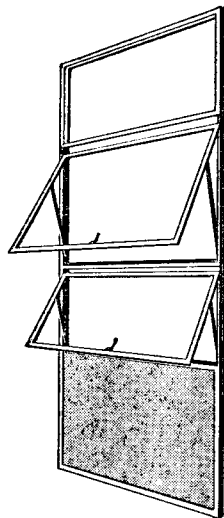
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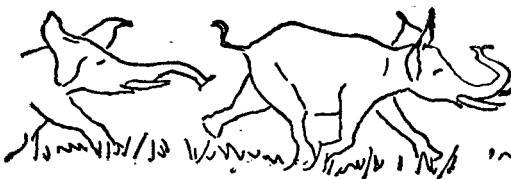
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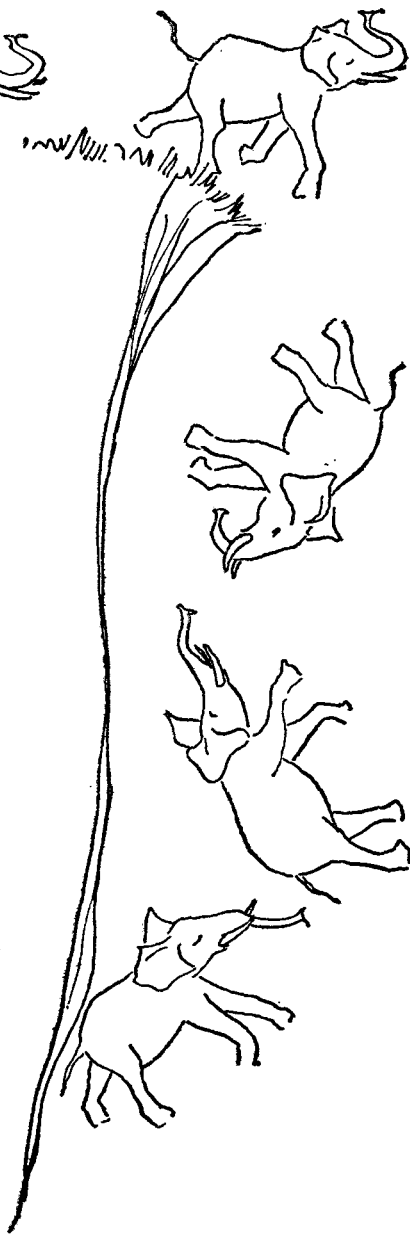
Is the **Republican** **Party**

Committing *Suicide?*

BY HAROLD LORD VARNEY

ON THE EVE of the Congressional election of 1930, nothing would have seemed more improbable to the reigning Republican administration than that their party was on the precipice edge of a twenty-two-year defeat.

In the unreal and surcharged 1930 Washington atmosphere there was little awareness that the top-heavy 1928 victory margin had already eroded away. Any man who would have



warned of disaster would have been dismissed contemptuously either as a Michelson plant, or as an irresponsible gloom merchant. But it came.

There is a growing body of opinion in America which holds that the present Republican administration, in spite of its glittering façade, is headed for another 1930. The fate is not inevitable. There is still time before November to heal the ghastly breaches which top administration bungling has opened. But when we contemplate the men who are making the Washington decisions, we note little or no disposition to launch the healing processes, or even to admit their necessity. Below the President himself, a generous-spirited man, there is an appalling lack of tolerance and magnanimity toward non-Eisenhower party groups among the smug little rout of men who staff the White House. There is a fatal disposition to ride the saddle of faction at the expense of the unity of the Republican Party.

Will H. Hays, who healed the cavernous breach between the Bull Moosers and the Regulars between 1918 and 1920, once defined the task of the party political leader as one of "including" and not "excluding" Republicans. Unhappily, there are no Will Hayses in the current Washington picture, although Chairman Leonard Hall is doing what is possible in a situation where the Adamses, the Williamses, the Shanleys and the

Weinbergs call the shots. Exclusion of all who were not for Eisenhower before Chicago, or of all who are not conformists to the internationalist line, appears to be the major aim of these Washington novices.

Certain elementary tasks were imperative after the 1952 victory for a party which hoped to remain in power. The first of these tasks was to reconcile the pre-convention Taft supporters — literally half the party — to the Eisenhower leadership. In the goodwill atmosphere which followed the election, such an accomplishment was easily possible. An intelligent distribution of the important administration appointments between the two factions would have been a sign of the Eisenhower intent to represent all Republicans. It would have conciliated all except the most recalcitrant.

INSTEAD, a mean-spirited policy of grab at all important appointments by Eisenhower supporters "of the first hour" was sanctioned. In the ten cabinet appointments, only one, Ezra T. Benson, had been a declared Taft man before Chicago. On the sub-cabinet level, Taft faction appointees were so rare as to be news items. A few showcase appointments, such as that of William H. Taft, II, to Eire, were conspicuous for their infrequency.

One surprise appointment of an active Taft supporter, Clarence J.

Manion, had an extremely sour finale. Manion, an eminent scholar, had originally been recommended by Taft himself for Secretary of Labor. The White House strategists turned thumbs down on Manion and gave the appointment to the incredible Martin J. Durkin, a Stevenson Democrat. Then Manion came up with one of the important jobs of the administration — that of chairman of the Commission on Intergovernmental Relationships. He lasted in this job just six months.

Manion, a sincere believer in defining Presidential authority in international relations, committed the unforgivable offense of making speeches in support of the Bricker Amendment, just as he had done conspicuously before appointment. A transparent charge was rigged against him that he was devoting too little time to his chairmanship — an admittedly part-time job. In the end, this distinguished national figure was dismissed like a janitor, without even the dignity of a Presidential letter. Sherman Adams was the willing hatchet man in the operation.

There was something so petty and malicious about this transaction as to put all Taft men on guard that they were welcome in this administration only upon humiliating terms of ideological conformity.

THE silent treatment visited upon General Douglas MacArthur has been another of the incredible politi-

cal mistakes of the administration. The most popular soldier in America, a man with an incalculably large personal following, the General is one of the great assets of the Republican Party. Regardless of past Army differences between MacArthur and the President, it was unthinkable that his great prestige should not have been attached to the administration by offer of a major appointment. This was all the more imperative since MacArthur was the most spectacular victim of the vengeance of the Truman-Marshall regime.

With a singular moral obtuseness, the administration policymakers studiously ignored MacArthur and continued in Korea the indefensible “spare Red China” policies against which MacArthur and later Van Fleet had fought at such personal cost. His March meeting with the President was the first public acknowledgement of MacArthur’s acceptance by the administration in fourteen months of Eisenhower rule.

Such vendettas against a national hero are simply not waged by administrations which have ordinary political sense. MacArthur has always been willing to cooperate unselfishly with the administration. The rancor has all been on the side of the “men around Eisenhower.”

But political stupidity reached its nadir in the current lynching party against Joe McCarthy, master-minded by men who operate from

the White House. The "Get McCarthy" drive was touched off at the very crest of the Senator's popularity and public approval. It horrified literally millions of dedicated anti-Communist Republicans, who looked upon McCarthy as the very symbol of their own fight against the lowering Communist world threat. They had pedestaled him because he was waging the kind of a hard-hitting, follow-through fight against Communists and pro-Communists which they had long prayed that someone would have the daring to wage. For Eisenhower's close advisers to join the Bentons, the Stevensons, the Murrows and the Reuthers—Democrats all—in an effort to destroy this towering Republican seemed to millions as something little short of treason to Republicanism.

The President himself, thanks to these same advisers, has been made to appear in a very bad light in this McCarthy controversy. He has neither been for McCarthy, nor convincingly against him. His ill-considered comments on "book-burning," his press conference jibe at the McCarthy-raised issue of trade by our allies with Red China, his contrived personal tributes to General Zwicker and Edward R. Murrow at the heat of their controversies with the Senator, his expression of support of the bumbling Secretary Stevens were all irritants of party dissension. From the political point of view, such Eisenhower interventions

were extremely ill-advised, for they did not go far enough to please the fanatical McCarthy baiters, while they went too far to placate the McCarthy admirers. They gave a picture to the nation of a President whipsawed from both directions in this ugly party controversy, and who was improvising expedient positions from day to day.

THE White House political amateurs, who have tried so desperately to egg on President Eisenhower to an open assault on Joe McCarthy, are the same blunderers who tried to persuade him to throw Dick Nixon off the Presidential ticket before the 1952 election in the "Trust Fund" smear case. They are the same who talked down the projected blockade of Red China in February, 1953, and set the stage for the acceptance of the quitter's peace in Korea. They are the same who persuaded the Army Department to renew the McCarthy controversy by the leakage, through the Alsop brothers, of the Schine-Cohn papers, after Secretary Stevens himself had terminated the dispute by his February 25th capitulation to the Senator. They are narrow-spirited, vengeful men, who would rather see a losing Republican Party without the McCarthyites, that they could control, than a powerful, united party in which they would have to share leadership.

The unwisdom of a heresy hunt against McCarthy at this time is

glaring. The men who are banded in a battalion of death to destroy McCarthy, control no votes but their own. McCarthy, after Eisenhower, has the strongest personal following in the party. He is the only man whose single influence, as in the Tydings defeat in Maryland and the Benton defeat in Connecticut, can swing a Senatorial election in a state other than his own. Such men are so rare in the Republican Party that when they appear they should be welcomed with the spread-out doormat. Instead, the Eisenhower careerists join the Democrats and the Communists in trying to drive him from public life. This is certainly not the way elections are won.

THE blunder-bund is equally inept in facing Congressional issues. A dismaying instance is the slaughter of the Bricker Amendment. The 1952 Republican platform pledged that, "We shall see to it that no treaty or agreement with other countries deprives our citizens of the rights guaranteed them by the Federal Constitution." This objective was identical with that of the Bricker Amendment which, when first proposed in the Truman administration, had virtually solid backing among Republican Senators. It was confidently expected that the new Republican administration would promptly submit the Bricker Amendment to the states.

Instead, President Eisenhower, moved by some inscrutable influ-

ence, on January 25, 1954, took an unalterable position of opposition to this Republican-sponsored measure and, by mobilizing White House pressures, induced 11 Republican Senators, who had originally signed the sponsor list for the amendment in 1953, to repudiate their endorsement and to vote against the George Bill, which was its final form.

In making a Thermopylae fight on the Bricker Amendment, the White House was on the manifestly unpopular side of the issue. The Bricker Amendment had been endorsed by the governing body of the American Bar Association, by the Association of Attorney Generals of the States, by memorials of nine of the state legislatures, by the American Legion, and by a formidable list of patriotic and civic organizations. It had received top-heavy support in all major public opinion polls. To fly in the face of such public sentiment was poor politics as well as poor Americanism. The Bricker Amendment controversy has left scars which will cut deeply at future elections.

Another pledge of the 1952 platform which was knocked into a cocked hat by the administration, in direct challenge of the public temper, was the anti-Yalta pledge.

No promise of the Chicago convention was more specific. The Government under Republican rule "will repudiate all commitments contained in secret understandings such as those of Yalta, which aid

Communist enslavements," said the platform.

Instead of carrying out this promise, President Eisenhower submitted a watered-down resolution to the Congress which rebuked Russia, but studiously avoided any declaration that the United States would refuse to recognize the territorial seizures by Russia under the Yalta and Potsdam pacts.

BUT the most patent example of Republican administration lack of political know-how is its treatment of the South. President Eisenhower could have been elected in 1952 without the Solid South, although he certainly could not have been nominated in Chicago without the votes of the famous Texas, Georgia and Louisiana delegations. But in a closer election, the new Republican votes which the party won in the South in 1952 could be the margin of victory.

Where the Eisenhower administration has gotten badly off base in the South is in its unexpected insistence that the tempo of the fight on segregation be speeded up. There is of course little difference of opinion among Northern Republicans that Negro segregation must go. However, there is deep disagreement over the question of timing. There is a widespread conviction among many that the Southern States should be given ample time to readjust their institutions to such a fundamental social change.

Because General Eisenhower is a former advocate of segregation in the armed forces, it was expected by the Southern voters who supported him that as President he would take a middle-of-the-road position on segregation issues. Instead, to the surprise of all, he has taken the extreme position. At times he has appeared to be vying with Truman and Roosevelt in piling up a record which would please the Negro voters.

Whether we applaud the Eisenhower course or not, it is a matter of cold statistical fact that the administration has tossed away two or three million white Southern votes, by its segregation policies, without any prospect of picking up a single Negro vote.

Anyone who is at all familiar with the average Negro voter knows that all of President Eisenhower's friendly gestures have not won over those who opposed him in 1952. The usual stock Negro answer to Republicans is that after all Eisenhower has done what he has only because he had to do it: Roosevelt, in his place, would have done much more.

The Southern white vote is definitely lost to the Republican Party, at least for the next few years. The Negro vote is unattainable, except in crumbs.

STILL another administration policy which has alienated important segments of the voters is low

tariffs. Here the President has listened to the international-minded business group, which clusters about the Committee for Economic Development, rather than to the traditional business spokesmen of the National Association of Manufacturers. He has flown in the face of top Republican Congressional leaders.

The tariff reduction issue is full of loaded danger to the administration because it effects directly the bread and butter of important voting groups. The Committee for a National Trade Policy may publish slick and highly convincing arguments demonstrating that comparatively few jobs are endangered by removal of tariff protection, but such casuistry will be cold comfort to the nation's coal miners, textile workers, chemical workers, pottery workers, watchmakers, heavy electrical apparatus makers and hosiery workers, who face direct joblessness if administration policies prevail. Republicans can look for few votes from these workers in the coming elections.

IN RETROSPECT, it would seem the administration's costliest mistake has been its drift away from the little people who elected it. President Eisenhower's political error has been to confuse the glittering, dollar-studded names, which nominated him in July, with the great insurgent army of humble men and women who marched to the polling places

in November to give him his great majority.

Impressive as the 1952 triumph was, it was not won exclusively in 1952. Actually, it was won by the unceasing, year-by-year resistance to New Dealism and Fair Dealism by precinct-level Republicans through five disheartening Roosevelt and Truman administrations.

The irony of the current Republican situation is that these same party stalwarts—the hard core of permanent Republican strength—are in many instances the very ones against whom the White House strategists are waging war when they launch a killing drive against “McCarthyism.” Millions of the most dedicated Republicans are with McCarthy. Moreover, they are the same Republicans who went down to bitter defeat in the crushing of the Bricker Amendment. They are the same Republicans who wanted to do something, in their own administration, about Yalta, about the MacArthur outrage, about the squandered Korean War, only to be greeted by a litany of words.

The forces which are impelling the high-minded Eisenhower toward disaster may believe that they can replace these hardened veterans of the anti-Roosevelt trenches by the fair weather recruits who flocked to the party in 1952. In this they are deeply, fatuously wrong.

Republicanism may still be saved from its suicidal courses, but time is remorselessly running out.



The Cop With the Traveling Dog Show



BY WILLIAM BANCROFT MELLOR

NOR many communities of 150,000 population can, like Charlotte, North Carolina, boast a full-time "ambassador-at-large," whose only function is to spread good will for his home town along the highways and byways of America.

Ernest E. Pressley, a Charlotte traffic cop who used to make his living the hard way — on a motorcycle — has such a mission. He is still in uniform, and still draws the standard patrolman's pay of \$299.50 a month from the Charlotte Police Department, but his boss, Chief Frank N. Littlejohn, doesn't know where he is from one month to the next. Except by what he reads in the newspapers.

What Chief Littlejohn reads is plenty, however, for in the seven years since he first received his roving assignment, Pressley has collected a score of scrapbooks fat with press clippings describing his achievements in detail.

The Charlotte patrolman is the ringmaster of a unique trained dog act, which he calls Officer Pressley's Safety Circus, and if the police chief has difficulty keeping abreast of his wandering patrolman's activities, there are about 4,000,000

kids in 30 states who could give him a pretty good fill-in.

The cop-turned-dog trainer has given shows before that many youngsters in public and parochial schools from Maine to Texas since the day in 1945 when the chief saw Pressley present the safety show — on his own time — in a Charlotte high school.

After that performance, Littlejohn called the motorcycle cop in and said: "Ernie, I want you to turn your cycle in." Pressley, who had a wife and two children, as well as a number of assorted dogs, cats and pigeons, was visibly shaken, until the chief continued: "From now on, you're in show business. Anyone who can sell safety to kids as well as you do with your performing pooches is wasting his time patrolling a beat."

He's been in "show business" ever since, selling safety and building goodwill for Charlotte all over the United States. He also is the subject for a biennial battle in the Charlotte City Council.

A new City Council is elected every two years, and every two years, Chief Littlejohn has to get up on his hind feet and defend the

annual expenditure of \$3,600 for Pressley's salary. But he always gets his vote of confidence after he points out that the dog act earns more goodwill for the little Southern industrial center than the state of North Carolina gets for an annual advertising expenditure of \$100,000.

"**A**ND FURTHERMORE," he says, "it's worth dollars and cents to us in our police work, for we get real co-operation from police departments in towns where the Pressley show has played. They've made quiet investigations for us, in cases in which we had no warrants or complaints; they have assisted us in the capture of fugitives; and once, when two of our men were injured in a little town out in Iowa, the police there turned themselves inside out to be of service. Pressley had just been through there a week before."

The unusual show had its inception seven years ago when Pressley's family physician told him he'd have to give up his favorite off-duty pursuit — hunting — because of his high blood pressure. Pressley still did his eight hours a day on the motorcycle, but when he was off-duty he loafed in the back yard, and, to kill the monotony, taught a few parlor tricks to his equally restless Llewellyn setter, and his wife's pet collie, Lassie.

The neighbors' children started coming around to witness the performances, and before long, he had all the kids in the neighborhood in

the audience. Then the Charlotte Humane Society heard about the impromptu show, came to look, and asked Pressley to present the act in the Charlotte schools in the interest of kindness to animals.

"I'll do it," he said, "if I can include kindness to policemen and traffic safety among the objectives."

So he put together a little safety show and tried it out in the schools of his home town. The kids were crazy about it, and so were their parents and teachers.

Chief Littlejohn gave him a police car and an old horse trailer, which the amateur dog trainer fitted up as a mobile kennel. Then he went on tour, covering the schools in every county of the Carolinas.

The expenses of keeping the show on the road ate heavily into the policeman's pay, however, and once he had to mortgage his home for \$2,300 to pay the bills. But as the fame of the act grew, a series of sponsors — chambers of commerce, automobile clubs, and other similar organizations — began to pick up the expense tabs.

Then the Continental Trailways bus line took over the show for a ten-week tour, paying the traveling expenses of Pressley and his dogs, arranging bookings in the schools, and taking care of the publicity.

Finally, about a year ago, the American Trucking Association, a national federation of state trucking organizations, saw in the show a chance not only to help cut down

the mounting highway death toll but also to build good will among a public which was beginning to turn away from trucks because of the growing congestion on the nation's highways. The Association therefore assumed the sponsorship of the greatly enlarged "safety circus" and sent it on a series of tours which eventually will cover every state in the union.

It's a big show now, with eight performing dogs and a carload of assorted "props" which include ladders, barrels, parallel bars and other canine "gym" equipment, and they travel in style in a new, specially-built maroon trailer which is drawn behind Pressley's police car, also a new one.

A new Lassie, acquired after someone poisoned the original collie during a southern tour two years ago, opens the show by unfurling Old Glory while a record of the Star Spangled Banner is played. Everybody — Pressley, dogs and audience — snaps to attention, and from there on in, the children are right in the palm of the policeman's hand. Pressley brings the kids right into the act, asking them frequent questions and demanding instant responses. He gets them, too — with a roar. And so it goes, all the way through the show, with the dogs and the audience blended so smoothly into Pressley's little safety talks that it's not like a lesson to the kids at all.

The dogs cavort through a long

series of tricks, each designed to emphasize a point in the policeman's lecture during the forty-minute show. When he talks about jay-walking, Elmer, the wire-haired terrier, rushes blindly across the stage, bumps into Pressley's legs, does a back flip and falls, apparently writhing in pain, to the floor. When he tells about several of his little friends in Charlotte who were killed by automobiles because they didn't obey the safety rules, Lassie, at exactly the right moment, drops to the floor in simulated death.

"Lassie's only pretending," Pressley tells the audience in a confidential manner, "she can get up again. But those little children I told you about, who chased that ball out into the street, can never get up again."

The Pressley lesson in traffic safety isn't terminated by the final curtain. All the safety points covered in the policeman's lecture, and a few more, are covered in a printed questionnaire, a copy of which is given to each child in the audience. The children take these home for study, and then submit to a quiz by their parents or their teachers on the data covered. When they are able to answer all of the questions correctly, the teacher sends in a report to the sponsoring organization, which sends the child a certificate of membership in Pressley's Safety Club. The document, large enough for framing, features a picture of the traffic cop and some of his dogs.



The Elusive Mountain

BY LUKE NEELY

I SPENT last summer in a small house in Kamakura, the little seaside town south of Yokohama that was the political center of Japan several centuries ago, but now is noteworthy as the home of the bronze Great Buddha and a good many of Japan's leading artists and writers. It has also Tokyo's and Yokohama's equivalent of Jones Beach.

The small cottage I rented was at the end of a lane accessible only to cyclists or walkers, at the foot of a steep hill. The day after I took up residence, my landlady, Mrs. Ogihara, guided me up this hill about a hundred yards to a spot where, beneath a lumpish outcropping of rock, I saw the mouth of a cave. Ogihara-san, with the help of waving hands and explosive sounds, explained that the cave had been used as an air-raid shelter by the people of the neighborhood during the war. But she hadn't brought me up there just to show me the cave. No. From here I would have a fine view of Fujiyama, which rose some fifty miles to the west. She pointed in the direction of the old volcano, which, as was to be

expected, was lost behind masses of clouds that day. This was early in June, and June is Japan's umbrella month. Later on, I would be able to see the mountain, she told me.

I assured the lady I looked forward to the view. I meant what I said, because I was anxious to see Fuji. Visiting Japan without a good look at Fuji is like visiting the States and never seeing the skyline of Manhattan.

Once or twice during June the sky cleared over Kamakura, so I went up the hill and gazed off westward, but without luck. Well, come July and the dry season and I'll have a good look at it, I told myself.

It was July 10th before the rain really let up. I woke one morning and saw from a window that the sky above was an unflawed blue. Surely I would see Fuji today. But when I reached the perch on the hillside I was disappointed again. There were no clouds, but off where Fuji lay a delicate haze had diluted the blue and curtained off the entire mountain. Thinking that the warm sun would burn this away as the day

advanced, I made the climb twice more — to no avail.

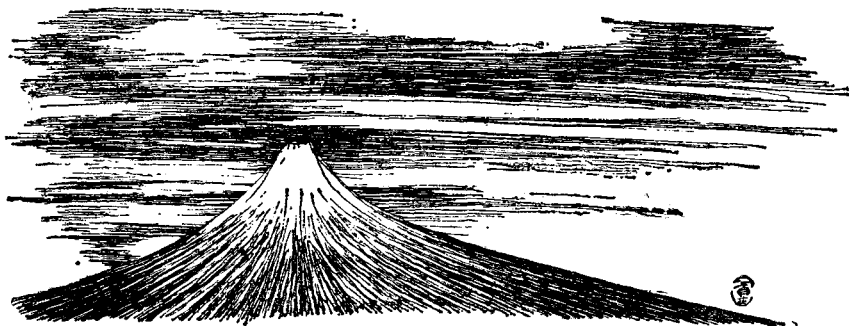
MEANWHILE I had been reading a good deal about Japan and visiting the local museums, with the result that I was much more impressed than I had been with the significance of Fuji in Japanese life. I suppose no single phenomenon of nature has been painted so often and with such love. Fuji was not only the standard centerpiece for Japan's travel posters, but also the trademark of garages and tearooms. Fuji had been adopted as the emblem of the American Security Forces, on whose shoulder patches the snowy peak rose sharp and clear against a sky of the brightest blue.

As July advanced and the short Fuji-climbing season arrived, the Tokyo English-language papers carried more and more stories about activities on the sacred mountain. All around me Americans and Japanese were filling thermos bottles, donning old clothes, and pushing off to make the climb, which is rather

tame, I gather, even though Fuji rises to a height of 12,389 feet. Now when I peered from my vantage point it was with the expectation of seeing the long, graceful slopes alive with mountaineers. But I saw nothing.

I never did see Fuji plainly, though I tried up to the very end. Over the railing of the ship I took in September, I leaned and stared until the green shores of Japan were far behind. Still in vain I hoped for a sudden last-minute glimpse of the volcano. But it was wrapped in its mist, clouds and rain that had veiled it all through the summer.

I know I simply must return to Japan one day. When I do I shall go and climb Fuji. Last year was a big one for mountaineering, and almost everybody must have read sometime during its course the answer Mallory made when asked why he wanted to get to the top of Everest. Well, if anyone wants to know why I'm going to climb Fuji, the reason is not "because it's there," but rather because I'm not quite sure it is.





SULZBERGERISM

By Chesly Manly

ARTHUR HAYS SULZBERGER, president and publisher of the *New York Times*, is scared — mightily scared. No hag-ridden liberal is more hysterical about hysteria, or more tormented by fear of the fear of fear. Everywhere that Mr. Sulzberger goes, his personal climate of fear goes with him; and he is a traveling fellow. With all this traveling, he has suffused the whole country with a noxious effluvium of fear. Recently, he journeyed in a cloud of fear all the way to Honolulu to receive the honorary degree of Doctor of Humanities from the University of Hawaii.

Mr. Sulzberger is afraid of McCarthyism, and not without reason.

Senator McCarthy, according to an editorial in Mr. Sulzberger's paper on February 28, 1954, has "succeeded in creating a situation in which anyone who doesn't like him, anyone who doesn't say what Mr. McCarthy wants him to say, anyone who is even mildly liberal, one might almost say anyone who is normally intelligent and can read, is under suspicion."

Clearly, then, Mr. Sulzberger is under suspicion. He doesn't like Mr. McCarthy. He is "mildly" liberal. But he is not sure how long his mind can endure the ordeal of McCarthyism without cracking up.

Mr. Sulzberger is afraid of witch hunters. He can spot a witch hunter

through a murky miasma of fear twenty miles away, but he could not see a Communist if one should attack him with a hammer and sickle. Writing in the *New York Times Sunday Magazine*, Mr. Sulzberger has said he would not knowingly employ a Communist on the news or editorial staff of his newspaper, but would not "institute a witch hunt" to eliminate Communists. "Even if we found a Communist or two . . . we would run the risk of destroying the atmosphere needed for the production of the kind of newspaper we are publishing," he wrote. He may be right, at that. It takes an anti-anti-Communist atmosphere, saturated with McCarthyophobia, to produce the kind of newspaper Mr. Sulzberger publishes, and a purge of Communists might well destroy it.

While avoiding combat with the Communist menace, which he cannot see, Mr. Sulzberger never abandons his quest for McCarthyian dragons, sorcerers, wizards, witch hunters, witch burners, book burners, and other fabulous demons inhabiting his fearful world. He may be frightened out of his wits, but he is not intimidated. He goes right on printing all the news to fit the *Times* editorial aberrations.

THERE are those who doubt that Mr. Sulzberger actually is as scared of witch hunters as he pretends to be. Certain skeptics also doubt that McCarthyism is what really frightens him, for the *Times*

was crusading against Congressional investigations of Communism many years before *That Man* rose to primacy in the Sulzberger demonology. The *Times* never used the term "McCarthyism" until the Communists invented it as a popular-front slogan with which to rally the liberals against the enemies of Communism.

What, then, is Mr. Sulzberger afraid of? According to a Yiddish proverb, a guilty conscience is a snake in one's heart. Is Mr. Sulzberger's conscience troubling him? Certainly he has reason enough to be disturbed about the way he has discharged his public responsibility.

For more than twenty years, national administrations have adopted policies and programs advocated by the *Times*, and the proof of the pudding is in the eating. The United States faces a terrible dilemma. The interest alone on the 275-billion-dollar Federal debt is almost seven billion dollars a year, about as much as the total annual cost of the United States Government in Franklin D. Roosevelt's first term. If we continue to dissipate our resources in foreign aid and peripheral wars, such as Korea and Indo-China, in the hope of confining aggressive Communism within its present orbit, there is great danger that the United States will over-strain its economy and destroy itself, thereby fulfilling a prophecy made long ago by Lenin.

But the Communist slave empire already embraces one-third of the

human race. If we do not erect dams to hold back the Red floods, there is grave danger that they will engulf all of Asia, Europe, and Africa, and "isolate" the United States, a fate which Mr. Sulzberger would regard as worse than death. Truly the world of his illusions is crashing upon him. In his extremity he tries to fend off the dread day of reckoning, when the *Times* will be called to account for betraying its public trust, by resisting every tendency to question and every revelation that challenges the rectitude of our course in the last two decades. He opposes investigations of subversive influences particularly, for the *Times* has been conspicuously blind to that peril.

THE *New Leader*, a socialist weekly of New York, published an article by Louis Jay Herman in its April 13, 1953 issue, headed "Times Square to Red Square." It declared that Harrison E. Salisbury, Moscow correspondent of the *New York Times*, "for the past four years, has been giving a startling practical demonstration of how to use America's sturdiest pillar of journalistic respectability as a transmission belt for the official Soviet propaganda line." (A "transmission belt" is a front organization or other medium by which the Communist Party, the vanguard of the revolution, extends its influence to the masses. "The dictatorship of the proletariat cannot be realized," wrote Lenin, "without several 'belts' stretching from the

vanguard to the mass of the advanced class, and from this to the mass of the toilers.")

The *New Leader* declared that Walter Duranty, the *Times* Moscow correspondent in the 1920's and much of the 1930's, "waxed rhapsodic over the Soviet 'experiment,' and hailed the bogus Soviet constitution of 1936 as transforming the Russians into 'a free democratic people'." It said that Duranty "is commonly regarded today as having done more than any other single individual to mislead educated Americans about the true nature of Communism." The *New Leader* article further stated: "The 'Times man' in Moscow from 1941 to 1943, Ralph Parker, turned up shortly after as correspondent for both the London and the New York *Daily Worker*, leaving a trail of glowing red faces behind him. Now the *Times* seems to have come a cropper again. Since March, 1949, its readers have seen the Soviet Union through the eyes of the mild-appearing, bespectacled Mr. Salisbury, who, though falling short of the unrestrained ardor of Duranty's pre-cold-war effusions, has done a quiet but effective job of picturing the Soviet slave-state as a peace-loving and sadly misunderstood land, populated by a happy, loyal, well-fed and hard-working citizenry. . . . Every Soviet propagandar maneuver, even the most transparent, is promptly taken up by Salisbury and passed on . . . as a bona fide gesture of good will."

The *New Leader* documented its indictment of Salisbury with quotations from his dispatches. It noted that the Communist *Daily Worker* of New York hailed a special series of four articles by Salisbury in the *Times* as "a refreshing, vivid contrast" to the usual treatment of the Socialist Fatherland in the "kept, Capitalist press."

LESTER MARKEL, Sunday editor and editorial board member of the *Times*, probably is the most powerful ideological militant on the paper. Markel's role as an abettor of the Communist conspiracy was attested before the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee on April 8, 1953, by Howard Selsam, director of the Jefferson School of Social Science, which has been declared subversive by the Attorney General. Before invoking the protection of the Fifth Amendment against self-incrimination, this identified Communist said: "Such a proceeding as this deserves nothing but contempt from any teacher, scholar or citizen of America. As Mr. Markel, the Sunday editor of the *New York Times*, observed last week, these Congressional investigations of schools and colleges have dropped an iron curtain on thought in our country, have produced a sort of intellectual virus that paralyzes our moral sense and our basic judgment."

On February 16, 1954, Markel's *New York Times Magazine* faced up to what Sulzberger calls the "re-

sponsibility" of a free press by publishing an article by Bertrand Russell, headed "The Corroding Effects of Suspicion." Lord Russell, now well along in his dotage, expressed *corrosive* suspicion of the American people as a whole. "If by some misfortune you were to quote with approval some remark by Jefferson, you would probably lose your job and find yourself behind bars," he wrote. An insult to the American people!

Having published Lord Russell's exercise in intellectual perversion, Markel contributed one of his own to the *Times* magazine of March 28, 1954, which purported to be a psychoanalysis of "the nation's mood," based upon "periodic observations of the Washington scene." Markel found "bleak areas of ignorance in which we move by emotion rather than by reason, making us at times prey to the agitator who is shrewd and unscrupulous."

He was horrified by the "definite impression that even though there is disapproval of McCarthy's methods, many Republicans still consider him useful and that the issue will be a paramount one in the coming polls." This confession that the anti-anti-Communists are concerned more about McCarthy's objectives than about his "methods" must have been a Freudian slip. Evil obsessions which must be exercised, according to Dr. Markel, are "the belief that the government has been riddled with Communists; the identification

of liberals with Stalinists; the concept of too many that those farthest right are nearest right." Inevitably, he argued "... the Number One problem of Communism is not the internal one, but the external one."

To a liberal, Communism is a danger only when it is at least 3,000 miles away.

THE *New York Times Book Review* is one of Markel's "responsibilities." The report of the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee on its investigation of the Communist-controlled Institute of Pacific Relations states: "For some years, the IPR family held a near monopoly on the reviews of books on the Far East published in the *New York Times*, the *New York Herald Tribune*, the *Saturday Review of Literature*, the *New Republic* and the *Nation* . . . the IPR stalwarts constituted for the reading public during those years a virtual screening and censorship board with respect to books on the Far East and the Pacific."

When Israel Epstein's book, *The Unfinished Revolution*, came out in 1947, Edward C. Carter, executive secretary of the IPR, wrote to Miss Anne Ford, publicity director of Little, Brown & Co., urging her to "devise some means of getting it read at an early date among others by Secretary of State George Marshall, Senators Vandenberg, Morse, and Ives, John Foster Dulles, and John Carter Vincent of the State Department . . ." In a postscript

Edward C. Carter said: "I hear that the *New York Times* has asked Owen Lattimore to review the book. I hope other publications will make as wise a choice."

The *Times* thus assigned a man who was named in the Senate subcommittee's report as "a conscious, articulate instrument of the Soviet conspiracy" to review a book whose author was identified in sworn testimony as a Soviet secret agent.

Herbert Matthews, now a member of the *Times* editorial board, first distinguished himself by writing panegyrics to the Communists in the Spanish Civil War, when he was a *Times* foreign correspondent. One of those whose "bravery" he lauded was John Gates (real name Saul Regenstrief), a lieutenant colonel in the 15th international brigade, who later became editor of the *New York Daily Worker* and still later went to prison for conspiring with other top Communist leaders to overthrow the government by force.

In March, 1953, Matthews visited the Dominican Republic. From Kingston, Jamaica, on March 26, he filed a dispatch to the *Times* in which he pronounced this judgment upon the government of Generalissimo Trujillo: "Politically it is a personal tyranny to a degree surely unparalleled on either side of the Iron Curtain." This calculated and mendacious exaggeration, which was neither unparalleled nor unfamiliar on the other side of the Iron Curtain, was published in spite of a

warning to Matthews by Phelps, the American ambassador at that time, that his views were highly prejudiced and would, if expressed in the *Times*, benefit only the Communists.

IT is debatable whether the *Times* or the *Daily Worker* is less objective on the subject of McCarthyism. There must have been a crisis in the editorial offices of the *Times* on August 23, 1953, when J. Edgar Hoover, FBI director, paid an extraordinary tribute to McCarthy in La Jolla, California, which the press services distributed all over the country. Hoover said he knew McCarthy well, "officially and personally," that he viewed him as a friend, and that he believed the Senator was doing a "valuable job." He added: "Certainly he is a controversial man. He is earnest and he is honest. He has enemies. Whenever you attack subversives of any kind, Communists, Fascists, even the Ku Klux Klan, you are going to be the victim of the most extremely vicious criticism that can be made."

The *Times*, printing all the news to fit, used 22 lines of the Associated Press report on Hoover's remarks. This minuscule item was hidden under a three-paragraph report of a demand by Alan Max, managing editor of the *Daily Worker*, for an investigation by the Attorney General of McCarthy's finances. Moreover, the *Times* did not print what Hoover said about the credit

McCarthy deserves for his enemies.

During the furor that followed the brief employment of Dr. J. B. Matthews as executive director of the McCarthy subcommittee, the *Times* almost daily published front page stories on sermons, speeches and statements by Protestant ministers, some unknown outside their own pastorates, denouncing Dr. Matthews for writing an article headed "Reds and Our Churches" for the AMERICAN MERCURY.

And the *Times* did not refrain from outright misrepresentation. On July 19, 1953, John D. Morris of the *Times* Washington bureau wrote: "Mr. Matthews provoked a storm by his article 'Reds and Our Churches' in the July issue of the AMERICAN MERCURY magazine, calling the Protestant clergy 'the largest single group supporting the Communist apparatus in the United States.'" Whereas Matthews had accused some of the Protestant clergymen, less than 3 per cent to be precise, the *Times* charged that he attacked "the" Protestant clergy as a group.

In the dark days of the Civil War, the *New York Times* supported a subversive movement to replace President Lincoln with a dictator, one George Law. Henry J. Raymond, editor and owner of the *Times*, later atoned for this infamy, however, by becoming a strong supporter of Lincoln. It is not too late for Mr. Sulzberger to expiate the shame of Sulzbergerism. He may, but don't bet on it.



By Harry Chamberlaine

REPRODUCTION OR ORIGINAL?

HANGING reproductions of famous paintings on the walls of your home is one of the duller things you can do. And that holds whether you consider it from the point of view of good decoration, of money well spent, or of just good old personal satisfaction.

Figure it out.

Unless you are one of the handful of fabulously wealthy people who are inclined to have everything made to order, duplicates of most of your possessions are owned by thousands of others. Your lamps — nice as they may be — probably came from a production line. So did your rugs and your china. And so did your silver, your glassware, your mattress, blankets, sheets, furniture, books, food, radio, cosmetics, car and television set. And so undoubtedly did your suits or dresses, stockings or socks, shoes or pumps, and most everything else you own. Even

the music you play and listen to is played and heard by millions of other people.

But for not too much of your hard-earned money you can own an original painting. Something an artist created. Something that is unique. There won't be another like it anywhere in the world — now or ever.

Be practical if you like and consider it from the point of view of cost alone. A reproduction (one of thousands) of an "Old Master" or of a famous "Modern" in a standard frame (from a production line) should cost somewhere between \$15 and \$100. You can, of course, pay less for the really cheap job of a silly little flower print in a badly-slung-together half-inch frame. But for the relatively good reproduction that you might want to hang over your divan or mantelpiece, you probably will pay a price within that range.

An original oil painting or a water color, framed by the artist himself or at his direction, can be bought for anywhere from \$25 up. Sometimes, believe it or not, you might even get a good one for a few dollars less. But you probably will pay a bit more. How much more will depend on how well known the artist is. It will not necessarily depend on how *good* the painting is. And that's part of the fun of it. Buy what you like and it's entirely possible that later on the artist may gain some fame and your painting increase in value. A few decades ago, a few francs bought a Van Gogh or a Gauguin that now is worth thousands of dollars. You can be sure of one thing however; no reproduction will ever be worth any more than you pay for it at the store.

BUT let's put aside the practical, the mundane, the consideration of mere money, and take it from the point of view of beauty alone. Perhaps you may have a feeling that there is nothing to compare with the depth of expression or the inspiration of an "Old Master" reproduction. It has stood the test of time. Everyone who's anyone knows it's great. Genius is genius, you say, and that's all there is to it.

I would heartily and completely disagree with such a timid and, for the most part, insincere point of view. There are more asinine statements made about art, more double talk about painting, than about

anything you can mention unless perhaps it is the Russians and their protestations of innocence. Nor do I mean to belittle the great artists of today or yesterday. They richly deserve their fame. I wish I owned an original Degas or Renoir or Homer. They are beautiful. But I can't afford them.

I think Grandma Moses' work is delightful, and I would treasure a New England landscape by Paul Sample.

But I say to you that there are a thousand artists in the United States today just about as good as that great lady, Grandma Moses.

And there are hundreds, literally hundreds, who are not far from being as fine artists as were Cézanne, Toulouse-Lautrec and the other great French artists of a few decades ago.

And there are dozens living today who are almost as good as were Titian, Rembrandt, El Greco and many of the other "Old Masters."

But how close is "almost"? What is meant by "nearly as good"? I mean that if we can suppose that Degas, for instance, and one of our top-flight artists of today painted the same scene, that you and I and most art critics would be hard put to choose the better painting. We could easily pick the one that appealed to us most. But unless we happened to be familiar with Degas' style and picked it because we knew it was the Degas, then I suggest to you that half of us would pick the other one. And no one could prove that

we had not chosen the better painting.

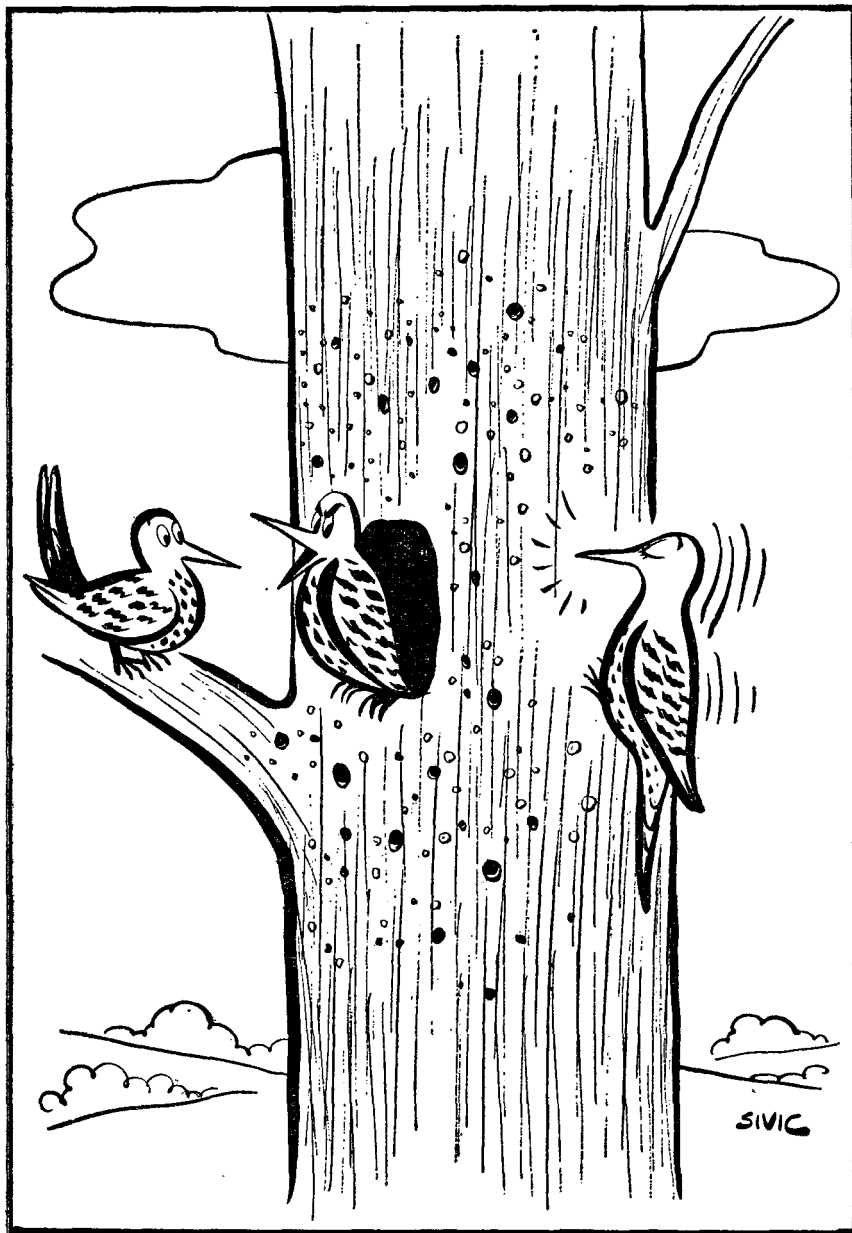
As for the "Abstracts," I have not yet heard anyone who could set up yardsticks to tell us what is supposed to be good and what is spurious. We all have heard tales of little Johnnie's second-grade smear being entered in a modern art exhibit and winning the blue ribbon. I suspect this is because there are few if any rules on the subject. It is a matter of opinion—even among the experts. You either like an Abstract or you don't. And no one can really convince you against your will. Some of our young moderns who will do most anything to be thought up-to-the-minute might hang an abomination on their wall because someone told them it was the thing to do. But that's the exception.

ACTUALLY I am not against buying reproductions of famous paintings. But I suggest that you buy them in the form of books that show the major works of one artist or perhaps of several. Many of these books are exceptionally well done and will make an excellent addition to your library. Reading the critic's appraisal of the various paintings and knowing something of the style of a Seurat or Modigliani is worth while. Art is a great conversation piece, as well as being a challenge and a pleasure.

So get all the books of reproductions you like and can afford. But to hang on your walls, I urge an original oil or water color every time. Buy one that you like, and you will soon find that it has become an old friend. It can become the thing in your home that identifies that home as yours more than anything else you own. Never mind the critics. Make sure *you* like it. History could very well prove you right and the critics wrong. It has happened before.

Good paintings are not necessarily easy to buy. You cannot run down to the corner store and pick one up as we do with so many of the things we own. Sometimes it is a bit of a challenge to find an artist whose work you like. Most of them are modest fellows and employ neither agent or advertising agency. By the time an artist is ready for a formal exhibition of his work, the day of bargain prices—deep bargain prices anyway—is over so far as buying from that particular artist. If he *has* reached that stage though, you stand a better chance of getting a painting that will increase in price later on. With a little patience and ingenuity, however, you can find your artist before he starts exhibiting. If you really like his work, the dollars you pay an artist for a painting will be among the most rewarding dollars you ever spent.





"He loves to putter around the house."

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Our Lovable Little Hammerheads

BY CHARLES E. BOOTH

DESPITE the fact that woodpeckers spend the greater part of their lives beating their indestructible hammer-like heads against timber, they never suffer from headaches or hallucinations and they never go batty from batting.

Working faithfully and diligently all year round, these tiny balls of feathered energy exterminate millions of harmful grubs, insects and larvae every year. But aside from their value to our farm and garden crops and to our woodlands, they serve mankind in many other valuable ways.

In Wadsworth, Ohio, last spring, a pair of house wrens were having considerable difficulty in passing in and out of their wren house. Their newly-constructed mansion had been especially designed for them, but the builder had neglected to cut the entrance hole large enough to accommodate Jenny and her spouse. But the plucky pair continued to wedge themselves through regardless of the tight fit.

To their rescue one day came a downy woodpecker, full of energy and the spirit of neighborly love. Putting its drill to the edges of the hole, it hammered away. The chips flew until the entrance became large

enough to permit the wrens to pass through without so much as brushing a feather. Its good deed successfully accomplished, the woodpecker flew away, leaving the thankful wrens to enjoy the newly-repaired door.

In Manchester, Connecticut, another woodpecker was indirectly responsible for preventing what might have been a disastrous accident. Visiting the back yard of a house one morning, it attacked a rotted timber, part of the supporting structure of a large trellis. The sound of its "hammer and chisel" on the decayed wood had a warning effect on the owner of the premises and he immediately investigated.

A close inspection proved that the trellis was ready to topple over at any moment. It was removed the following evening and it was discovered that nearly all of the wood in the supporting beam was infested with termites. Two small children had been in the habit of playing directly beneath it. Had the woodpecker not been attracted to it, the chances are that the trellis might easily have caused an injury to one or both of the youngsters.

Some common species such as the downy, hairy, and red-headed wood-

peckers often show set habits of individualism. A red-headed woodpecker occupied a hollow limb in a dead tree in a wooded area in New York State for several years. After a forest fire had destroyed most of the trees there and had toppled its own tree, it refused to leave the broken limb. Days later, the spunky little hammerhead was seen flying in and out of its scarred home. For some reason, the red-headed woodpecker seems to *prefer* forest lands that have been burned over.

A pair of hairy woodpeckers in a New England town were observed last fall while hard at work breaking up a thin layer of ice in a bird bath. Whether or not they realized they were lending the proverbial "helping hand" to many other thirsty birds wasn't established, but by means of powerful chisels and hammer-like blows, they soon had the icy film removed. Thus, their good deed provided a means of quenching many dry little mouths.

Woodpeckers can't talk, but their tongues are among the most peculiar in the bird world. Cylindrical in shape, they terminate at the front into an exceptionally hard, barbed point. If it were possible to aggravate a woodpecker to the extent of causing it to stick out its tongue at you, it would reach a distance twice the length of its head. For this reason, it is a past master in the art of removing the stubborn insects and larvae found deep within the cavities of trees.

A woodpecker isn't stupid, although some of its antics certainly suggest it. One man lost several hours of sleep in the early morning hours because of the constant roll of a woodpecker's drumming upon his tin roof. Cussing the culprit and trying to scare it off by means of a toy water pistol had no effect. The contrary bird only returned to repeat its racket. Finally, after days of being awakened before daylight and looking like a nervous wreck, he decided to find out the reason for the daily ritual.

He discovered it was his own fault! It seems that the disgruntled gentleman with the tin roof had neglected to clean out the gutters and drains, and the debris that had collected there over a period of time provided excellent breeding grounds for insect larvae. Passing rainstorms had failed to remove the hard-packed leaves, paper and dirt. The larvae therefore continued to thrive and the woodpecker had made good use of the food supply.

OUR LOVABLE little hammerheads may make considerable racket in our neighborhoods at times, but the sound of their tools should be welcomed. For without them, there would be a lot more mosquitoes and flies to swat, to say nothing of the hundreds of other pests that not only get in our hair, but in our plants, shrubs and trees as well. These tough little balls of energy-plus are among our very best friends.



MADRID

WHEN the great army of American travelers begins its peaceful, peace-time invasion of Europe this summer and fall, a whole new division will break ranks happily at the gates of Madrid.

They'll enter the city and linger long. For the lovely Spanish capital on the lazy Manzanares River is the American tourists' new dream city.

It's taken a long time for Americans to discover the Spain whose bounty outfitted Christopher Columbus's sea-going expedition which gave them a country. Characteristically, they're making up for lost time. And Spain, which had never before pursued tourism as a business, is just as happily discovering Americans. The love affair is sweet and hot.

Madrid, the showcase capital, where the light is so white, the air so subtle, is blessed with climate, fine hotels, and all the aids and adjuncts to gracious living. It's a city of wonder and delight, of shops and stores and bargains for the collector. It's peppered with elegant and luxurious restaurants where pressed duck is as common as a hot dog at Coney Island; and where there are at least two and a half tail-coated waiters per customer. Indeed, in one place,

By
**IRENE
CORBALLY
KUHN**

counting the bus boys, the ratio runs 4 to 1. That's the chic and sophisticated Jockey, Madrid's answer to New York's most expensive restaurant, the Chambord. At the Jockey, the subtlest of compliments

is paid the customer in that the menu is printed without prices. The assumption is that through the Jockey's portals pass only the wealthiest of visitors to whom price is never a consideration. The assumption is correct.

This gourmet's heaven is rivalled in Madrid only by Horcher's, owned and run by genial restaurateur Otto Horcher. In pre-Hitler days he operated a restaurant in Berlin, which, to judge from the signed comments in his leather-bound guest books, served nectar and ambrosia exclusively. The great, the near-great and the just plain hungry still flock to Horcher's. Mein Herr's hand has not lost its touch, nor his happy heart a liking for people.

Spain has more than good food. It has something for everyone — legends and poetry, history and architecture, music and painting — and goodly samples of all these are in Madrid. Here life is for the leisured and the leisurely. Throw away your

benzedrine pills **before** you go there. Throw away your sleeping pills, too. Relax and enjoy the measured rhythm of sunny days and starlit nights free from the crashing urgency of hurrying somewhere just to wait.

IN MADRID, as indeed everywhere in sunny Spain, **time** is something for the birds, ever since that happy day somewhere, centuries ago, when it appears to have occurred to some unconventional and free-thinking Spaniards that the hours observed by other countries of the world were not for them, and who proceeded then to institute schedules more to their liking. As a result, the Spanish day begins with a light breakfast at 9, a snack at 11, a full lunch at 3, high tea at 6, cocktails at 8, and a complete dinner, from *sopa to nueces* at 10, or later preferably. Spanish life revolves around these meal hours so that offices, shops, museums, even churches, are shut fast each day from 1 to 4; and evening diversions, theaters, concerts, are correspondingly late.

Along the Gran Via, the Avenida José Antonio, and the Calle de Alcalá, the luxury shops which observe the three-hour *siesta* are opened again from 4 to 7 in the evening, so there's plenty of time, really (so long as one arranges it properly), to buy the exquisite lace mantillas, the beautiful hand-made gloves and exquisite boxes and bags of leather, worked more imaginatively here even than by **those** other master

craftsmen, the Florentines, in Italy.

Balenciaga's high couture is yours here on the home grounds for a lower price by far than in Paris; men's suits are custom-tailored better, cheaper, more suited to the American man's figure and taste than on London's Savile Row. And no matter where you go, the unfailing courtesy and innate good manners of the Madrilenos bless you with warmth and grace, and the beauty of the women soothes your eyes.

At the cocktail hour in Chicote's famous bar on the Gran Via, Number 12, you will find chic women with the handsomest men in Europe. Here the knowing foreigners foregather — Americans, Britons, Romans, Brazilians — and the Spanish intellectuals. One of Spain's most popular songs, "Madrid," a schottische, takes note of this in its lovely, lilting lyrics. Here, too, the bullfighters come, and the *aficionados*, their fans, for the bullfighters are admired intellectually and emotionally by all.

Down the Avenida, on the Padeo de la Prado, is the Ritz, now as always, the most elegant hotel in Europe. It's the home-away-from-home of what's left of the world's crowned heads, and all the European nobility. Its efficient manager is a woman, a tall handsome Basque, Señora Carmen Guerendiain, who keeps a watchful eye as well on her company's other Madrid hotel, the bigger, more commercial Palace, across the Square from the Ritz.

SOMETHING new has been added to Madrid, though. The Spaniard who wants to see the United States without traveling can now get a quick preview by checking in at the new semi-air-conditioned Castellana Hilton Hotel, pure classic Los Angeles Renaissance in style. Four other "luxury" hotels opened in Madrid last year, too; but the crash of publicity accompanying the debut of this newest offspring of Conrad Hilton's fecund commercial genius was only a decibel quieter than a Texas gusher coming in or a Hollywood supermarket's birth. Mr. Hilton's Madrid hostelry pointedly features all the hot and cold services Americans consider essential to comfortable living.

But at the Ritz they peel the grapes, the sheets are embroidered linen, the eiderdown puffs for the siesta are covered with crepe de chine, the super service is as silent as a snowflake falling on your hand. All this and royalty on constant view is yours for \$9 and \$13 a day, with a few taxes, of course. (P.S. The Spanish peseta is 40 to the dollar.)

IN MADRID YOU SHOULD LOOK FOR: The priceless treasures and relics, the souvenirs of kings, in the Royal Palace on the Plaza de Orienta, once the home of Spain's last reigning royal family . . . the drop of the golden time-ball at high noon in the Puerta del Sol, Madrid's Times Square . . .

the galleries of Goyas and Velazquez in the Prado Museum . . . the crack corps of Moorish guards, colorful and archaic, riding ahead of an ambassador's state coach, or standing sentry duty at the gates to El Pardo, Franco's residence in the western suburbs . . . and especially, the Chinese room with its extraordinary porcelain ceiling in the Royal Palace.

IN MADRID YOU'LL FIND: The Rastro, in the old part of the city, like the Flea Market in Paris and the Thieves' Market in Mexico City, full of jewels and junk, treasures and trash . . . El Pulpito, a tiny restaurant of indescribable, intimate charm, founded by a preacher in 1776, situated down the steps from the Plaza Major . . . bullfights all year, every Sunday and on some Thursdays, except in mid-winter.

IN MADRID YOU'LL REMEMBER: The Museo Universal de Bebidas, the amazing international Museum of Drinks, in the cellars of Chicote's Bar, a unique collection of almost 5,000 bottles of liquor from every country in the world, long-time hobby of Pedro Chicote himself . . . El Retiro Park, leafy and lovely, where all Madrid strolls on Sunday . . . the dazzling gold and marble Pasapoga, the family night club, where the best flamenco dancers perform . . . the baroque churches and, above all, the sonorous music of their pealing bells.



AN UNTAPPED SOURCE OF POWER

By James G. K. McClure

IS THE Christian church leaving unused a source of great power? We all vaguely recognize that the ideas of freedom and liberty which got our institutions of free government going in America were Christian ideas. We recall that George Washington pointed out that liberty and self-government are "finally staked on the experiment entrusted to the hands of the American people." We dimly realize that a spiritual atmosphere must be maintained in America if our institutions of freedom and liberty are to survive. But we are fearful, standing on the threshold of the atomic age, that Christian principles cannot keep up with the rapid advances in physics, in chemistry and transportation. Fears assail us that non-Christian forces may destroy our world.

Occasionally we catch a flash vision, as in President Eisenhower's recent great speech to the United Nations, of what an expanding Christian civilization might become if we should use and guide these new atomic powers in a Christian way. War would be eliminated; these great new sources of energy would be used to lift the burdens from

mankind — and not for destruction.

The vision passes and we despair. We fear that Christian ideals will not have an impact on our expanding civilization forceful enough to raise it to this higher level. We do not know how it can be done. Our colleges seem neutral and so heavily engaged in the fields of physics and chemistry and science that they are not applying themselves in the vastly important field of the spiritual.

It seems to me that we have, right in our midst, a source of power capable of transforming our civilization and bringing all the blessings which a Christian civilization promises. It is a hard-hitting, dynamic, resourceful source of power that could penetrate our civilization and guide and use it for idealistic ends. To illustrate what I mean, I will have to go back 200 years.

In the early days in America the general level of education was low. Frequently the only man with scholastic training in a community was the minister. In fact, in those early days one of the chief functions of the few colleges that we had was to train men for the ministry. Very few men went to college. Usually the minister had more so-called

education and was a better Latin scholar than anyone in the town in which he labored. The village in which he lived was apt to look up and respect him on account of his superior intellectual training.

THINGS are entirely different today. We have had an astonishing development of education, particularly of public education, in the United States. More than 6,700,000 people in the United States have completed four or more years of college according to the census report of October, 1952. Thousands of men and women have Master's Degrees and Ph.D.'s. There has never been anything like this in the world's history.

If the church is to keep pace and retain its leadership it must harness the trained intelligence and the education of the men in the community it serves and direct them toward spiritual progress. In many churches in the United States there are 30 or 40 laymen with just as much education as the minister. These laymen, of course, will be far better educated in their own particular fields than the minister. The tremendous increase in the range of men's activities, and in the fields of knowledge, is one of the amazing things of present-day life. Christianity should be penetrating into all these fields. The minister, no matter how good his training for his particular job, cannot be a specialist in the many fields of science, physics, chemistry, and

management and labor organization which are opening up before us today.

It would seem to me that the church should develop a plan whereby the training, the knowledge and the experience of the men in the pews in all these various fields should be made use of for the advancement and enlargement of the Kingdom. A simple plan by which this could be accomplished would be to have lay members of the congregation preach two or three times a month. This would do two things. First, the Christian laymen would give fresh points of view as to how Christianity can function in new fields. It would interest a lot of people, who are now aloof and indifferent, in the church. The layman's family and friends would come to hear him. And then, secondly, it would greatly develop the layman. He would have to crystallize and organize his thoughts. He would commence to realize the possibilities of Christianity in his own specialty in a new way. It would stimulate his mind to explore new fields for the application of Christian principles.

Immense possibilities of development might come out of such a plan. A layman in one church might become almost a specialist on the religious impact in his own field. He would soon be asked to speak in other churches and at lunch clubs. He might be called upon to speak at conventions of the businessmen in his own field of activity. Laymen

could be exchanged from one church to another. There might grow up creative discussion and illumination of various fields of Christian possibilities. It might lift the level of thinking of all of us. The plan has such great possibilities that it is difficult to restrain one's imagination. It might start a chain reaction which would result in taking over and operating our great American productive capacity for the brotherhood of mankind.

SUCH a plan would give the minister a new and more intimate relationship with many of the strong men of his community. In asking them to preach and discussing the proposed talks, a new and mutually helpful relationship would be established. The minister, relieved of the necessity of working up sermons for two or three Sundays of the month, would have more time for leadership in the spiritual and constructive activities of his community.

This idea would have to be adapted to the community and to the church. It might not be practical in our great metropolitan pulpits, but it would certainly be very stimulating in small churches all over the United States and in suburban communities. It would appeal to the boys and girls and young men and young women growing up in America. It would appeal to their idealism to find that Christian principles

applied to newly specialized fields of human endeavor promised to make a better world.

Through these laymen we would soon find principles of Christianity penetrating into the varied fields of new knowledge and organization which are developing so rapidly in our modern civilization.

Such a movement, I have no doubt, is already getting started. Recently a layman, who had spent his entire life in business, was asked to speak in one of our great metropolitan churches. His message was inspiring, especially to the young people in the pews. A few weeks ago I went to the community church in Bronxville, New York. There this plan is being tried out in the Sunday School. A short talk is made each Sunday in the Sunday School by the younger laymen in the church. The speeches have been crisp and interesting. They not only are of great benefit to the boys and girls of the big Sunday School, but they are particularly beneficial to the laymen who do the speaking.

If such a plan could be worked out in the churches of this country, we might hope to find thousands of laymen growing in Christian insight and in Christian character. At the same time we might find the principles of Christianity penetrating into all the fields of human endeavor and bringing results far beyond what we can imagine.



The Strange Story of



BOTTLES

By WILLIAM ALVADORE BUCK

BEFORE science banished spooks and pixies from the earth, pious citizens shunned a glass factory as a demonic and fearful place. Picture a superstitious peasant on a dark night peering into a glassmaker's shop in ancient Egypt or medieval France. Imagine the unearthly radiance glaring from every chink in the furnace. Globes of fire hurried through the air and grew big and vanished. Molten glass, rosy red, so hot that the eye dazzled to look upon it, bubbled in pots and furnaces. The shadows were solid and eerie black. Heat drenched everything.

In some ages, furnace workmen covered their bodies with animal skins for protection against the heat and wore dark goggles. The blowers practiced their secret art as naked as imps. Every child knew that a kind of dragon, a salamander, nested in the furnace fire. Every child knew

of cases where glass workers had vanished, undoubtedly into the salamander's fireproof throat. Little wonder if the peasant dreamed that this was a roasting department of hell!

There were thousands of years when only the well-off could own a tumbler, a bottle or a glass ruby; now Heinz can buy a pickle putter-up for a fraction of a cent. In the past 50 years, for the first time in history, the world has learned how to make enough bottles. In the advanced year of 1838, a blower and four assistants could turn out 18 dozen four-ounce bottles in a twelve-hour day. Today a dozen Corning ribbon machines, working half-time on electric light bulbs, supply the whole United States.

In 1899, when Michael J. Owens, a boy from a West Virginia coal patch, began the experiments that

led to the first real automatic bottle machine, the national production of all bottles — medicine, milk, preserves and all — was around a billion. Last year it was about 17 billion.

Glass remained a precious thing until recent times. About the fifth century B.C., according to Aristophanes, glass was next in value to gold. In 1683, appraisers listed two items thus: "Venetian mirror, 46 in. by 26 in., 8,016 livres; painting by Raphael, 3,000 livres."

Yet the ingredients of glass are as cheap as sand. It might be said, in fact, that glass *is* fused sand, mixed with other oxides to make it workable, colored to taste — except that this is not invariably true. One of the larger triumphs of American science was the recent achievement of a glass that was 96 per cent silica, that is, sand. It has proved very useful and very expensive. On the other hand, a glass has been produced that is 92 per cent lead oxide and is as heavy as cast iron. It has been one of science's favorite playthings. One company alone uses 300 different formulas every year.

The glass of the ancients, of five-and-dime tableware, light bulbs, bottles and windows — in fact, 90 per cent of the glass used today — is lime glass. A representative formula might include 73 per cent sand, seventeen per cent soda ash, ten of lime and tiny parts of other oxides to give it this or that. Take out the lime, add lead oxide and you have the ringing lead glass used for cut

glass, lenses, fine tableware and the best junk jewelry. Put in boric acid for the lime and you have the material of heat-resistant kitchen ware, much chemical ware and the 200-inch telescope mirror on Mount Palomar.

THESE common and earthy materials melted together become one of the strangest things science knows. Glass does not melt in the familiar way, like metal or ice. It does not melt or congeal at a specific temperature, but begins to soften all through at 800° or 1,000°, depending on its composition. As you raise the heat further, it becomes a viscous taffy, then a thick gravy and finally, at volcanic heat, glass flows about like any other liquid.

Glass is brittle; when it is broken, the fracture travels through the substance at a mile a minute. Yet in certain states it has the devil's own strength. So long as they touch no quick-chilling surface in cooling, newly made glass fibers and rods have a strength much greater than equal metal wires. But this strength is like a dream. Time and weather steal it away. Store these fibers in an airtight box and they lose two-thirds of it in an afternoon.

"Off-hand" glass blowing is as pretty a craft as you are likely to see. It is still used for making fine art ware, laboratory articles and other things. The gatherer of the team of five to seven men dips the nob of the pipe in the hot glass. The

glass sticks to the iron and he brings out a cherry-red "gob." Commonly, he "marvers" the gob, that is, rolls it into conical or cylindrical shape on a surface of oiled cast iron. This chilling gives the glass a tough, viscous outer hide, quite essential, for without it the subsequent puffing would cause a blowout. The blowing forms another tough layer on the inside. The glass flows around between these skins and the blower can let a thickness accumulate, say, in the bottom of a tumbler, by merely letting gravity do its stuff. As he blows and pats the ware into shape with his charred wooden paddle, the blower must keep it constantly turning. Usually, at this point, the lung-power at work is that of the "gaffer," the "old man," of the crew. He blows and twirls, reheats the piece in the "glory hole," if necessary, adds stems and handles by simply sticking them on, and then trims off the excess glass with a pair of ordinary shears. Stems and handles stay put until the annealing, which makes the whole piece one.

Hundreds of years ago someone discovered that he could blow common ware faster in a cast iron mold. For some work it was necessary to use a folding mold with a boy to open and shut it. Then someone invented what was called a "no-boy machine." Mass production was distantly in view but no one knew it. In 1869, at the age of ten, Michael J. Owens started life in a Wheeling glass house on a pre-no-boy mold.

WITH William Rose, personnel manager of the Metro Glass Bottles Company, Jersey City, New Jersey, I saw a modern version of Owens' machine turning out bottles made to sell for pieces of pennies. We stepped into that atmosphere, dusty, murky and drab, yet exciting and mysterious, which surrounds any industrial operation that uses fire.

The process started with small batch cars that measured out the ingredients, allowing a couple of ounces of error per ton, and great concrete mixers which churned the mix. We climbed to a balcony, where I peered into the furnace "dog-house" and saw the formula flow in a thin, unvarying stream into a red glare. The stream flows continuously, day and night, for long periods.

Essentially, Owens' bottle maker was a contraption for duplicating the glass blower's work. It was a merry-go-round of arms and molds, each set of which formed a complete bottle blower. The central problem he solved, the idea which revolutionized the bottle trade, lay in the puzzle of how to deliver the gob to the mold.

In Owens' first fully automatic machine, he attached a blank mold to the end of a hollow arm; the arm dipped the mold into the molten glass and inhaled the gob by vacuum. Then, the hollow arm became the blower, a puff of air went through it and the operation got really complicated.

The machine I saw, shedding a gallon bottle every second or two, was a bit different in its gob delivery. It was turning slowly, a great turret of steel pipes and frames and arms, a crowded profusion, most of which seemed urgently busy. The furnace was built high so that gravity could deliver the gob. The gob sagged, supported by its own viscosity only, like an incandescent goose egg, through a hole in the furnace floor, was clipped off and then dropped swiftly into a mold passing by on the carousel.

Otherwise the process was much the same as Owens'. In the blank mold the glass received two puffs of air, the first to "settle" it into the neck form, the next from below to open the neck and make a conical bubble called the "parison." Moving along, the mold folded away and the parison glowed faintly red. Another enfolding mold, the blow mold, took over and gave it another blow. Before the unit had completed its circle, the glass was reheated and given a final blow, the mold unfolded and out popped a shining jug. The procession was fascinatingly complicated, ingenious beyond description, and I watched it a long while.

THE new bottles gliding away on the conveyor looked ready to go, but in that condition they were no more useful than a June bug. Each piece must be annealed, that is, heated almost to the softening point,

to where the glass flows together, Strains vanish and it becomes like new glass. Then, it must be tempered, toughened, evenly by slow cooling.

Annealing was not well understood until America's need for optical glass in World War I stimulated L. H. Adams and E. D. Williamson to put it on a scientific basis. Then came the tunnel lehr (pronounced leer), in which bottles can be annealed in an hour or two. As the bottles reached the end of the machine's conveyor, two steel arms, working alternately, gently picked them up by the neck and placed them, evenly distributed, on a woven wire platform. The platform seemed to be motionless, but it was actually a steel conveyor belt moving through the lehr a few inches per minute.

Within the lehr, the new jugs crept through heat, about 1,000° F., and then cooled as they slowly moved through the long strain cure, a journey of two and a half hours.

In the quiet laboratory, I followed several bottles through the battery of science — test after test. They crush them under measured pressure, they pound them with measured strokes, they float slivers of glass in oil to test specific gravity, they saw bottles in half, they scan them under polarized light.

No diadem of the Pharaohs ever had as careful a testing as these bottles which would end, still probably as good as new, in the trash barrel.

★ 2450 ★

CALLING ALL COOKS

BY PEARL P. PUCKETT

MAYBE you don't know it, Miss and Mrs. America, but way back in December of 1946 the Federal Communications Commission set aside the "2450" wave length especially for you — and for all the cooks in America who dish up "grub" for one or for hundreds.

If you're not already on the beam, you'll be dialing "2450" in the very near future, and when you do you are cooking, believe me, and that old cookbook you have cherished, perhaps since the day you whispered "I do," isn't going to be worth two cents insofar as the time required for cooking on the beam is concerned.

What Lincoln did for the slaves, good old radar has done for all the women in America. Day before yesterday, grandmother spent weeks preparing for big holiday dinners. Yesterday, mother spent long hard hours in the kitchen preparing one single meal, but today your finest holiday dinner is ready to serve before you have time to set the table.

There's a new jargon, too, but don't let it throw you. For instance, if hubbie's favorite breakfast con-

sists of a soft-boiled 6-second egg, crisp bacon requiring 11 seconds, golden toast requiring 3 seconds, it will according to the modern McCoy mean a 150-megacycle egg, 240-megacycle bacon, and 40-megacycle toast, and, believe me, he'll have to gulp fast to get rid of his glass of orange juice before his breakfast is served piping hot.

Long before World War II even started to smoke, electronic engineers were toying with megacycle cooking. Dielectric heating is done with alternating electric currents. That's what "megs" or megacycles really are, currents that change their direction of flow millions of times each second. The foods placed in a dielectric oven will be cooked from the inside out in mere split seconds.

For cooking lesson number one: use heat-resisting glass or china for all cooking. Glass is the most transparent to the radar energy and is highly satisfactory. Metal utensils, however, are no good, as all cooking energy is reflected from the surface.

To see this wonderful, new electronic cooking in use, one needs only

drop around to the kitchens of one of the Statler hotels, or the restaurants in New England called the Thompson's Spas. Another new user of electronic cooking is the big chain of White Tower quick-lunch counters.

What a delicious aroma whets the appetite! And the food is even more delicious to the taste, because the flavor is sealed and retained by the speedy cooking. There is no pungent, nauseating grease smoke; no burnt black cooking utensils; no grease-corroded grill plates. Such cooking actually increases the seating capacity of quick-lunch eating places, because guests are served quickly and easily, reducing waiting time to a minimum, and rapid turn-over of customers increases the profits. Megacycle cooking saves the flavor by retaining all natural oils and juices within the foods, thereby reducing vitamin loss and producing more delicious and nutritious meals. Absolutely nothing is lost in the cooking.

When you cook by radio frequency you simply plug in and your dinner is ready before you can turn around. For instance, these are required cooking times:

Steaks — rare	40 seconds
Medium	45 seconds
Well done	50 seconds
Ham steaks	60 seconds
Half-chicken, fryer size	2 minutes
Lamb or pork chops	45 seconds
Fresh corn on cob	45 seconds
Corn in husk	60 seconds
Baked potatoes	2 minutes
Potatoes Lyonnaise	2½ minutes
Delmonico potatoes	25 seconds
Halibut (8 ounces)	45 seconds
Clams (1 dozen)	50 seconds
Lobster (1 pound)	2 minutes
Baked lobster	2½ minutes
Omelet	1 minute
Fried eggs	12 seconds
Scrambled eggs	20 seconds
Boiled eggs	30 seconds
Frankfurters	8 seconds
Gingerbread and biscuits	29 seconds
Hamburgers with onions	35 seconds

To cook ten steaks well done will cost less than one cent.

Spectacular strides are being made in home-cooking units for any size family. Megacycle cooking not only reduces your electric bills but cuts cleaning and redecorating costs and reduces time spent in preparation of meals. So it's megas to you, Miss and Mrs. America; you'll be seeing a lot of each other soon.

Breathes there the man, with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land!

— SIR WALTER SCOTT

BEHIND THE IRON CURTAIN

By ALAN SET

8,373,000 SQUARE MILES OF FEAR

DID YOU ever stroll on New York's Fifth Avenue or on Union Square in San Francisco clad only in your underwear? Or, when ordering your lunch, did you ever ask the waiter to serve an apple pie first and put aside the pickled herring for the dessert? Most certainly nothing of that sort ever happened to you.

But why?

The answer is that, while such things are neither harmful nor even logically unjustified, they are simply *not done*. They are not done because by doing them one would break some unwritten rules of behavior tacitly accepted by everybody, even though they may be futile, if not utterly absurd. Besides, to observe them presents no problem.

Imagine now a country of 8,373,000 square miles with 815,000,000 people where most of the same everyday activities which in America are generally considered to be habitual are placed on an unwritten, endless list of things which simply are *not done* — and you will see at a glance the most striking difference between life in the Free World and life behind the Iron Curtain. To discuss politics, to answer a passer-by's question, to say that Malenkov is too fat, to take a day's rest when one is tired, to be fond of Marilyn Monroe, to repeat what one has heard over the radio, to try to look well groomed, to debate school matters with one's own children, to find a newspaper editorial boring, to wear slightly tight trousers,

ers, to ignore Marx's theory of Surplus Value, or not to answer the door bell at night — all these are things you would not hesitate one second to do, aren't they? Behind the Iron Curtain the same things, and many thousands of others, *are things which simply are not done*, preferably not even thought of, taboo!

If we try to analyze more deeply *why* none of us takes suddenly to scampering about town half dressed, and *why* we keep to the conventional sequence of courses at our meals — we find that it is the subconscious fear of appearing ridiculous which is the ultimate motive of our self-restraint. To avoid the unpleasantness of being permanently frightened of ridicule, we have succeeded in eliminating from our minds any urge of gratuitously breaking certain established rules, unfounded though they may be. As these rules do not affect any of our essential aspirations, we take life as it comes, happy to feel that, after all, we have far more freedoms left than time for their use.

Exactly the same psychological twist which has brought us to conform automatically to certain restrictions is being used behind the Iron Curtain, in gigantic proportions, to curtail human behavior and bereave it of almost everything which is spontaneous, unasked for, or unguided, and to keep people moving strictly along the lines officially marked out for everyone to

follow. The tremendous number of unwritten taboos, coupled with the endless flow of ever-changing regulations, prohibitions, decrees and ordonnances, the transgression of which may cost the culprit — not to appear ridiculous — but the worst kind of physical and moral sufferings, often even death, are meant to revolutionize the most natural human impulses. And because of the countless risks one is constantly facing, the safest way not to commit a mistake consists in sticking rigidly to received orders and carefully avoiding doing anything else.

Let us now take a glance behind the Iron Curtain and see how this new way of life looks when applied in practice.

POLAND: "ANGELS AND MINISTERS OF GRACE DEFEND US!"

This is an almost verbatim translation of a letter recently smuggled out from Poland. The author, a 48-year-old widow, taught history in high school before the war in Warsaw. At present she works in an office of a Silesian coal mine. It was addressed to her brother, a former officer in General Anders' army, now living in Zurich, Switzerland:

Poor Mania [the author's eldest daughter] died last month in an Orwock sanatorium. Cruel though it may sound, she is today the happiest member of our family. Already last year, in the spring, she suddenly developed a strange pain in her left leg, which, with

each passing week, made it more difficult for her to move. Because she ran no fever, she did not dare to apply for sick leave. Another reason was that, poor thing, she hoped that her name would be placed on the list of those who were to get a week's vacation during the summer in the mountains.

The workers of the cement factory where she was employed had become, after two years, eligible for this kind of vacation, having overfulfilled their output quotas. I think it was in June that she simply could not carry on any longer, and had to remain at home in bed, without the necessary permit from the plant's health authorities. Doctor K., an old friend of ours, came to examine her, but as Mania still showed no temperature, he was unable to take the grave risk of recommending her for a sick leave.

After three days she got an order to appear forthwith before one of the factory's department heads. More dead than alive, she went to see the man, who gave her a stern tongue-lashing, telling her how happy she should feel being a citizen of the People's Poland, and ordered her to return immediately to work. She was, of course, told to forget about her vacation, which, incidentally, no one in her department received anyway. Her name was placed on the factory's black list, for unwarranted absenteeism.

She started a temperature about two weeks later. After waiting two days for a doctor's examination, and two days more for an available bed, she was finally taken to the infirmary,

where she spent two weeks in a small room with eight other sick women. An erroneous diagnosis is punished severely in our People's Republic, so the doctors prefer to be on the safe side by prescribing aspirin to their patients and listing them as "being under observation."

As, while she was being "observed," Mania felt worse and worse, the infirmary doctor finally decided to have her transferred to our local hospital, from where, without notifying me, they sent her one day to that T.B. town of Otwock, from which so few come out alive. The last time I went to see her at our hospital, I found her clad in a shabby and dirty, man's hospital outfit. Pathetically, she whispered into my ear: "Mother, they will kill me . . ." They did.

So, I lost Mania. I lost Hanusia, too, though in an even more cruel way. No, she did not die; Hanusia is alive and even very much alive. Only yesterday she came home half drunk with her UB [secret police] boyfriend, and it is with the golden fountain pen she left behind that I am writing this letter. Truly, I do not know how they did it, and I am afraid to think about it. You remember the sweet good child she was? She remained that way for many years, and grew up to become a really charming girl, though maybe a little too sentimental. Then, when she was seventeen, she met, at a political school meeting, a Major Piotrowski, Soviet officer disguised in a Polish uniform. It was then that everything started.

It may be hard for you to understand, but in our People's Republic a mother has no means to forbid her seventeen-year-old daughter to date a high-ranking Communist, particularly if he is a Russian, and even though in disguise. Other officers came after Piotrowski, another major and then a colonel, and now she has moved another step higher by becoming the official girl friend of one of the most hated secret police chiefs in our city. When one day I told her inadvertently that I was listening to Radio Free Europe, she calmly remarked, while polishing her nails, that next time she learns that I am spreading whispered propaganda she will have no other alternative than to report on me to the proper authorities. Sweet Hanusia with blue eyes whom you remember has now become a Communist spy and provocateur. Each time she is seen paying me a visit, my neighbors, when I meet them afterwards, turn their eyes away and seem too absorbed in their thoughts even to greet me with an "how-do-you-do."

Why am I writing you this? Because, for heaven's sake, in the name of Jesus Christ, don't you people abroad realize that something horrible is happening, something which did not happen ever before! Human soul is being murdered, slowly, day by day, month after month, year after year — until one day there will be no human soul left, only soulless bodies ready to go on murdering and murdering, just for murder's sake!

What are they waiting for, your

Churchills and Eisenhowers? Do they really believe, as the B.B.C. was saying the other night, that some sort of co-operation, or as they call it "co-existence," might be established between your world and the world of the murderers in the Kremlin? Do they believe that those murderers, once they feel strong enough, will hesitate for one moment before pulverizing your cities and industries with the H-bomb (which you have been foolish enough to let them steal from you), and then to unleash their millions of soulless hordes to accomplish their only goal — the conquest of the world! For heaven's sake, have you gone mad? Are all of you completely asleep? Do you not realize that every passing hour brings us closer to the end?

I HAVE quoted at length from this letter recently smuggled out of Poland, because I have reasons to believe that it expresses most accurately the prevailing state of mind of Russia's European satellites. The 48-year-old school teacher, who remembers quite well the prewar days, mentions in her letter constant fear. Fear of applying for a few days' sick leave, fear of losing the right to one's vacations, fear of making a wrong medical diagnosis, fear of being killed, fear of being denounced by one's own daughter, fear of forbidding one's own daughter to live with high-ranking Party members, fear of being let down by the Free West, fear of some frightful disaster threatening mankind.

USSR: FEAR AND ELECTRONICS

In Poland, as in East Germany, in Czechoslovakia and in all the other European satellites of Russia, fear has already become too strong to allow for organized resistance. But, while realizing that there is no sense of courting disaster by openly resisting the almighty oppressor, the oppressed have not, by far, reached the stage when the spirit of revolt is completely squashed. The hundred million people in Russia's European satellites have been, however, subjected to the Communist therapeutics only for about ten years. What about the citizens of the Soviet Union, whose behavior has been molded by the Kremlin masterminds for more than 36 years?

To answer this question we shall again examine a very typical sample of life behind the Iron Curtain. The story was reported by a young Soviet lieutenant who deserted a few weeks ago in Austria and now lives in France. It begins in the spring of last year in a plant producing synthetic fibers, at the outskirts of Tula, 100 miles from Moscow, where our informant was at that time a supervisor in the maintenance manager's office.

One evening the whole personnel of the factory was called to attend an obligatory meeting at which one of the top personalities of the establishment, a man called Mvanidze, director of the factory's research

laboratories, was to make a very important announcement.

Mvanidze descended from his luxurious limousine about one hour late, visibly tipsy. Even on his way to the podium, he began to shout excitedly, extolling the unprecedented achievements of the Soviet Union in the field of science. His very important announcement was to the effect that his research laboratories, first in the whole Tula region, would soon receive from Moscow some sort of an absolutely extraordinary gadget which would revolutionize everything in the plant, making it the foremost outpost of progress in the most progressive country in the world.

Although he tried to explain it at length, no one could make out what this unique device would be. Mvanidze succeeded in pounding up such unintelligible terms as "electronics," "X-rays," "diffractions," "molecules" or "crystallinity," together with the familiar praises of the unparalleled Soviet successes, into such a blend that when he finished at last, everyone rose a little dizzy but sure of having well merited one's six hours of sleep.

This happened a few weeks after Stalin's death. On July 10, news of Beria's purge came, and less than a week later Mvanidze, who also was a Georgian, vanished suddenly from his office — the way people do from time to time dissolve into the Soviet Union's stimulating atmosphere.

On a sunny morning in August a

truck brought from the railway station three bulky, very strange looking cases addressed to the factory's research laboratories. No one could guess what they were as even the inscriptions were in some unknown alphabet. As there was no room in the laboratories and all the warehouses and stores were either packed to capacity or turned into workers' dormitories, the only thing one could do was to leave them in the courtyard by the walls of the research laboratories.

"THE THING," as the workers began to call it, remained there through the rest of August and a part of September. Then, one rainy afternoon, the new research manager, together with a few of the best brains from his department, decided to have a look at it. One of the cases was broken open, and it turned out to contain some pieces of very complicated machinery, obviously stored upside down. While turning it the other way up, one of the workers slipped in the mud and "The Thing" capsized with a disquieting clatter. The two other cases, when opened, did not help to solve the mystery.

Was this Mvanidze's absolutely extraordinary gadget which was to revolutionize everything in the factory's life? Everybody guessed it was, but "Mvanidze" had long ago become a dangerously sounding name, better not to be mentioned, and who could explain what for and how "The Thing" was to be used?

Of course, one could ask Moscow. But was it not taking the heavy risk that, when answering, Moscow would not omit to brand the ignorants whose duty it was to know at a glance everything about "The Thing" and demand their severe punishment? Therefore the manager and all the best specialists thought it safer to re-examine the horrid contrivance at the beginning of October and once again at the end of the month, and leave it at that. Snow fell in November, and when my informant was leaving Tula in January, "The Thing," forgotten and almost invisible, became nothing more than another meaningless bulge on the white landscape of Tula.

Here ends the story which would sound fantastic if it were not corroborated by innumerable articles in the Soviet press, denouncing almost daily similar cases of waste of the "state's property." An American scientist working for the fibers industry told me that "The Thing" was most probably some German-built X-ray diffraction equipment, which may cost here up to \$20,000. Why was it allowed to get ruined?

The answer, I believe, is that after almost 37 years of unrelaxing terror, the masterminds in the Kremlin succeeded in Russia pretty well — and in such cases as the above cited, even too well — in achieving what they have not yet achieved in their European satellite countries.

Tormented by the permanent risk of doing something which one is

not allowed to do, or what is simply not done, the Poles, Czechs and other European peoples now under Soviet rule are reaching the stage when the pain is sharpest. There is nothing they can do, but it hurts terribly. This is the gist of the letter from Poland. The story from Tula appears to be more funny than pathetic. The explanation seems to be that after some time one gets accustomed even to pain. Therefore, the only fear which was visible in the story of "The Thing" was fear of responsibility carried to extremes, and this kind of fear is the only one the masterminds in the Kremlin did not want to induce.

The people in the chemical plant in Tula, although certainly as brutally terrorized as people in a Silesian town or anywhere in Prague, Bucharest or Sofia, seemed not to feel particularly unhappy about being deprived of freedoms of which they knew nothing. They did feel unhappy, however, when they had to risk taking a responsibility, and therefore did their best to avoid taking it. A \$20,000 X-ray diffraction machine got ruined? Who cares? The only important task was to avoid trouble, and if not to avoid it, then at least to postpone it for as long as possible.

THE Communist procedure of molding human behavior so that it serves Moscow's aims of world domination has proved to work. When overdone, as in Russia,

it becomes a liability, and hence the so-called "new look" of the post-Stalin Soviet tactics. When exercised for a shorter time, as in Central Europe, the Communist procedures are still hurting their victims too much, and therefore time, for Moscow, becomes the most important element to be won. And if the Soviets are allowed to get another ten or twenty years, then they can reasonably expect that the spirit of revolt, which is still alive today in the satellite countries, will be crushed in the same way as was all organized resistance by the overwhelming evidence of its senselessness. The soulless hordes, ready to be ordered to march, will then become a very dangerous reality.

The letter from Poland and the story from Tula should be kept in mind, as they give us the sum and the substance of two stages in the way of life Communism has to offer. First, nothing but pain, growing pain of living in continuous panic, of being frightened of any word, any move, of one's own thoughts, of one's own daughter! And when, with passing years, one gets so accustomed to pain that to suffer appears as normal as to live, then comes the second stage: numbness and torpor of the sub-human beings in Tula, keeping away from "The Thing," as they know that any move they have not been directly dictated to do, and taught how to do, may be *something which is not done*, transgression of which will bring misery.

The Treasure House of St. Louis

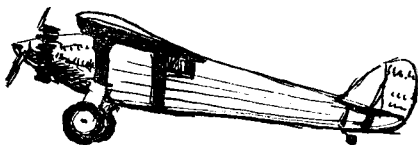
By Ruth Louise Johnson

IN THE west wing of Jefferson Memorial in St. Louis is one of the most unusual exhibits in the world, consisting of more than 15,000 gifts presented to Charles A. Lindbergh.

The gifts began pouring in after his historic flight twenty-seven years ago. About 350,000 persons still visit this house of treasure annually.

These gifts of love and admiration for one man came from 69 countries and all of our 48 states. There are 200 medals, including the Congressional Medal of Honor, the Gold Medal of the Congress, and the Distinguished Flying Cross — the first Cross ever awarded. There are gold keys from cities all over the world; chests of sterling silver, china-ware, gold watches, rings and cuff links; a gold chest containing nuggets of gold from Honduras; a gold-and-diamond lifetime pass for Lindbergh and his family to all Shubert Theaters in the United States and Europe; and books on many subjects, from *Mother Goose* to the Bible. There are portraits, clothing, swords and good luck tokens.

Because of Lindbergh's modesty in refusing to make a movie of his life, saying he was a flyer and not an actor, William Randolph Hearst presented him with two silver globes bearing the Hanover hall mark.



They were made in 1700 and are the only known pair in existence.

Walking among the display cases, one marvels at the spontaneous admiration and affection which prompted the gifts from high government officials down to the humblest individual; a gold ring set with diamonds resting beside a "Lucky Lindy" ring carved by a small boy.

Perhaps the exhibit that creates the greatest interest is the display case containing Lindbergh's aviator's suit that he wore on his famous flight, the canteen he carried, and the flying boots which he made himself, after a vain search for boots he considered light enough for the flight.

Lindbergh is almost a myth to the children of today, and with constant flights being made all over the world, they gaze in wonder at these gifts that were presented to a man "just for flying across the ocean." Twenty-seven years can make a difference. One little boy, gazing wide-eyed at the flying suit, asked, "Would I have to wear a suit like that if I flew across the ocean?"

ROYAL YACHTS of & ENGLAND

By Frank Driscoll

QUEEN ELIZABETH and Prince Philip have a new royal yacht, *Britannia*. It is a fine sea-going vessel, 413 feet long, and with a speed of 21 knots. Three hundred and fifty years ago, in 1604, the first English royal yacht, given by James I to his son Henry, Prince of Wales, sailed on the Thames at Whitehall. This first royal yacht was the *Disdain*, a sailing cutter, 28 feet long, and intended to give the young prince "instruction in the business of shipping and sailing, for which he showed a strong inclination."

Between these two vessels, so unlike, came a long line of royal yachts, each with its own merits. After the little *Disdain* came what is probably the most famous of royal yachts, the *Mary*, given to Charles II in 1660 by a group of Dutch businessmen, and today renowned as the pioneer of yacht racing. Charles was delighted with his new acquisition. The *Mary* was cutter-rigged, 52 feet long, ornate in design, and

with much gilded carving, particularly around the stern cabin, which had a high coach-roof and side windows. For answering royal salutes, she carried eight little guns which could be fired through carved and gilded ports cut in the side of the vessel. On her stern, under three elaborate lanterns, was the royal arms of England, and her figure-head was a unicorn.

The *Mary* was the outcome of Charles' exile in Holland, where he spent much of his time sailing on the inland waterways. Charles became so engrossed in the new sport of yachting that within a few years the royal household boasted of no fewer than 14 sailing pleasure craft. Members of the Court quickly followed his new taste, and in 1661 the first yacht race was held between Charles and his brother, the Duke of York, for a £100 wager, from

Greenwich to Gravesend and back. As recorded at the time, "The King lost it going, the wind being contrary, but saved stakes in returning. There were divers noble persons and lords on board, His Majesty sometimes steering himself. His barge and kitchen boat attended."

Even afloat, Charles forgot nothing!

The original *Mary* was lost off Holyhead in 1675 and replaced two years later by another vessel also named *Mary*. This second *Mary* acted as yacht to the royal household until she was broken up in 1816 — after 139 years of royal service.

James II had no time to build yachts in his short reign, but William and Mary made great use of the craft left by Charles, and built at least one big vessel of their own — the *William and Mary*, which replaced the second *Mary* as chief royal yacht.

Queen Anne was no yachtswoman, but did add to the line of royal yachts by building the *Charlot* of 155 tons.

BY THE middle of the 18th century royal yachts had changed from cutter to ship-rig; that is, they had three masts instead of one, and carried square sails on each mast. They were used solely for pleasure purposes, semi-State occasions, such as visiting the fleet and dockyards, and also for bringing foreign royalty to and from London.

For instance, when the young King George III decided to make Princess Charlotte of Mecklenburg-Strelitz his bride, he sent his yacht the *Royal Charlotte* (72 feet long) to Germany to bring the Princess to London. Thackeray tells us of the embarkation: "So the Princess jumped with joy, went upstairs and packed all her trunks, and set off straightway for her new kingdom in a beautiful yacht with a harpsichord on board for her to play upon, and around her a beautiful fleet, all covered with flags and streamers."

In 1803, George III built himself a much larger yacht, named the *Royal Sovereign*, and described as "far exceeding any others of her kind." A bust of the Queen was the figurehead, supported by figures of Peace and Plenty, and her stern was decorated with similar carvings of Prudence, Temperance, Wisdom, and Justice, "equally grand." The three royal apartments were inlaid with damask panels ornamented with gold borders.

Life aboard the royal yachts during the early part of the 19th century must have been strikingly different to that experienced by officers and men serving on other vessels of His Majesty's fleet. A young officer, detailed to join the *Royal Sovereign*, was summoned to the Admiralty and confidentially informed of their lordships' concern over the mess bills aboard the yacht. And quite rightly too, for they amounted to £1000 in six weeks — a formidable

figure even today. The young officer was to see that the officers' mess was conducted on a less lavish scale. Their lordships advocated the following rule-of-thumb method of catering for officers:

"Keep a gentlemanly table. Fish, soup, joint, and occasional game, and for wine, port and sherry; and if you have a friend to table, a little champagne and claret will do no harm." They omitted to stipulate, however, what constituted "a little!"

DURING the long reign of Queen Victoria many changes took place in Britain, and not least important among these was the use of steam instead of sail. Victoria took a live interest in yachting, and, as she did with so many other things, expressed herself unequivocally on what she considered a royal yacht should be. At the age of 23, when she had been on the throne for five years, she made a cruise to Leith in Scotland in the *Royal George*, then 25 years old and relying solely on sail — but she came back to London in a paddle-steamer specially chartered in Scotland.

What Victoria thought of sticks and string for her royal yacht can be judged by the fact that six weeks later, after some very pointed and rapid correspondence between her ministers and the Admiralty, the keel of the first steam royal yacht was laid at Pembroke. It was to be the first *Victoria and Albert*, 200 feet long, paddle-driven, and with

a speed of 11.5 knots. On the run to Leith, the *Royal George* at best achieved six knots.

In 1855, a new *Victoria and Albert* was built for the Queen, again paddle-driven, but being 2342 tons to her predecessor's 1034, and 300 feet long. This new vessel, with a clipper bow, two funnels, and a speed of 14.75 knots, proved to be a fine sea-boat.

Apparently, Victoria's conception of a royal yacht was fully realized in this second *Victoria and Albert*, for she kept the vessel as her chief royal yacht for the next fifty years. But in addition she had numerous other smaller yachts built. When Victoria died at Osborne in 1901, it was the little *Alberta*, one of her personal yachts, that carried her to the mainland.

Victoria and Albert III, although launched during Queen Victoria's reign, was never used by her. She refused to sail in the new vessel after an accident had occurred shortly after the launching. The vessel listed violently and had to undergo major repairs. However, Victoria's son, Edward VII, had more faith in his engineers and naval architects, and on coming to the throne used the *Victoria and Albert III* extensively as his principal royal yacht.

To Edward VII also goes the credit of bringing sail back to royal yachts. This was with the famous *Britannia*, a fast-racing cutter built in 1893, when Edward was Prince of Wales. During her 43 years of

royal service, *Britannia* proved to be something no other royal yacht had been before. She was the star of the big class racing cutters, raced regularly at all regattas, and what is more, usually led the fleet home.

Coming to the throne in 1901, Edward VII found less and less time for his beloved sport of yacht racing, and it was not long before *Britannia* appeared with a reduced sail plan, and the king contented himself with short, more leisurely cruises. But his son, Prince George, Duke of York, later King George V, and then a young naval officer, took to the sport of yacht racing in a small class boat — a “One Rater.”

Prince George went to a yacht builders at Cowes and ordered a boat of this class — on one condition: that she was to be ready to sail before the end of his leave. Apparently, even a king’s son could not overstay his leave!

This small craft gave Prince George the taste for salt-water racing, and in 1913, when he was King George V, he brought *Britannia* back into class racing. After a fine season at Cowes and the South Coast regattas, World War I put a stop to yacht racing, and it was not until 1920 that *Britannia* was out racing again.

She was then 27 years old, and although competing with much more modern yachts, she acquitted herself extremely well in the big handicap class. But the revolutionary changes taking place in racing yachts at the time gave little hope for the

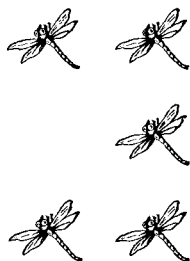
continued success of *Britannia*. The question was whether the King should build a new yacht or have his beloved *Britannia* modernized. His faith lay in *Britannia*, and the following year she appeared in a new rig.

With the death of King George V in 1936, *Britannia* was to race no more. The king had not forgotten her, even at the end. By his wish she was to be given a sea burial. Midnight, July 9th, they came for her — two destroyers from Portsmouth. They took her out around St. Catherine’s Point, where the King had said she was to rest. They put explosives deep in her hull.

QUEEN ELIZABETH and Prince Philip already have two small sailing yachts: *Bluebottle*, a 29-foot Dragon class racing yacht, given to them as a wedding gift by the Island Sailing Club of Cowes; and *Coweslip*, a 20-foot fast open portable racing craft given to the prince by the village of Cowes.

And now comes the glory of all British royal yachts, the new *Britannia*, named after King George V’s racing cutter. The new royal yacht can be converted into a hospital ship with a minimum of structural alterations. Her lavish State apartments can become hospital wards, while the after-end of the shelter deck, normally the Queen and the Prince’s “private” deck, can be utilized for landing helicopter ambulances.

That Shimonoseki Jeal



===== By Harry T. Brundidge

WE WERE sitting in the San-yo restaurant in Shimonoseki, a lovely old historic city on the southwestern tip of Honshu (Main Island) of Japan. Across the straits, less than a mile and a half away, we could see the twinkling lights of Moji. Moji and Shimonoseki hold the key to the western gateway of Seto-Naikai, or as we foreigners call it, the beautiful "Inland Sea." For the narrow straits between them is a bottle-neck to the Sea of Japan, and to Korea, Manchuria, and the ports of China. Pusan, the port which became famous during the Korean war, is only 150 miles away.

We had finished our smoked eels and raw blow-fish when my host, Hirom Yagi, poured the last of the hot *sake* into the tiny cups, lighted a cigarette and asked:

"Harry-san, when did the Allied forces first land in Japan?"

"Nineteen forty-five, of course," the writer answered.

"Wrong."

"Are you referring to Commodore Perry?"

"I said Allied forces, didn't I?"

"Let me think that one over."

Yagi-san grinned.

"Bet you a jar of *sake* you couldn't guess between now and train time — but you are sitting within a few miles of the spot where the Allied Forces first invaded Japan."

"You win, Yagi-san."

"I'll give the date of the first invasion and then tell you the story," he smiled. "The date was September 5-8, 1864, and the place was Dannoura, the beach at the eastern end of Shimonoseki. It seems to have been a lost chapter in American history, because it happened during your Civil War. Anyway, I've never found reference to it in any work on American history — and I've read most of them. During many visits to the United States I never encountered one person who ever even heard of this invasion. But here is the story:

"IN 1863 the Daimyo (feudal lord) of Choshu (whose province included Shimonoseki) decided that despite the Perry Treaty of 1854, and subsequent treaties with other nations, which rudely awakened Japan from its long slumber of seclusion and contentment and opened its doors to commerce, he, the Daimyo, would lead the way in the expulsion of foreign traders.

"The Daimyo opened his campaign by firing on all foreign ships passing his bottle-neck batteries in the straits. Soon thereafter American and French ships were dispatched to the scene, and while they sank most of the little Choshu gunboats and inflicted severe damage on the land batteries, the Daimyo was not brought to terms."

Yagi-san paused to fill the cups.

"As I told you, the invasion was in September, 1864," Yagi-san continued. "A combined fleet of American, English, French and Holland ships attacked on September 5th. The Daimyo's batteries were silenced. Marines of the four nations were landed on Dannoura beach on the 8th. They seized not only the forts, but the Daimyo. Indemnities were demanded by the Powers. The Daimyo pleaded poverty. The Tokugawa Government came to his assistance and offered a settlement of \$3,000,000, which was accepted. The share of the United States was \$785,000."

Yagi-san lighted a cigarette and grinned. He had something up that

chrysanthemum-embroidered kimono sleeve.

"Dozo, what are you holding back?"

"Let's drive out to the Dannoura beach, where we were first invaded."

We did. A beautiful Japanese moon lighted the beach. We walked along the sand. Yagi-san picked up a small crab. "Look at it," he said. *The creases on its shell resembled an angry face.* "Now," began Yagi-san, "I'll tell you another story. It was here — where the Powers established their first beach head — where the Taira clan was exterminated by the Minamoto clan in the sea battle of Dannoura. That happened in the twelfth century. Curses were put upon one another by each of the clans, and to this day it is popularly believed the women were turned into the beautiful golden fish called *Koheike* or *Tai* (sea bream) and the men into the sour-pussed *Heikegami* (Taira Clan Crabs), one of which you hold in your hand."

We were driving back to Shimonoseki to catch the Moji ferry when Yogi-san elbowed me.

"Do you know what became of that \$785,000 cut the United States got out of that Shimonoseki deal?"

"Haven't the slightest idea."

"Well, in 1883 your country refunded to Japan the \$785,000. It was used to build a great hospital."

"Wonderful."

"It was a fine gesture, but in 1945 your B-39's reduced it to ashes."

We drove on in silence.

THE GENTLEMAN *from* INDIANA

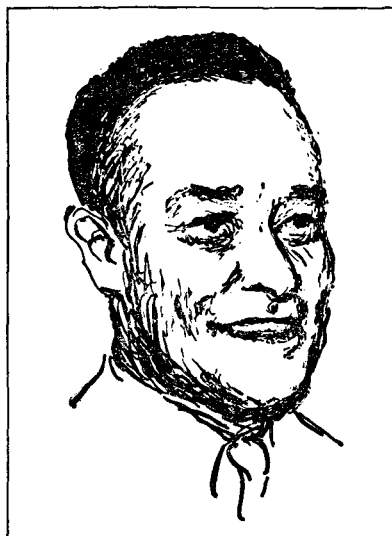
*A PROFILE
OF
WILLIAM E. JENNER*



By Howard Rushmore

THERE is a saying in Indiana that Hoosiers learn politics in their cribs. Granting the truth of this aphorism, then William E. Jenner must have drawn his first bead on enemies of the Constitution by the time he was learning to spoon his Pabulum.

At any rate, Jenner started the career that was to lead him to the chairmanship of the Senate's Internal Security Subcommittee almost before the ink was dry on his law degree at the University of Indiana. For a man who won his first election at the age of 26, Jenner has had a remarkably fixed goal and has never deviated from a basic old-fashioned Republicanism so native to Indiana. Even Joe McCarthy, whose Red-beating activities have Jenner's firm



support, was once a Democrat, and other Republican stalwarts have here and there strayed off the GOP reservation, but not the gentleman from Indiana.

And yet for a politician who is proud to be a nationalist in these days when patriotism is a horrible word, Jenner has had a remarkably untouchable career. There was a call for aspirin in the Republican cloakrooms when Jenner took after George Marshall in 1950 and called him a general who "is not only willing, he is eager to play the role of a front man for traitors."

This was big game, particularly since Harry Truman had stamped

Marshall as the "greatest living American." As one Senate colleague of Jenner said, "We figured Bill had gone too far on this one and we let him ride out the storm." But as the various committees unroll more and more New and Fair Deal history, the verdict of time seems to be swinging to Jenner's side of the argument. However, it is curious that the Communist Party and the Americans for Democratic Action fasten on Jenner's Marshall statement as their favorite hunting call. The reason for this might be that the comrades and reconstructed Marxists within the ADA have found practically no other grounds on which to attack Jenner.

Actually, some honest liberals have dropped the "Wild Bill Jenner" tag the left-wing pinned on the Hoosier during the pre-Korea days, and now bespeak qualified support of his record of achievement as chairman of the Internal Security Subcommittee. Even the editorial eggheads of the Fourth Estate, who invariably attack all committees, have here and there approved phases of Jenner's probe of subversion. Not that they like his politics, but even some of the American Civil Liberties Union's brass have admitted that Jenner has accorded witnesses fair treatment and due legal process. The majority of political thieves who form the opposition naturally will never make such an admission, but Jenner is the kind of man who lets his record speak for itself. He isn't a pusher.

JENNER is not a familiar figure at Washington cocktail parties. As one of his aides said: "Bill just isn't a socialite. He puts in a long day when the Senate is in session and he likes to go home to the family." The family consists of his Scottish-born wife and 12-year-old son, Billy, and it would take a national catastrophe to keep the Jenners, senior and junior, away from their regular Friday night attendance at a Western movie.

Back home in Indiana is a farm near Bedford, where Jenner makes his permanent home. It isn't a hobby, for the Senator is not a wealthy man and the stock he raises on his southern Indiana acres is a fixed part of his income. When the Senate is recessed, Jenner is a regular visitor to calf sales, and he has a trained eye for a healthy Jersey or Holstein.

And there is no mistaking that Jenner is a real "pro" in politics. He can charm a bird out of a tree, and he is regarded as a tireless campaigner. He's a man's man, can talk hunting and fishing and excel at both. With veterans he's at home, particularly with Air Force buddies, for he served as a first lieutenant and then a captain in England during World War II. The voters of the distaff side like Jenner's quiet courtesy, and he is far from being the Senate's worst-looking member. But when an opponent gets tough, Jenner can in-fight with the best of them, and he's had few defeats in his 20-year career in politics.

That career started in 1934, two years after he had received his law degree from the University of Indiana. He was in the state legislature until 1941, as minority or majority leader, depending on the fortunes of his party at the polls. While in the Air Force, and without his knowledge, Jenner was nominated and elected for a short term in the U.S. Senate to serve the unexpired term of the late Frederick Van Nuys.

In 1946, Jenner ran for the regular Senate seat and was elected, leading the entire Republican ticket. He went to work early in Washington to carry out what he regarded as GOP "musts," and was active in the framing of the Taft-Hartley Act. From the first, Jenner was a constant and highly articulate opponent of the so-called Marshall Plan and other foreign spending schemes, and stood in the well of the Senate to thunder criticisms of this money-down-the-rathole policy while other Republicans took cover.

THIS strategy was questioned occasionally by a man Jenner admired above all others — his father. "You have a good head, Bill," pater would tell him, "but you just can't be wiser than ninety other U.S. Senators."

Bill would then explain why he was opposing the Marshall Plan and troops for Europe, and the elder Jenner would answer: "Well, if you're right, don't be afraid to fight,

even if you have to stand alone."

Stand alone he did on many issues. Few people who criticize his statement about George Marshall ever read the entire speech. It is a masterpiece of documentation and displays two Jenner characteristics: a good legal mind and a stern moral code. The repugnance Jenner felt for Marshall and the Truman mob grows out of a deep, uncompromising patriotism that is always there beneath the folksy half-drawl and the quick grin. And when Jenner spoke in 1950 against Marshall, he also said:

"Marshall knew that at Teheran the President tore Europe in two and handed one half of it, together with one hundred million people, on a silver platter to Russia. General Marshall knew that at Yalta the President did the same thing with regard to Asia, and General Marshall knew that at Potsdam President Truman confirmed this sell-out of half the world to the Soviets."

His thoughts on soft-headed internationalism can be summed up in one paragraph: "American nationalism means that — as George Washington said — intercourse between nations should be private and free. We want no governmental compulsion on others and we want none for ourselves. We must disentangle ourselves from the United Nations because it is a collectivist superstate."

Shortly after the Republican victories of 1952, Jenner reiterated his

theory of sound government: "The American people know we cannot preserve the Republic if the Federal Government supplies most of the orders for industry, if it manages and directs labor unions, if it manipulates the value of the dollar, if it maintains a huge propaganda arm at taxpayer's expense, which is directed by hidden bureaucrats seeking to destroy our freedom."

WHILE he was a member of the minority of the Internal Security Subcommittee, Jenner became a warm admirer of Senator Pat McCarran, then chairman, and of other Democrats who joined with their GOP colleagues in the probe of the Institute of Pacific Relations and other phases of the Communist conspiracy in and out of government. "Communism is not a party issue," Jenner states. "True Democrats are devoted to their country as are true Republicans." And he adds that "real Democrats have no party. Their party was stolen from them right under their noses, by the clever insiders who wanted to stay permanently in power."

When he took over the role of chairman in 1953, Jenner worked smoothly with his Democratic colleagues and kept the same staff.

Under Jenner's direction, the subcommittee issued the now-famous "Interlocking Subversion in Government Departments" — a deadly indictment built on the testimony taken from dozens of witnesses of

Communist infiltration of the New and Fair Deals.

Jenner also probed deeply into the Red conspiracy in education, called many prominent educators to give their views. And the Hoosier Senator told these university heads:

"Our purpose is to protect and safeguard academic freedom. Our committee is not concerned with telling the leaders of our schools and colleges what to teach, or how to teach. It is concerned with showing them where this alien conspiracy is hidden . . . there can be no academic freedom until this conspiracy is exposed to the light and the rule of Moscow over its adherents in the educational world is broken."

Jenner's subcommittee also has a strict set of ground rules. If a witness was named a Communist in closed sessions, he was given a chance to refute the charges also in a closed session before the hearings were public. These and other legal safeguards demanded by Jenner won him the grudging approval of many self-styled liberals who usually are after Jenner's scalp. He didn't seek their praise and for a man of his conviction, there is doubt that he wanted it. But whatever is said of him and his work, Jenner responds: "It's all there on the record."

And for a comparatively young man of 46, the junior gentleman from Indiana can be proud of that record of 20 years of service to what he regards as the anchor of the Republic — the Constitution.



LIGHTNING

Does Strike the
Same Place

TWICE!

BY BERNARD ROSENBERG

LIGHTNING, say the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company statisticians, takes some 300 American lives each year. Seventy-five per cent of the deaths occur during summer months. More than 60 per cent of the fatalities take place between 12 noon and 6 P.M. Lightning deaths are four times as frequent among males as among females. The reason for the sex fatality difference? Greater male exposure to outdoor work and recreation.

New York City's medical examiner, Dr. Thomas A. Gonzales, says lightning death is caused by brain or heart paralysis, and now and then lightning death signs are uncovered only after meticulous body examination. In one instance a family of five was celebrating a birthday outdoors when a sudden thunderstorm came

up. A lightning bolt killed the father instantly, and knocked the others unconscious. The only mark on the man's dead body was "a burnt spot, the size of a silver dollar, under the right armpit."

Fortunately, narrow escapes from lightning death are quite frequent. A farmer was nursing a sick calf in his barn one night when lightning suddenly struck. The barn burned down. The calf was killed. The farmer suffered from severe shock, but got over it soon after medical care. In another case a lightning bolt tore the shoes from a man's feet, ripped trousers and coat from his body, and slammed him hard against the door jamb while he was standing in the doorway of his house watching the thunderstorm. Fright — a few bad bruises — and he was all right.

Lightning injures about 1700 Americans annually, and fortunately, such injuries are usually temporary only. Now and then, however, they persist. One man stayed permanently blind after being struck. Still another became delirious for three days, then lost his memory completely.

Fire insurance companies pay out each year close to \$10,000,000 to more than 18,000 claimants because of lightning property damage, says the National Board of Fire Underwriters. The United States Forest Service points out that lightning sets off an average of about 6500 forest fires yearly. Recently, a north California August thunderstorm set off 565 forest fires all by itself. In one instance a single lightning bolt killed 556 sheep of a flock of 1200.

“THERE are 3,200,000,000 lightning flashes throughout the world every year — 100 to the second,” United States Weather Bureau meteorologist Paul H. Kutchenreuter said to me recently. “India, South America’s central section, the Caribbean islands, Australia’s northern tip, and Africa’s interior southern portion get maximum lightning flashes. No part of the United States,” he added, “experiences quite such concentration of lightning flashes as do these areas. Florida’s central section, however, comes close to these record makers.”

Lightning gets into a puckish humor now and then. One man had

his umbrella knocked from his hand when he started to open it against the rain. A lightning bolt set fire to a building, then helpfully struck a fire alarm box, bringing firemen to the scene in time to put the fire out. Another bolt hit New York’s Bear Mountain United States Weather Observatory tower, jumped into the room where chief meteorologist William J. Kennedy was reading weather instruments, and grounded teletype, telephone, and recording instruments.

Since Franklin’s kite and key, many competent men have continually tried to find out what makes lightning tick. Not until recent years, however, have they really started to come up with any of the answers.

Take the simple observation that you and I make about lightning, that the flash we see is a bolt from the sky hitting the earth. Actually, says General Electric’s High Voltage Laboratory Director Julius H. Hagenguth, we’re not seeing what we think we’re seeing: “As a lightning charge is building up in the clouds, an opposite charge is building up on earth. The stroke travels slowly from the clouds, invisible to the naked eye. When it contacts the ground, the brilliant portion of the lightning flash which you see spurts from ground to sky.” The speed rate heavenward is better than 70,000,000 miles per hour.

A lightning stroke appears to you and to me as a single zigzag streamer.

As a matter of fact, say Dr. E. L. Harder and J. M. Clayton, Westinghouse lightning engineers, each stroke is made up of from two to more than 40 discharges. Lightning strokes appear as single flashes because they're usually spaced from thousands to tenths of a second apart. Lightning strokes carry core temperatures "hot enough to vaporize everything on earth if sustained." Lightning liberates nitrogen from the air, depositing with the rain some 100,000,000 tons of nitrous acid annually over the earth's surface — an amount far in excess of man-made fertilizer.

MANY people say that "lightning never strikes twice in the same place." Yet New York City's Empire State Building, the world's tallest structure, has been lightning struck 226 times in 10 years. Several years ago three persons were killed and 17 injured by a bolt, which hit in almost the same spot and within a day of the same date on which the lightning had killed the same number the year before.

Are you safer in the country than in the city during a lightning storm? The city is the answer. "In rural areas," Dr. K. B. McEachron, one of the world's leading lightning authorities, told me, "safe lightning shelter is usually some distance away. In the city, on the other hand, safe lightning shelter is usually near at hand. Besides, city dwellers are protected by tall steel frame buildings, which safely 'ground' the lightning."

What advice do the experts give when you're out of doors in the country during an electric storm? Take shelter in the nearest building, but don't run to it. The air current may turn into a lightning magnet. Should there be no building near, lie flat on the ground. You cut down the chances of being a lightning casualty that way.

Stay away from trees — especially isolated ones. A Metropolitan Life Insurance Company study reveals that about one out of every four lightning victims lose their lives that way. In Texas recently, lightning struck a tree under which seven people had taken refuge. Four were killed outright. The oak, by the way, is struck more often by lightning than any other tree. The beech, the least often.

Keep out of water during a thunderstorm. A wet body is a lightning magnet, and swimmers have been struck directly by lightning. Some have even been electrocuted by a charge carried by the water from a bolt striking some distance away. People in small boats are conspicuous lightning targets. Metal fishing rods are definitely dangerous.

Lightning scientists advise motorists caught out on an open country road during thunderstorms not to abandon their cars. "A steel automobile body is probably as safe a shelter in a thunderstorm as any other structure," they say. Westinghouse engineers have struck steel-topped automobiles with 3,000,000

volts of man-made lightning while drivers sat safely at the wheel. The only effect on the car was a small pit mark in the paint where the bolt struck. But the experts add this important piece of advice: "If you must get out of the car during a storm, don't have one foot touch the ground while the other foot touches the car. You make a good conductor from the metal car to the earth when you do this. Should the automobile be struck by lightning at that moment, it would be just too bad for you."

HOW SAFE are you at home in a thunderstorm? Very safe. The odds are about a million to one against lightning entering your house. The lower floor is considered more lightning safe than upstairs, but stay in the room's center — away from fireplace, radiators, television set, radio, stoves, safes, and other metallic masses. It doesn't matter whether you keep your windows and doors closed or opened against lightning flashes.

The unpleasant crackling noises in telephone receivers during a thunderstorm are caused by charges induced in the telephone wires by lightning. They are not dangerous to the telephone user. You're not any safer from lightning when you douse your electric lights, radios, and electrical appliances during an electrical storm. The results aren't worth the trouble.

Steel-framed buildings are safest

lightning protection structures. Brick buildings with metallic roofs are next safest. Wood and masonry buildings are unsafe because of electrical resistance. They can be made safe, however, by properly-installed lightning rods.

Until recently, it was usual for large city areas to be thrown into darkness during a thunderstorm. This was because electric power companies shut down their services completely to prevent expensive equipment destruction by lightning. For the odds stood 99 to 1 at the time that a direct lightning stroke would blow high-cost material to pieces. Today, because of lightning research, the odds stand reversed — 99 to 1 that a direct lightning hit will bounce off transmission lines harmlessly without a second's loss of service.

Lightning control research still goes on. One research project in North Idaho and Montana, for example, is trying to determine the possibility of using cloud-seeding techniques to dissipate lightning-bearing clouds. Dry ice transforms towering cumulus clouds into snow or rain. Instead of growing into highly unstable thunderstorms, by which lightning is produced, the cumulus clouds would be precipitated as snow or rain or changed into cirrus clouds, which do not generate lightning.

It may be that lightning death, injury, and property damage will some day soon be on their way out.

Let's Encourage **DEFECTION** *in the Communist World*

BY REPRESENTATIVE PATRICK J. HILLINGS

SCATTERED through the Iron Curtain countries, and in their numerous embassies, missions and underground cells in the non-Communist countries, are thousands of government officials, army, navy, air and intelligence officers, and secret agents who have thoroughly sickened of the Red conspiracy.

All of our intelligence reports indicate this, and the statement is fully borne out by past experience.

Many of these disillusioned Communists hold key posts in their governments, have developed skills,

training and experience that make them invaluable to the Communist cause, notwithstanding the indifference with which they may discharge their tasks.

Many of them possess secret information which would be extremely valuable to our own intelligence services both in assessing the strength, the plans and the ambitions of the Reds, and in uprooting the underground spy and sabotage networks that they have built up in every non-Communist country.

Moreover, we have every reason to believe that hundreds of these disaffected Reds would risk the hazards of flight, or if already abroad, would openly desert the Communist cause, if they had any assurance of safe asylum for themselves and their families.

Igor Gouzenko, the former Soviet Embassy employee whose defection exposed Communist espionage ac-

EDITOR'S NOTE — *Mr. Hillings, a youthful, energetic, Republican Congressman from California, believes that one of the things the Free World needs is more Gouzenkos. He has introduced a bill in Congress which he believes will accomplish just that. The American Mercury is affording him this space to explain to our readers the purpose of his bill.*

tivities in the U.S. and Canada, said in a recent interview that the strongest deterring factor he had to overcome in arriving at his decision was the fear that the Canadian and U.S. authorities would deport him to the Soviet Union. And he well knew what he and his family could expect should that happen.

The purpose of the bill introduced (H.R. 8000, the Political Asylum Act of 1954) is simply to eliminate that fear. Under explicitly stated principles, it would guarantee political asylum in the United States to Communist officials and their families, subject to certain explicitly stated reservations. The bill is definitely not a refugee bill, and it would have no effect, one way or the other, on the ordinary refugee. The Communist asking for political asylum would have to comply with the following provisions:

1. He would have to be an employee of a government designated by the Secretary of State as "Communist," or a member of its army, navy or air force, foreign service, security or intelligence agencies.

2. He would have to renounce his allegiance to the Communist country's government, and to international Communism.

3. He would have to possess some information, or other asset (scientific ability, for instance) of special value to the security of the U.S., and be willing to make that information or those special assets available to the proper authorities.

4. He would have to be willing to co-operate in the fight against Communism.

5. He would have to be declared by competent U.S. officials as not a menace to the security of the U.S.

The bill authorizes the issuance of up to 1,000 special, non-immigrant visas to applicants meeting those requirements. The individual Communist officials, of course, would have to take the chance on his ability to satisfy our officials of his sincerity. The Secretary of State would be authorized to revoke the visa at any time he deemed it in the best interest of the United States, a necessary precaution, I believe, against efforts by the Reds to plant spies and false information.

The supporters of the bill, and I emphatically include myself, feel it would achieve three things:

It would increase the uneasiness, distrust and chaos prevailing behind the Iron Curtain every time an official defects to our side.

It would deny to the Communist countries whatever skills and experiences the defecting officials might possess.

And it would bring to us an indeterminate supply of extremely valuable information.

It is, of course, just one more potential weapon that could be used by our side in the Cold War. And I strongly believe that we should employ every single weapon, great or small, that might possibly be used to our advantage.

I Get Ideas



As I tell my husband, I go to the movies to get ideas, which I try out later at home. For some reason, this distresses him. Only last week I was struck by the fact that movie wives never wash their faces before going to bed. They lay their pretty heads down on their pillows, but do they resemble any housewife you've ever seen at bedtime?

Certainly not! It's perfectly obvious to any movie fan that the star in question is beautifully made up for the occasion with alluring eye shadow, dark lipstick and a hair-do that falls in rippling wavelets.

The married couple in last week's movie had retired for the night. Along about three A.M. the little woman thought she heard a burglar. She roused her husband to go take a look. Every member of the audience felt like a Peeping Tom as the movie wife sat up in bed and exposed her charms to our curious eyes.

Cinema censorship hasn't reached as far as the domestic bedroom scene, so we keep getting these intimate glimpses of female lovelies in their night attire. Needless to say, our

heroine looked ravishing. She leaped out of bed like a gazelle and slipped into a filmy coat which matched her expensive nightgown. She was fit for a formal. All the way home I

By

LILY SANDROF

kept brooding about this episode. What if I should hear a burglar some night? What if there were a fire? Would I want my neighbors and the firemen to observe my usual unvarnished nocturnal appearance? And then, too, what about my husband? Could I go on heedlessly this way and have him making odious comparisons between me and those glamorous movie stars?

It was high time, indeed, that I took steps to correct this dangerous situation. Fortunately, I had just the right outfit for the experiment — a wonderful apricot chiffon negligee, which I had purchased at a rummage sale and never worn. It had oodles of maribou feathers dripping from the neckline, cuffs and hem. Under it would go the elegant aqua satin nightgown my sister had sent me from Paris.

It was quite a relief to escape from the monotonous chore of scrubbing my face. But I used lipstick gener-

ously. Then I combed my hair out so that it looked fluffy and tied a silver ribbon, which I always save from gift wrappings, through it in a large bow. I surveyed myself critically in the medicine chest mirror. Not bad, old girl, I told my reflection, not bad at all.

I emerged.

“WELL, what’s the matter with you?” queried my husband in astonishment, as I paraded languorously about the bedroom. “I expected to read the paper for another hour, at least. You really stepped on it for a change. Always knew you wasted too much time in there.”

“I beg your pardon,” I answered coldly. “Things are going to be different around here from now on.”

“Did my suit come back from the cleaners?” he inquired. “I have that important meeting tomorrow, and I wanted to wear it.” He turned a page and continued reading.

“Some people certainly are unobservant,” I then remarked acidly. “They don’t even notice it when other people are going to all the trouble of looking glamorous.”

“I’m sorry, dear,” answered my mate, “but what is it that I’m supposed to be noticing?”

I was wounded. “There’s nothing more disgusting than a wife who lets herself go at night, is there? I mean, there’s absolutely no excuse for a wife looking like a hag, even in bed. Don’t you agree?”

My husband looked at me a little suspiciously. “I suppose so, but I’ve never given it much thought. Did you go to the movies today, by any chance?”

“Did it ever occur to you that there might be a fire in the middle of the night sometime?” I went on. “I suppose you’d think nothing of having the whole neighborhood saying I looked like a hag? I stalked over to the dressing table and gave myself a few good squirts with the perfume atomizer. As I fluffed out my hair again I watched my husband for any possible reactions. I was horrified to see that he had gone back to his paper.

Wasn’t that just like a husband? I sprayed a little more perfume on myself and retied the bow in my hair. Then I slid into bed with as much dignity as I could muster, and picking up a book, pretended to read.

My face felt very sticky and the perfume was giving me a headache. The maribou was tickling me and it was all I could do to keep from sneezing.

There I sat, seething with frustration and outraged vanity. Then I happened to catch a glimpse of myself in the mirror . . . perhaps I *did* look a wee bit overdressed for the occasion. Tiptoeing to the bathroom, I grabbed the soap.

Finally I was back to my normal scrubbed state, and plain as a sleeping housewife. Utterly defeated, I crawled into bed.

DAM IT AIL?

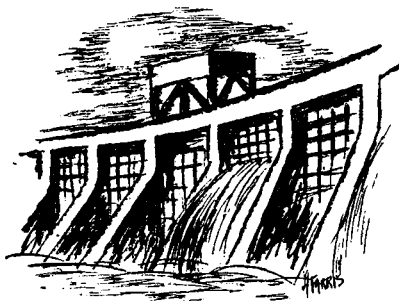
By Karl Hess

IN THE strident social chorus of our time, in the paean of the "planners," the word "dam" is now a mighty sound, far removed from the good old cuss word and elevated to a prayerful place. "Dam" has become a totem word, a cure-all concept. Too much water? Dam it. Too little water? Dam it. The concept of the dam, in fact, combines in one package many of the planner's ideal specifications. It roughly disrupts nature, an arrogant delight of the planner. It requires ruthless administration, the expression of conscience of the planner. Perhaps best of all, it can be foisted off on the people under seemingly infinite layers of sugar coating. (The fact that dams are one of the most costly methods ever conceived of solving water problems is a subsidiary blessing that, to the planner, must seem almost too good to be true.)

Dams, like any other mechanical contrivance imposed upon nature, should work with, not against

nature. Used sparingly and in that fashion they can do wonders. Abused, they can help send this land-wasting nation of ours hurtling toward earthly poverty.

Just how easy it has become for people to succumb to the nostrum lure of dams was shown when Army Engineers got Congressional approval for a scheme which they said might (might!) bring down the potential flood depth of the Mississippi by one foot near Cairo. The scheme, of course, called for a dam; a whopper on the Osage River. As the dam backed up water to lop 12 inches off the Mississippi's flood crest (maybe), it would flood out nine Kansas and Missouri towns. About 4,000 people would be forced to evacuate the area. Five hundred miles of Federal, state, and county roads and highways would be destroyed. Mining land would be lost. Miles of power and phone lines would have to come down. Seventeen schools and six churches would have to go, too.



Despite the Congressional approval of this peculiar undertaking, there fortunately were enough outraged voices raised to force a reconsideration. As soon as the dam was seen in proper light the whole scheme was canceled.

The point is that engineers, often the ones primarily relied upon in such cases, took a legitimate engineering approach without any regard for the non-engineering fact that nature is not as simple as a system of girders. When it comes to water, this is particularly true. Floods, for instance, are not the inevitable result of too much rain and the lack of high banks on rivers. Floods are as much the result of the earth having lost the ability to absorb water.

THE natural problems of floods are sound watershed management, watching water where it falls, and keeping proper cover on proper lands. Rarely, if ever, has a river flooded simply because of the rain falling directly into its stream bed. The floods come from the water washing off the land. Thus soil conservation is not just a gimmick for farmers. It is the heart of flood control. Dams become important only insofar as everything else fails or where surface storage of water is absolutely the only conservation move possible. The organization of some 2,000 conservation districts in this country — in which local people tackle their own problems with-

out ensnarlment in grandiose national "plans" — bids fair to accomplish more than *all* our dams.

What about the reverse of flood control? Do dams solve the drought problem? Again the function of the dam is a limited one that has been let grow to fantastic and Frankensteinian proportions. The prime problem is to get water into its natural underground storage channels, not, unless absolutely necessary, to store it in huge, often wasteful, quantities above ground.

Water backed up behind dams is subject to a heavy toll from evaporation and, more important, sedimentation. Dams, again, can play an important *part* in storing and catching water in dry areas — but they are a minor part compared to the tapping and storing of underground water and the maintenance of surface, river, and stream water through attention to watersheds.

The problems raised by dams, in fact, often are as imposing as the supposed good to be gained — but the public rarely hears about that.

The problem of sedimentation, for instance, is enormous. There are some 10,000 reservoirs in this country, storing water behind dam-type structures ranging from earth banks to concrete colossi. They cost about \$5,000,000,000 to build. The Soil Conservation Service took a good look at the structures and concluded that two-thirds of them will be useless, because of the accumulation of mud, within a century. Nearly a

fifth of them will be clogged up within 200 years. Only about a sixth can be expected to be any good beyond that.

And these are the structures that will, the planners so often have said, serve society forever.

ACTUALLY, like most matters in attempts to control man and nature artificially, or intellectually, the building of dams is like dropping a pebble in a pool. It leads to ever-widening problems and, to solve them, ever-widening areas of control.

Take, for example, the largest storage reservoir in this country — Lake Mead, the shimmering, 115-mile body of water created behind Hoover Dam. The engineers who built the dam and planned the lake were nicely confident that they had old Mother Nature pinned to the canvas on this one. They even set aside a quarter of the vast lake's volume as a reserve to handle the acres of silt that each year wash into the lake from the eroding soil of the Colorado River watershed.

Yet, later, in the outline of the Bureau of Reclamation's plan to dam the Colorado River at Bridge Canyon there came the statement that part of the dam's purpose would be to *slow down* the accumulation of silt in Lake Mead. And, worse, the proposal cannot avoid the fact that the silt-stopping will be only temporary. Meantime, a full national stock-taking of all the steps

needed to stop the erosion that causes the silt seems as far off as ever. Despite the often magnificent missionary work of the Soil Conservation Service, Hugh Bennett, the Service's now retired founder, in January wrote that half a million acres of "good soil" are washing away each year.

Dams do not stop *that*.

Nor do dams stop such damage as that done to the soil when runaway production of cereal grains stripped vast stretches of grazing land of grasses and left it heir to future ills. Some people, inevitably, will shrug off such matters because the engineers, they feel, can always pass a miracle on sick land by — building a dam.

Dams can, however, do certain jobs spectacularly well. They can provide power as can nothing else. They can open rivers to navigation: the twenty-six installations in the valley of the Tennessee, for instance, provide a navigation channel of more than 600 miles. Still, such valley development systems carry a tremendous price with them. Besides the obvious price of ceding so much authority to a bureaucracy, TVA's dams flooded nearly a half million acres, more than half of which were farm and grazing lands.

In terms of long-range conservation, however, the dam philosophy of TVA may call for a future price greater than anyone now can imagine. By so rigidly disrupting nature in the Tennessee Valley —

whether beneficially for the nonce or not — the dam and reservoir system now imposed on the land there is an ever-present lever to force ever-widening rackings of the lands adjacent. As in the case of the project at Lake Mead — which, incidentally, would flood part of the previously inviolable Grand Canyon National Park — the TVA system may someday require lakes and dams in an always-widening circle to take care of self-made problems.

THE moral repercussions of the idea that a few dams will cure the earth's ills were quickly shown when a second great valley authority was proposed several years ago. That was the Columbia Valley Authority. Unlike TVA, which at least was accomplished in an admittedly rundown area where, it might have been said, something needed doing, the CVA proposal affected an area almost literally oozing with riches.

In the basin of the Columbia, even as CVA was proposed, 80 power dams were spinning turbines, while forty or so others took care of navigation, supplemental power, and irrigation. (About a fifth of all the nation's irrigation water came from those dams. The dams, too, were built to accomplish limited ends in an area where water is more widely a flowing blessing than a problem.) But with the actually different accomplishment of TVA apparently in mind, the planning platoons wanted all that replaced by a cen-

tralized control authority. The fact that, for example, private lumbering interests in the basin area have made tremendous strides forward in conservation, and that farmers in the area have organized more than 100 very effective, local soil conservation districts wouldn't faze a CVA advocate — they would want the power to totally disrupt the nature of the land, with no regard for the notion of making the land work healthily as it is with a minimum of man's concrete corsets upon it.

If dams then are not the complete answer to water problems as they often are touted, what or where is the answer? The answer, many feel, is in the land itself.

In February of this year, for example, the weekly *Orange (Va.) Review* carried an item about a land survey of some 2,300 acres looking toward the possible designation of a watershed in the Lahore area of the state. One purpose of the watershed would be to control the flooding of King's Branch where it joins Pamunkey Creek. As a watershed area, under the Federal Flood Control Program, there would be all the information made available and incentives given for farmers and other land owners in the area to, where needed, replant barren areas, dig ponds, and plant soil-retaining force crops. The result would be more and more water stored underground, or used up by plant respiration, and less and less runaway runoff onto the streams to cause floods.

A dam would, of course, do the job in a way, and do it splashily and impressively for a time. A dam might make some politician or another look pretty good, certainly influential.

But the dam would only hold the water. It would not help the land — and a prime axiom of real conservation is that good land and good water are inseparable.

THE Tennessee Valley development, again, is a good example. Despite the fact that the TVA dams have harnessed the waters as no other river system ever has been harnessed, there still are floods and other severe water problems to plague farmers in the area. All together they might seem impressive. Scattered as they are the public might never become aware of them, particularly inasmuch as they are deep within the impressively cast shadow of TVA.

Along many a small stream, creek, and river that make up the tributary drainages of the Tennessee there still are all the problems that TVA largely has solved along its main course. Along these small streams, inattention to watershed protection — an inattention which TVA barely has ruffled in its hustle and bustle to prove various other points — still is practically nil. Bare high grounds still slough off mud and water whenever it rains, sending it along gullies to swell streams, flood the banks, and send the water pour-

ing off everywhere except into the land and natural underground storage where it is needed and wanted.

The problem there is one of trees and well-rooted plants to hold the soil and water, perhaps of ponds, catchbasins, too, and other local, upstream healings. All the millions of tons of concrete in the dams below do not necessarily help upstream — and upstream is just the place to stop the floods and droughts in the first place.

When a Hoover Commission task force surveyed plans for the Missouri Valley Authority it apparently found some of the same inattention to first-things-first. "The program as a whole," its report said, "has been planned very nearly backwards . . . The big dams and other engineering structures . . . were planned without reference to the multiple demands for the same water . . . The result of this order may be the flooding of good agricultural land . . . the construction of navigation works which offer no assurance of achieving the end sought . . ." The whole program, it was concluded, had been arrived at "without adequate data on soil fertility, irrigability, water amount and quality."

In a way, that may be the key to the whole dam philosophy. Dams are quick, dramatic panaceas, born often of fear and of pressing demand. But dams are, at best, like tourniquets and bandages on wounds. The real healing lies in the land.



The Australian Vernacular

By C. R. BRADISH

WHEN a Romeo of the streets affirms his affections for a maiden in Australia he probably says: "I've done me block over a bit o' skirt and me for straight with this sheila up to the strawberries an' the bells." In that wise a lad indifferent to the sober beauties of academic English is only telling the world that he is enraptured with the damsel and intends a wedding in due course.

Back in the birth of this century and even earlier, the lover would refer to his dear one as his "donah" or his "cliner," the latter a probable derivation from the German diminutive "kleine," and would most certainly describe her as "bonzer" or "boshter," each now a decaying adjective of the common vernacular expressing the superlatives of wholesomeness and charm.

The Australian vernacular, which C. Hartley Grattan has declared is, "next to American, the most vigorous and comprehensive in the world," is subject to all the fads

and fashions of phrase that color the spoken idiom of the everyday Australian. In its origin it is partly English; it is somewhat less American; and it has also derived occasional sustenance from aboriginal dialects. But on the whole and in the rough it is the creation of sundry vivid circumstances which have provided picturesque chapters in Australia's one-hundred-fifty years of history.

The great gold story of the continent, and particularly of Victoria, a century ago gave us "digger" (one who dug for gold) and this word has now become immortal in our record as the unique label of the warriors of the Commonwealth whose queer hats and mannerisms were conspicuous in Gallipoli and France in 1915. With the aid of their own penetrating irony, the "Diggers" contributed much to the current common speech.

There came into popular circulation such immeasurable fancies as "ziff" (beard or whiskers), "disaster," a sardonic description of the

Egyptian piastre, the worthlessness of which they knew only too well, and the still more disdainful "Woodbine," their gaudy term for the English soldier whom they beheld in unshapely retreat in 1918.

To these "Anzacs" (another word now of wide circulation) we owe the further mocking eminence of "Pommy" or "Pom" as a comprehensive reference to the average Englishman of today and from the soldiers also came the great word, "dinkum," which has gone into the lexicons as the Australian certificate of good faith in all situations. To be "dinkum" is to own the rare virtue of unchallengeable honesty and fair play. At the racetrack "dinkum oil" means reliable information on the prospective form or behavior of a steed.

MUCH of the Australian idiom has had a most interesting origin. That word "bush," which generally applies to the uncultivated backlands of the continent and is found in such combinations as "bush-ranger" (rustic ruffian or desperado), "bushwacker" (bush worker), "going bush" (disappearing into solitude), "bushfire blonde" (redheaded female), was originally "bosch" when it emigrated from Holland and had its vowel sound ruthlessly changed.

Similarly "jackeroo" (generally a talkative young Englishman learning cattle-raising on a "station" which Ameri-

cans would call a "ranch") derives from an aboriginal word, "tchaceroo," probably of onomatopoeic origin signifying a bird called the shrike, which has a most garrulous call. A farmer, whatever his wealth of standing, is invariably named "a cocky," the vulgar abbreviation of "cockatoo," our white, yellow-crested bird which picks here and there for its livelihood.

The famous noun, "wowser," which caught the eye and ear of America's H. L. Mencken, has a bannerline prominence in our philological story. Freely flung at any person suffering from puritanical impulses, it came into being in 1897. It was the invention of the late John Norton, a newspaper magnate, whose weekly paper, *Truth*, would break into alliterative frenzies over the efforts of killjoys to limit the pleasures of the people. It has been stated that Norton saw the word staring at him one day when surveying the published aim of a certain precious sect which declared, "We only want social evils remedied." Norton is said to have joined the capitals of each word to give him the sneer that boomed into international circulation.

Norton's successors have a string of weeklies in Australia, all called *Truth*, and they are the most likely to publish the argot of the masses. In verbatim reports of cross-examinations in the courts, they may bring to one's notice



the expressive word, "dip" (pick-pocket), also "blue" (a regular term for a fight between contenders for a lady's company), or "copped a bag" (won a large sum at gambling).

Talking of money, when the young Australian "larrikin" (a lawless youth) gets short of cash he may "bite the ear" (cadge) of a "cobber" (mate) and if properly rewarded will name his friend a "bobby daz-zler," which is the Mt. Everest of all references to the physical and mental magnificence of the person concerned.

The phrases and words that have surged into significance, many of them graceless bits of low tattle born on the racetrack, in the public bars and even in the trenches, would fill a considerable dictionary. Although as an Australian I know the meaning of most, because this dialect is ever flowing about me in trams,

trains and other populous places, I must admit that some of it is beyond my understanding.

Nevertheless this Australian tongue, which is acquiring stature and importance, is too definitely the vocal medium of the great majority of our nationality to be scoffed off the records by the superior philologists and professors. I am so conscious of the adequacy of simple "imported" English that I am indifferent to the seeming virtue of some of the vacuous and banal inventions sneaking into the local tongue; but when I go into a refined home where both parents hold university degrees — as, indeed, I did lately — and hear the lady of the house announce: "Short of eats for lunch, today; only got snags (sausages)!" I am bound to believe that our common lingo has a discernible career before it.

Some Other Popular Pearls From Everyday "Australian"

Poke borak — Deride

To stoush — To hit with the fists

Awake to you — See through you

Jimmy Woodser — A drink taken alone

Squirt — Underworld for gun

Furphy — Any wild rumor

Shingle short — Silly

Deadbeat — Penniless person

To kid — To tell lies

Clobber — Clothes

Wouldn't it! — Cry of despair

To do a knock — To catch a girl's fancy

Fair cow! — Depth of misery

Sticky beack — Inquisitive fellow

Sweet — Having considerable cash

Not too clever — Unwell

Shrewdy — Astute, calculating fellow

Bloke — Any example of homo sapiens

Shickered — Intoxicated

Dead bird — Racetrack certainty

Bones of Contention

By JERRY KLEIN

HONORS of all kinds were heaped on Queen Elizabeth as she made her tour of the British Commonwealth. But when she visited Ceylon she was absolutely forbidden to see a piece of discolored bone about two inches long.

The bone is the left wisdom tooth of Buddha, venerated by almost one-fifth the inhabitants of the world. But the Buddhists of Ceylon decided that since their Queen would not pay homage to this most sacred relic of their faith, she must not enter the Temple of the Tooth in Kandy.

The decision came after months of controversy among the island's inhabitants. Originally, Queen Elizabeth was to visit the temple and from it watch a performance of the famous Kandy dancers. But these plans finally were changed.

What the Queen did not see within the Temple of the Tooth is a series of shrines, encrusted with rubies and gold. Standing at the center on a silver table, above a lotus flower of gold, is the sacred tooth.

It was salvaged from Buddha's funeral pyre, and for many years was handed down in the dowries of Singhalese princesses. \$100 million was once offered for the tooth — and refused.

Today, some 400,000,000 Buddhists worship it. And every year thousands of pilgrims come to Kandy and lavish precious gifts upon it. They regard the tooth as one of the most holy objects on earth.

Smile if you will, but the Buddhists of Ceylon are not the only people ever to believe that a bone can be sacred. Such beliefs have been

held by practically every nationality and religion. A church in Nuremberg, Germany, for example, used to display as an object of reverence a tooth of Saint John the Baptist. Germany also was excited in the sixteenth century by reports of a seven-year-old child who lost all her teeth and then grew a new one — of solid gold. A professor of medicine at the University of Helmstadt declared that the Lord had sent this remarkable child to console Christians for their persecutions by the Turks. But a goldsmith who examined the child found her to have a "natural tooth artificially gilded."

Other bones have been assigned miraculous power, too. An early Hebrew scholar, Rabbi Joshua ben Hananiah, believed there was a small bone in a man's back from which his whole body would "revive again in the world to come." He showed the Roman Emperor Hadrian how this tiny bone would neither dissolve in water, burn in fire, grind in a mill, nor break on an anvil.

NUMEROUS miracles are attributed to Saint Anthony, whose bones occupy a place of honor in the Cappella del Santo of the Church

of Saint Anthony in Padua. And the skull of Saint Catherine is enshrined over an altar in the Church of San Domenico in Siena.

The bones of Saint Mark, founder of the Coptic Church, are venerated at the Cathedral of Saint Mark in Venice. These bones were lost when the church was destroyed by fire in the year 976. But in 1085, as the congregation offered special prayers for their recovery, stones fell from a pillar to reveal a bronze chest which contained the saint's remains.

Even today in the Church of Bom Jesus in Portuguese India, the remarkably-preserved bones of Saint Francis Xavier may still be seen in a glass case. The devout believe that the saint's remains have worked many miracles. And when the four-century-old body was uncovered last year, thousands of pilgrims kissed the saint's right foot in hope that the bones will come to their aid.

The little toe of this foot was bitten off years ago by an enthusiastic pilgrim from Portugal named Isabel de Carone. She later returned part of the bone and it was placed in a golden reliquary. The rest of the bone is still a treasured possession of Dona Isabel's family.

When You Change Your Address —

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Red Star ★ *over* **IRAN**

BY PARVIS KHAN KHALILI

EIGHT MONTHS of mass jailings, house-to-house searches, terror, summary courts-martial, tanks at crossroads and curfews express "fear and unpopularity." The government, with an empty treasury, cannot last, and the Communist Party, the "Hesb-Tudeh," appears as strong as in the days when America decided last year to move into Iran.

In August, 1953, General Norman Schwartzkopf, who had been entrusted by Washington during the war with the training and organization of the Iranian gendarmerie and police, was once again charged with a mission to Tehran. It was necessary, in order to master the Communist avalanche, to get rid of Mossadegh at any cost, and back a "strong man."

Schwartzkopf's job was sure of success. Even before he started, he performed a master stroke. His achievement was getting the support of a young King who had neither power, security, nor prestige! The weak Shahinshah, acquainted with the politics of his

country only through court intrigues, favored a palace general, Fazlollah Zahedi.

Zahedi's background may be summed up quite briefly: playboy general at 25, prime minister at 56, and in between nothing but common court intrigues and receptions, and a new decoration regularly every two or three years. Zahedi became a general at 25 when the Persian Army could hardly be called a police corps. The only "wars" Zahedi fought were against two outlaws: Kuchik Khan, the Turkish bandit; and Ismail, the Kurdish brigand. His political past starts during the Mossadegh regime, to which he could pledge his dislike of the West.

To face his new command as prime minister, Zahedi could rely upon two supporters, the army and its symbolic commander, the Shah. The treasury was empty; army officers had not been paid for over a year; government employees fondly recalled a pay check as something belonging to the past. Washington's gift of \$45,000,000 in monthly in-

stallments of about \$5,000,000 was to keep the government solvent. Today, the \$45,000,000 deposited to account No. 30824 Bank Millie Iran are exhausted. Bankruptcy is in again. What next? Another little gift of \$45,000,000, or has the perfumed general to face the music of another trial à la Mossadegh?

THE ARMY is faithful only as long as it is paid, and the strong man remains alone to face his formidable list of enemies:

1. *Merchants of the "Bazaar"*, who hold in their grasp the wealth of the country. They believe only in the profits of trade. They actively seek Moscow's sympathy, since trade in Iran has traditionally always been with the North.

2. *The powerful, warlike tribes — Kurds, Lurds, Ghashkâis, Bahtiars* — still strong supporters of Mossadegh, bitterest enemies of the army, stirring up continual disturbances, well aware that the Zahedi government does not enjoy the people's confidence.

3. *Ayatollah Kashani, the religious leader and opportunist*, whom circumstances allowed to rise from utter obscurity to national prominence. His strength is based on the religious fanaticism of the illiterate masses. His methods are those of the knife in the back and the shot in the dark. Despite his denial, he gives orders to the religious sect of the Feyyadan Islam, whose bullets mowed down more than one minis-

ter, and whose most spectacular murder was that of the prime minister and dictator, Razmara, in 1951.

4. *Hesb-Tudeh, the local Communist party*, which Zahedi has outlawed, but which — simple logic indicates — has merely gone underground. It is the only real political organization in the country, with its own para-military formations and its well-planted cells. Since Zahedi assumed office, the police claims the arrest of several thousand Tudeh members, but the Hesb-Tudeh has diminished neither in strength nor in the possibilities of offensive action which its members and resources permit it to undertake, because its governing body, headquarters, and leaders are behind the Iron Curtain.

Tudeh's two most powerful men are Jafar Pishevari, the leader, ex-president of the short-lived Republic of Persian Azerbaijan, who fled to Baku (Russia) at the time of the debacle, and Eskandary. Day by day the ranks are swelled by the influx of fugitives from North Iran. Given military instruction, attending sabotage and spy training by the Soviets, they are merely awaiting the word to go into action.

Eskandary, intellectual and brains of the party, is now in Prague. To the stupefaction of all and sundry, a few years ago when the French Sureté Générale closed in on a Soviet spy ring in Paris made up of more than 200 persons, the ring leader turned out to be no other

than Eskandary. He sought asylum in Prague. Even more surprising, this Soviet spy master, no more than two years ago, received a visa to come to New York in order to "represent the workers of Iran" at a "peace conference."

THERE are no two ways about Persia, buffer state of the Middle East. Time is running out and Washington must take a stand in a country on the verge of Communism — a country which may well become the crucial theater of World War III.

American "neutrality" in Persia goes back some thirteen years, to 1941. In the fall of that year, Allied troops moved into Iran. By the treaty of January, 1942, the Allies undertook to recall all their troops at the end of the war.

In spring 1945, the Kremlin suddenly demanded the immediate withdrawal of American troops from all Iranian territory. Without comment, without protest, without an objection, the American staff in Persia, based in Amir-Abad camp, issued an order to run down the Stars and Stripes. The British already smelled trouble in the air and, without even being asked, left.

All the north of Iran, the bread basket of the country, was swarming with Soviet uniforms. In vain did Tehran appeal to Washington, to London; in vain did Iran submit its case to the United Nations. The United Nations was already furnishing proof that it was the worthy

successor of the Utopian League of Nations. Washington played second fiddle to London, explaining that any outside intervention could only further irritate the Kremlin. The sinister Soviet-Persian tête-à-tête began, bathed in horror, blood and death.

Moscow had an account to settle with Tehran: the Iranian refusal to grant Russia oil concession rights in the northern province, a region still richer in petroleum resources than Abadan. The man who had headed the Soviet mission in the preceding year and who had had to swallow the failure of the talks, was S. S. Kravtavaze, Deputy Commissar of Foreign Affairs and a personal friend of Stalin.

The stage was set and the time was ripe for reprisals at this solitary and sinister "rendezvous." But all Iran trembled in horror when the news got around that the most bloodthirsty of the friends of Beria and Mikoyan, Commissar Dunkhilyan, was to take charge of the Soviet apparatus in Persian Azerbaijan.

Dunkhilyan — "the Armenian" — was an insane sadist. He owed his reputation to one of the bloodiest purges of all time, in Turkestan in 1936. Persian Azerbaijan was certain that it was indeed Dunkhilyan who was at the head of the MVD the day the executions began. Only he could be the author of those diabolical inventions. Buchenwald and Dachau were pleasure resorts and

the Katyn massacre child's play compared to the tortures which North Persia endured from December, 1945, to December, 1946.

I HAVE SEEN and heard something which, fortunately, few men have seen and heard. I am speaking of the coffin wired for sound. A victim, his wrists and ankles bound, is put in a coffin. The coffin, four or five times higher than usual, is buried in a grave and at each end, emerging just above the ground, is a pipe. One pipe serves to introduce a small amount of oxygen, thus prolonging the victim's agony. The second is attached to a microphone within the coffin, and on the outside to a powerful amplifier. Breathing becomes more and more raucous and then, after half an hour, the victim goes out of his mind or tries to commit suicide. The amplifier magnifies the horrible sound of the body striking out against the walls of this cage of death. The convulsions and spasms end when the agony begins.

Words cannot describe what one feels listening to the amplified death rattle of the victim, and all the inhabitants of the village must gather at the place of execution under penalty of death.

I have seen a village where the harvest had not reached the "quota" prescribed. The villagers were forced to dig graves — 44 of them, one behind the other, spaced about 30 inches apart — and 44 peasants were thrown in alive and the rest of

the population, after having buried the victims, had to stamp down the soft earth. "The fertilizer is good; you'll surely reach your quota next year," the head of the local cell said mockingly in closing this macabre ceremony.

I met a member of the MVD in Tehran who had "chosen freedom" and who was fleeing to the south. He explained to me that the "needle operation" is rated as one of the best ways of breaking down prisoners' nerves. A victim is chosen in the prison and served an abundant meal. The trick is that everything is much too salty and much too spicy. The victim asks to drink and swallows down all the liquid that he can possibly absorb. Then comes the "needle man," equipped with a thin needle about 10 inches long, which he sticks in the region of the victim's abdomen to pierce the bladder. Once this simple operation is completed, it remains but to wait an hour or two. The kidneys deliver urine to the bladder and the pierced bladder spreads the fluid throughout the body. This slow poisoning is accompanied by an inflammation of the wound and indescribable pain, which makes the victim scream endlessly day and night, until finally he goes mad from pain. His inhuman screams echo one or two days throughout the prison, destroying any will to resist which may have survived in other prisoners.

I could continue for pages and pages these ghastly memories, but

that would not change the opinion of those Americans who will still tell you, after having visited the United Nations, "After all, Vishinsky is charming, isn't he?" Yet there is no exaggeration in the picture painted above of the horrors endured by Iran and which could have been spared if America, by that time, had given a warning to the Kremlin monsters and had defended her interests in that part of the world.

IN 1949, three years after the death of the Persian Republic of Azerbaijan, the skies of the buffer state clouded over again. Quavam Sultaneh, several times prime minister and leading political figure of Persia, entrusted me with a secret mission to Truman. I carried a personal letter and highly confidential documents destined for the eyes of the President alone. The purpose of my mission was to inform the White House of:

1. *The size of the Communist danger in Iran.* Refute London's allegations attempting to convince Washington that the Hesb-Tudeh, the local Communist party, was only an insignificant minority, without any real hold over Iran's population.

2. *The gravity of the Anglo-Iranian oil dispute,* which was on the verge of a crucial turn for the worse.

3. *The extent of Soviet infiltration.*

The deaf ear which Truman turned to this warning is partially responsible for the blood shed since by the Soviet adventures in Iran.

Mossadegh took power in 1951

and nationalized the oil refineries of Abadan. London saw the twilight rapidly falling over the last remains of her once mighty empire. The three principal stockholders of the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company — the Intelligence Service, the Admiralty, and the five banks of the city of London — called a council of war.

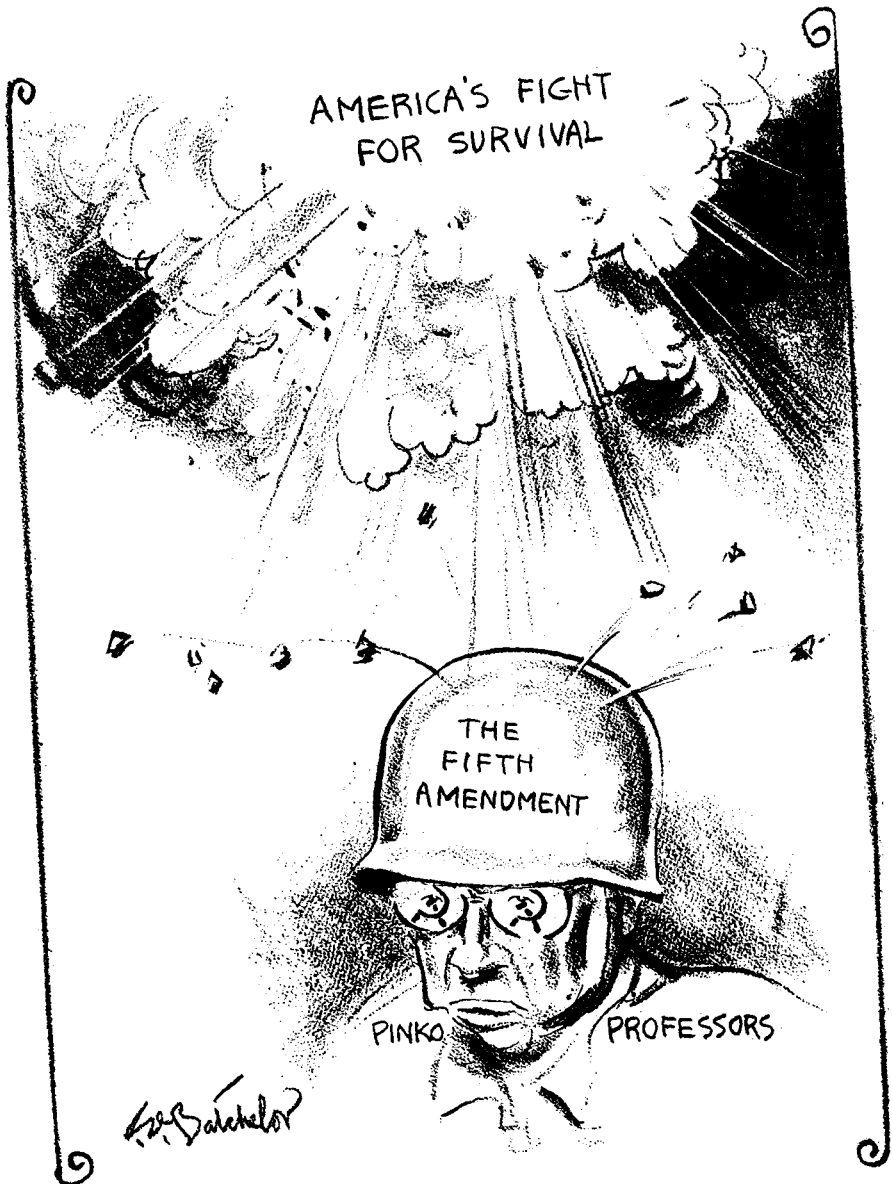
Washington openly took a pro-British stand. The Persian prime minister's urgent visit to Washington met with a cold and almost hostile reception. American oil companies were instructed to refuse the purchase of Iranian oil, despite the decision of the International Court of Justice.

In 1952, Quavam Sultaneh returned to power, but three days later had to bow to an about-face of the American Embassy, which after first having promised him the support of the Shah, withdrew into a neutrality which ended in the riots of Tehran, with a death toll running in the hundreds.

Mossadegh took over the reins of power once again in 1953. The State Department suffered from its tragic inability to see where the best interests of American policy lay. Politically, economically, American neutrality showed an humiliating ignorance of Persian affairs.

But, in August, 1953, Washington, alarmed by the fact that Persia, with no if's, but's or maybe's, was becoming another Korea or Indo-China, had finally decided to emerge from thirteen years of neutrality.

C. D. BATCHELOR'S CARTOON



In the Mercury's Opinion

BY RUSSELL MAGUIRE

ALONG with the vast majority of the rest of the nation we are getting pretty sick of the cries of "Wolf" we hear from too many leading educators, alleged representatives of education, and the highly articulate and self-styled "liberals."

The boys in the colleges and universities are screaming that it is an insult for them to be called upon to take an oath of allegiance to the United States.

Why?

There has been a mountain of testimony as to the infiltration of this segment of our population. Scores of these people have refused to say whether or not they are or have been Communists. The complete mystery of the situation in this department, is why the vast majority of good American educators in this country permit themselves to be made suckers by a few bird-brains who scream "academic freedom" and "constitutional rights."

The fact is that our educational system is long overdue for a searching and intelligent appraisal. It has turned out too many young men with little knowledge and a glib tongue.

For the past twenty years we have been hip-deep in professors of every conceivable type, and they've nearly ruined the country.

Between Roosevelt and Truman, these birds, from fuzzy-cheeked youngster to goateed oldster, have fooled around with the workings of this nation to the point where it is all out of whack. Some of them are still at it.

Perhaps somebody can tell us why the average normal American is proud on every occasion to reaffirm his faith in America and will scream from any hilltop or before any committee, government or no, not only that he has never been a Communist, but that he never expects to be, and he wants nothing to do with the whole murderous lot.

We have made a diligent search and we have been unable to locate a plumber or a carpenter, a truck driver or a bricklayer, a bookkeeper or salesman, or almost any normal average American who has refused to tell a congressional committee whether or not he was or is a Communist.

This questionable honor has been reserved almost entirely for the so-called intellectual groups, with the college and university group leading the procession.

What kind of an educational system do we have that breeds this kind of thinking?

It had best clean its own house before the country cleans house for it.

Letter



FROM THE CARIBBEAN

By Joyce Jones

FRIEND TOM and I have just returned from a visit to a small British island that lies between Cuba and Jamaica — an island unheard of by most people — named Grand Cayman.

The reason for such a choice? Oh, it was just that the idea appealed to us to go somewhere that was both tropical and off the beaten track for tourists — a place that was reputed to be a photographer's paradise and a fisherman's delight. Also, we could get a room and three meals daily for six dollars each.

We reached the island by freighter. And what a freighter! The *Merco*, which we boarded in Tampa, turned out to be a converted mine sweeper. The twelve passengers and fifteen crew members managed to avoid bumping into each other by adroitly leaping over bags of onions, potatoes or carrots; and by easing around crates of eggs that were stored on the upper deck and in the passageway that served as our "lounge."

We ate our meals in shifts at

the one large table in the Captain's mess, and at night we learned to fold ourselves expertly into bunks that would have made an infant feel cramped.

It was early morning when the *Merco* anchored some distance from the harbor at Georgetown to await the coming of officials who were to row out and inspect us.

We eagerly gazed toward the capital of Grand Cayman, a picturesque village with white houses and white stores and white church steeples against a pink and blue sky.

For Caymanians, the once-a-month landing of the *Merco* from the States is quite an event, and the dock was packed with smiling natives, both black and white.

As soon as we walked down the gangplank, we were met by two of the Merren brothers — members of a large family whose British ancestors settled on Grand Cayman some two hundred and fifty years ago. It was at the Merren's hotel,

the Bay View, that the twelve of us had reservations. But it could accommodate only two members of our group when we arrived.

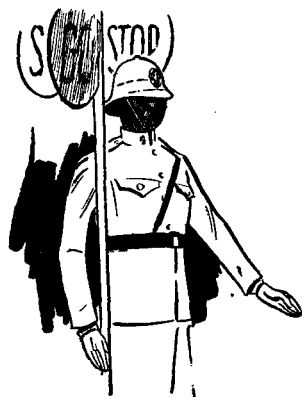
Thereupon ten of us were divided up to be delivered to the homes of various Merrens. Tom and I got our bags and hopped in the car with Duncan Merren, who was our assigned host. On our way down the road, Tom asked if there were many automobiles on the island. Only a few dozen, he was told. The usual means of transportation was on foot or by bicycle.

And that statement proved to be the shadow of things to come. For that afternoon Tom rented a bicycle and thereafter pedaled the half mile distance to and from the hotel for meals. While I, who insisted on carrying a large gadget-bag filled with photographic equipment everywhere I went, found it safer to trust my feet on the ground rather than on a two-wheeled vehicle.

IN A remarkably short time we found that conveniences on Grand Cayman have their limitations. There was no newspaper printed on the island. International news we gathered over a battery radio set in the Merren's living room. There were no home telephones. No drug store. No ice plant. No movie house. And electricity was supplied by the island's one laboring gasoline generator, which could provide only enough

current to afford power from six P.M. until midnight.

Of much more importance, we found the Caymanians to be a friendly and gracious people. They greeted us on the streets. They enthusiastically answered questions and directed us to points of interest. In the combined warmth furnished by a tropical sun and a cordial people, we relaxed.



We hired a driver to take us out in his ancient car on a "picture hunt." And believe me, a ride by car on Cayman is not an ordinary trip. It is an experience! Dust clouds dimmed the sun when we dared drive at the mad speed of fifteen miles an hour!

We slowed up to look at the grassless, well-swept yards — yards made of sand. And we were told that the dirty sand was scooped up and removed, then replaced with clean sand from the beaches every Christmas.

When we drove by one of the island's many little private cemeteries, we were amazed to see graves protected from the hot sun by individual canvas awnings.

Occasionally, when we stopped to ask the thatch rope weavers or mahogany boat builders, who were working in their yards, if we might make a quick picture study, our conversation was interrupted by mutterings of parrots, which viewed us suspiciously from nearby trees.

We drove miles through land that was uncultivated and desolate. And believe it or not, we arrived in Hell! Wait! I'll explain in haste that this is a name given to a location where peculiar lava formations have mysteriously sprung out of the ground. Thus the area has a definite brimstone appearance.

OUR MEALS on the island were interesting. Soft-spoken black girls served us at tables correctly set by strict, British standards. And our food turned out to be a combination of tropical dishes such as fried conch, breadfruit and pawpaw, along with some of the onions, potatoes and cabbages we had climbed over during our voyage on the *Merco*.

How thankful we were when we found out that the Merrens supplied meat for their guests from their own cattle! The "butcher shop" that served residents of Georgetown was out in the open under a large tree. Here, each

Friday, beef was cut up and distributed under a government-set price of 17 cents a pound. But it was first come, first served. The 17 cents might buy a steak; it might get a neck bone.

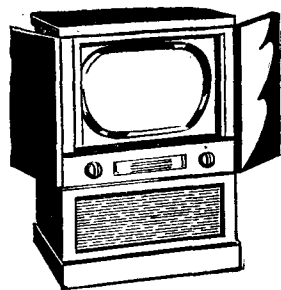
Although there was much on the island that was picturesque and interesting, it was the shore that we found most fascinating. In the first place, we admired the wide, white beaches that stretched for miles in length — completely unmarred by man-made attractions. Then beyond the sand, we saw the sea which displayed a magnificent variety of colors — vivid blues and purples and greens that rippled and merged into a distant indigo.

We admired with Caymanians the island's first bank, which opened in March, 1953; the first hospital, then nearing completion; and the first airstrip, which was also in the process of being finished. One of the town officials confided to us that Grand Cayman was definitely changing. Time was, he said, when pirates, and later rum-runners from the States, provided a questionable contact with the outside world. But people on the island were waking up to realize that they were far behind the times.

Who knows, we decided, some day it might be that this awakening island would appear on travel maps and steamship itineraries. Then what fun it would be to say, "Why, after all, we knew Grand Cayman when —!"

TELEVISION

The Best Is Yet to Come



BY MILLARD C. FAUGHT

AT THE FLICK of a TV dial some 100,000,000 Americans now get free seats at a major-league baseball game or a star-studded variety show. But the magic screen which brings the world into your living room has one vital part missing — something that has the shape of the dollar sign.

Unlike newspapers and magazines, which are purchased by their readers, TV has no direct source of income. To flash those programs on your screen costs almost \$2,000 per minute, and frequently a single program exceeds \$100,000 per hour. So far it's been the advertising sponsor or TV station that has picked up those prodigious bills. But because of such costs, few companies can afford to use TV to advertise; about half of TV's total income comes from only 15 national advertisers. Color TV will spiral costs even higher. The answer to TV's unique headache may soon be subscription or pay-as-you-see television: you'll pay for the programs you want by means of a gadget on your set.

The gadget itself is already perfected, and any delays in its use are more likely to be caused by arguments over its arithmetic than its workability. With it, in addition to the programs you now see on TV, you will be able to see first-run movies, Broadway shows and the Metropolitan Opera in color, championship prize fights, public service programs — features that are now too specialized or too prohibitive in price for commercial sponsors. All these will be yours on a pay-as-you-see basis.

As things now stand, the home viewer is in danger of losing some of the programs he prizes most. Theater television has already removed most of the big prize fights, and again this fall only one major college football game will be shown on TV each Saturday. When the present contract for commercial TV sponsorship of the World Series expires in 1955, baseball's crowning sports event may also disappear from home television.

For TV has proved to be too good a mechanical sports fan, and sports

promoters are watching stadium turnstiles with anxiety. With its Zoomar lens, a TV camera can improve even on a 50-yard-line seat; with its long-distance close-ups, it can watch every play of a ball game as closely as an umpire, and can almost ride the Derby with the winning jockey. All of which is fine for the fans, but it keeps too many of them at home. Said a big-league baseball owner, "The trouble with television is that we have to give away our ball game in order to sell the sponsor's beer."

THE IRONY about television today is that it is suffering from success. Nearly 30,000,000 sets have been sold; the number of stations on the air has trebled since World War II. Advertisers have poured billions of dollars into providing the TV service we now have. Yet TV has no real roots. It is like a parasitic plant that must draw its sustenance from other plants.

With all due credit to the advertisers, TV's great dependence on their support has been a fettering factor. Since television can only give away what is somehow indirectly paid for, it can show only those sports events, movies or other programs that sponsors will accept. Thus you, the viewer, have no real choice as to what programs will be on TV. You can merely accept or reject what is offered. As long as

television programs have to be paid for by someone else, the public has little control over where they want TV to go.

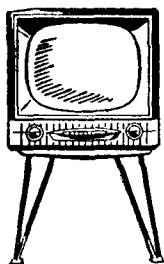
Occasionally when a major prize fight is not shown on TV or a popular program is dropped, there is an outcry that the public has a right to these programs. A proposal was even made that set makers should guar-

antee program service. This would be the equivalent of car manufacturers being obliged to supply car owners with free gas.

Television is an ideal medium for delivering first-run movies to millions of people who cannot go to theaters. On any given night there are more people

who are ill, too old, too remote, or who can't get a baby sitter, than there are customers for the movie theaters. Television could solve this problem by delivering first-run movies to all TV-equipped homes. The reason it doesn't is because it can't collect from set owners for this expensive service.

The public has shown a willingness to pay for the kinds of costly programs that sponsors cannot deliver. The costs would be such bargains, compared to what we now pay to attend these events in person, that home "box-office" TV would be warmly welcomed. For example, if all of us who now have sets paid only an amount equal to the cost of a bus



ride to and from a theater as our admission price to see a performance of *South Pacific* on TV, the total revenue would far exceed all that this great musical show grossed in five years on Broadway. Yet the cost per customer would be reduced at least 95 percent. And millions of people would still want to see the play on Broadway.

The National Collegiate Athletic Association concedes that restricting the number of football games televised is an unhappy solution to the problem of diminishing gate receipts. But until TV gets its own box office to substitute for the stadium turnstiles, the colleges cannot let the public see all games free. When TV does get its own ticket-taker, however, its box-office prices may be as low as one-tenth of stadium admissions. For a championship fight on television, 25 cents could be collected from every home set tuned in. The return would make the "million-dollar gate" look like a two-bit piece.

Denunciations of this blackout of the best sports on home TV (done so they can be profitably piped to a few TV-equipped theaters) have extended even to the floor of Congress. But not even television, miracle that it is, can ignore the laws of economics. No one can be forced to give away private property of value.

AT LEAST three companies have demonstrated devices which will provide the home TV set with

its own cash register. One of these, the Zenith Radio Corp., has had a request pending for some time before the Federal Communications Commission to authorize such an added service. Recently a group of telecasting stations similarly petitioned the Commission, arguing that subscription revenue was urgently needed to help postwar stations. The Senate subcommittee on communications matters has held hearings on this problem. The FCC's decision on subscription TV is expected this year.

In practice, the use of a subscription TV set would be simple. The viewer-customer would do one of three things:

He would drop coins into a decoder in his set in order to unscramble the program he wishes to see (non-paying viewers would see only a jumbled-up signal).

Or he would insert a purchased card into a slot to effect the unscrambling.

Or he would order the program much as he dials a telephone request for any deliverable service.

The decoding information would be fed to his TV via his telephone, without interfering with the regular phone service. At least a half-dozen such methods are already available to provide subscription TV service as soon as the FCC approves it.

Instead of the approximately 375 stations now supported by advertising, we could have 1000 stations operating on the added revenue from

subscription programs. Hundreds of smaller cities and towns would have a better chance of possessing stations.

The FCC has set aside 244 of its allocations for educational television stations, acceding to the almost unanimous recognition that TV is the "greatest educational advance since the invention of printing." But after two years, only four educational stations are on the air. The stumbling block again is economics.

If an educational station could collect tuition via subscription TV for a few outstanding programs each week, it would have the funds to operate many more hours per week on a free public-service basis. Thus could television open, for every set owner, the storehouses of knowledge that now serve only those who can go to a library, museum or campus.

WITH subscription income to defray part of operating costs, advertising rates on TV might well be lowered. Since the average viewer would probably buy not more than one paid show for every ten sponsored ones watched, the advertisers would have a 90 percent chance at the bigger audience. In any case, the added coverage plus program competition from the paid shows might induce the advertisers to offer more and better shows of their own. In a free market, competition is the greatest stimulant we have, and it should do wonders to improve TV programming.

As for the many kinds of excellent

features that are not now on television — Broadway hits, first-run Hollywood films, the Metropolitan Opera — there would no longer be any reason for absence from the home screen.

Veteran movie producer Samuel Goldwyn has repeatedly forecast that when TV gets a home box office it will be an ally of movies rather than the menace it now is. There is much evidence to back him up. Results of limited public tests of subscription TV, using quality movies, suggest that this new way of exhibiting films could at least *treble* the market for the movies.

A film like *Gone With the Wind* released on today's TV would command a fabulous audience, but the cost would be prohibitive to either the producer who spent millions to make it or the advertising sponsor. If it were released on nation-wide subscription TV at \$1 per family, and even if only one-third of all set owners decided to pay to see it, in two hours the program would gross \$10,000,000.

If television today has feet of clay it is simply because it has no economic life-blood of its own, and must continually be sustained by financial transfusions from other businesses. But in a society such as ours, supported by a free enterprise system to which a free market choice by all the people is essential, TV should be allowed to serve the public interest in more ways than by being simply an adjunct to advertising.

The Kremlin

CONQUERS AN AMERICAN

A Russian Memoir by EUGENE LYONS

IN THE forefront of Zara Witkin's years in the Soviet Union in the early 'thirties was his bizarre tug-of-war with the industrial bureaucracy. Behind that open drama was the deeper, secret drama of his tragic love for his Dark Goddess. And behind these, sinister and pervasive, were intrigues stretching back to mysterious offices and personages of the Soviet secret police.

A dark, chunky, broad-shouldered young man with an infectious smile and tanned, open features, Zara came to the United Press office in Moscow one day in the spring of 1932 to present a letter of introduction. Methodically, and rather to my amusement, he produced a bulky scrap-book and proceeded to back up the letter with a sort of documented lecture of self-introduction.

He pointed to photographs of some of the scores of structures on the American West Coast on which he had been chief construction engineer: the Hollywood Bowl, movie studios, hotels, churches. For contrast, there were press items

about a piano recital he had given, about athletic laurels he had won. Not boastful — just informative, in precise, pedagogical style.

Then he gave me a concise and unemotional fill-in on his experiences since his arrival in the USSR several months earlier. His big mistake, he explained, was in offering his services to the Soviets without demanding payment in dollars.

Functionaries in construction trusts looked him over with a baleful eye, puzzled by his earnestness and the way he used the frayed formulas of Soviet propaganda as if they were bright new truths. That a highly successful American engineer should throw up his career for "the sheer joy of helping build a new world," as he put it, was clearly suspicious. They sniffed an intruder, perhaps a spy. . . .

But in the end, an Amtorg agent and others who had known Zara Witkin in America vouched for his honesty, and now at last he was working in one of the largest building trusts. Before settling down to his job he had made a tour of the

country. He had been appalled by the primitive and wasteful construction methods. Zara saw his assignment cut out for him — he would teach the Soviet Union elementary principles of rational building!

Having lived in Moscow since early in 1928, I was familiar with the vague enthusiasms of high-minded Americans come to exult in "the great experiment." But here was a departure from the pattern; here was idealism armed with a slide-rule, open-eyed, and calm to the point of pedantry. I smiled. It would be interesting to watch.

I could not suspect, of course, the lyrical romanticism lurking under the engineering surface. Not until we had met a dozen times did Zara confide to me his love for the Dark Goddess. He had never met her!

ZARA was born in Massachusetts but raised and educated in California. At 23 he was chief engineer in a leading construction company. In the industry he was respected for his professional skill. But some colleagues were inclined to regard him as a bit eccentric, since he was an accomplished pianist, went in seriously for amateur boxing and tennis, and — most disturbing of all — worried aloud about the fate of the world.

The more money Zara made for the firm and himself, the more he came to despise our whole "money-grubbing civilization." The Soviet Union became for him, as for thou-

sands of uneasy intellectuals at that time, a symbol of hope for a more just world. With the launching of Stalin's Five Year Plan, his interest in the new Russia was given a practical twist. Who could understand better than a construction engineer the thrill of "building socialism," building it literally with brick and steel? How futile, he thought, to put up houses for the profit of a few, when an entire nation was being rebuilt for everybody!

Then his growing desire to go to the Soviet Union acquired a dimension of passionate dedication. One evening in October, 1929, he went to a little theatre in Los Angeles to see a Soviet picture released in the United States under the title *The Village of Sin*. It told the tale of a backward peasant who rapes the girl wife of his own son, and of the child born of this violence. Against the helpless girl-mother, the picture posed the sister of the absent husband, a superbly handsome, life-loving girl depicted as the new, self-reliant Soviet woman: a role played to the hilt by Emma Cessarskaya, then Russia's most popular film star. Three weeks later another Soviet picture came to the little theatre. It was called *Her Way* and again starred Cessarskaya.

Emma, in those pictures, was beautiful with that healthy, earthy peasant beauty one sees in classic Russian paintings: a vital, deep-bosomed and fertile beauty beyond mere comeliness. To say that Zara

fell in love with her would be a crude half-truth. Emma Cessarskaya seemed to him the new Russia incarnate, his cherished dream summed up in one amazingly dynamic woman.

Night after night he returned to see the pictures. He dragged all his friends to see them. He wrote ardent reviews, one of which was published in the *Nation*. It mattered not that two continents and an ocean lay between him and his Dark Goddess, as he named her in his own mind. He never doubted that he would find her some day and that she would respond to his great love. In a letter to Emma in far-off Moscow, he tried to convey the emotions that had plowed up his whole life: a letter about Russia and Emma, as if the two were one. Receiving no reply, he could not even know whether it ever reached her.

His departure was delayed for a couple of years by family affairs. But finally, toward the end of 1931, he wound up everything and was off eagerly for the great adventure.

In the Soviet capital, where Emma's face was everywhere, on billboards, in magazines and shop windows, she seemed more remote than in Los Angeles. Her celebrity seemed a wall between them. Besides, Zara wished to be more fully integrated with Soviet engineering before confronting his Dark Goddess. He wanted to present himself not as a visitor from a strange world but as part of her own new society.

For months after we met he made no move to meet Emma.

ZARA was neck-deep in important work. One after another he was analyzing great building projects. Most of the plans were so palpably defective that he had no difficulty indicating changes that would cut costs and improve the final product. In the midst of typical Soviet confusion, without decent living quarters in which to relax, he nevertheless turned out surveys, blueprints, suggestions, in a steady stream. His zeal was breath-taking.

But his labor was so much flailing of water. His plans and reports went into pigeon-holes and could not be found again. Most of his associates and all of his superiors seemed to resent his knowledge, his energy, his insistence on disturbing their somnolence. It was then that Zara began the fight that was to continue until the day he left Russia: a tug-of-war between one American and the whole bureaucratic system. Before he was through, part of the press was tugging on his side of the rope and finally Stalin himself added his weight on the American side. Not even *Izvestia* and Stalin, however, could budge the entrenched officialdom more than a few inches.

But it was a lusty fight, which I followed blow by blow. Every new frustration only re-enforced Zara's tenacity. He carried the battle to the Commissariat of Heavy Industry, to the Workers and Peasants

Inspection, to the economic division of the GPU.

One afternoon when his fight was particularly bitter, Zara was walking rapidly along one of Moscow's main avenues. Suddenly he stopped, as though frozen in his tracks. He was looking into the eyes of the Dark Goddess!

The majestic Emma strode along, as brimming with vitality as in her film roles. For a moment she looked curiously at the stranger staring at her, then she walked on. A few dozen paces, and Emma stopped to greet another woman. Marvel of marvels, the second woman was Klavdia Mikhailovna, a Moscow Art Studio actress whom Zara had met often at my home. He recovered enough poise to approach them, was recognized by Klavdia and introduced to the Dark Goddess. The three of them talked a minute or two, then parted in different directions. "Your friend the engineer," Klavdia told me that night, "behaved as if he were seeing ghosts."

THE fortuitous meeting deserved a staged follow-up, and this my wife undertook. She announced a little party. Klavdia was invited, with instructions to bring Emma along. The party went off as planned, none of the other guests suspecting that they were mere stage props for Cupid. Emma was even more exciting in person than in pictures, which did not do justice to her vivid coloring: the dark brown hair, the full

red lips, the large, dark hazel eyes. She was at once poised and mischievous, exuding life and warmth.

Beyond that point they needed no one's assistance. They met again the next day in my office on the pretext of an exchange of English for Russian. And thereafter they met practically every evening for more than eight months. As precisely as if he were solving an engineering problem, Zara tackled this problem of personal relations. Within a few weeks he had taught her enough English to bridge much of the gulf of language between them. At the same time he slowly closed the gap between their lives by an ingenious device:

Each day he prepared in advance a simple letter embodying the new words and English constructions he meant to teach her. Each letter was an installment in the biography of a boy born in New England, brought up in California, dreaming of a beautiful Dark Goddess. . . . As she threw off her coat on entering his room, Emma would demand that day's installment. When she had studied the first few lessons, she recognized the plan. "Aha! I know! I know everything!" she exclaimed. "In letter number sixteen this boy meet Dark Goddess in Moscow!"

One day she brought him a present: the letter he had written from Los Angeles two and a half years before, still sealed! They opened and read it together, there in the narrow room of a Moscow tenement house.

Thus in a few weeks Zara drew the strands of their lives closely together across the differences of race, tongue, backgrounds. Never had he worked harder or more brilliantly for the Five Year Plan than in the months of his ecstatic happiness. The bureaucrats were alarmed by his fighting energy. Now he knew what until then he had only sensed: that in fighting the Soviet system of intrigue and hypocrisy he was fighting for his Emma.

OFTEN they were at our house. It was pure joy to see Zara and his goddess together: he so solemn and protective, Emma gay and full of the devil. There was a crisply cold afternoon when the four of us drove far into the country for skiing. Emma splintered the frozen air with her laughter as she watched me struggle.

Occasionally, Zara and Emma called me into earnest conferences. They were scheming ways and means for joining their lives forever — in America. Through diplomatic pouches, I had sent Zara's letters to his Hollywood friends, and a few of them had evinced interest in acquiring the Moscow star for their own stables. There was in our talks an undercurrent of fear and sadness, which not all of Emma's gayety could dispel. They knew, as I did, that larger forces, impersonal and inimical, must be propitiated.

Then Zara's seige of the construction industry achieved the distinc-

tion of national notoriety, and panic spread among the beleaguered bureaucrats. For months his reports had been buried in the debris of vested confusions. One of his important proposals was a "building block" of his own design, an adaptation of a block in use in America. He did not ask for patent rights or royalties. All he demanded was speedy consideration, and that is precisely what he could not obtain. The suggestion was pigeon-holed until he forced its exhumation by a few good-sized riots. Then the project was shunted to an investigating trust in Leningrad, graveyard of ideas.

Zara was in no mood for compromise. I decided to enlist the interest of a prominent Soviet journalist, a brilliant Communist named Garri. Garri liked few things better than to smoke out bureaucratic chairwarmers. This case was exactly to his taste.

Under Garri's guidance, Zara then wrote a letter to Stalin; he cited names, dates, places, documents. I helped edit the letter — it was not a complaint but a matter-of-fact record. Garri undertook to deliver this to Stalin and informed us a few days later that he had done so. Soon a long and vitriolic article by Garri appeared in *Izvestia*, in which the American's experience with the building block was the peg for an attack on the bureaucrats.

Instantly things began to happen. The whole atmosphere in *Soyuzstroiz*,

where Zara was employed, changed. Lost papers were found; conferences were called to consider the contents; the Leningrad trust hastily recognized that it had made a mistake and essential documents were rushed to Moscow by airplane! Gratifying as it was to see the somnolent bureaucratic monster suddenly awake, the sight was both ludicrous and pathetic. The pervasive indifference had merely been replaced by pervasive fear.

AT LAST, Zara thought, he would be able to deliver the gift he had brought from California. He would teach Soviet Russia the ABC of modern building! He had the love of Emma. He had the chance to work. *Soyuzstroï* called on Zara to draw up a detailed plan for rationalizing construction for the entire country, and the war seemed won.

But all of us — Zara, Garri, Stalin — apparently were underestimating the strength of the entrenched bureaucracy. For two months or so, fear agitated the surface of the various departments. Then there was a gradual decline of fervor and everyone slid back into his accustomed groove. Garri was off fighting other and no less important fights. Once more the American engineer was bruising his forehead against solid walls of habit and hostility.

Worst of all, shadows had fallen upon Zara Witkin's love affair, after

eight idyllic months, and were deepening with every day. Emma, until then so full of hopes and plans and mischief, seemed more and more melancholy, weighed down by secret worries. Suddenly she was afraid to be seen with Zara in public, reluctant to visit the Lyonses. Suddenly she talked of the trip to America, until then the cornerstone of their future together, as if it were only a pretty legend rather than a plan. To avoid worrying Zara, Emma Cessarskaya pretended the old high-spirited gayety, but it now sounded hollow.

Sick at heart, mystified by the change, and utterly helpless, Zara told me about the intangible threat that hung over him and Emma. My immediate guess was that the government, through the GPU or some other outfit, had decided to take a hand in the Soviet-American romance. I had never believed in my heart that Emma would be allowed to leave the country; she was too valuable a property to be relinquished to Hollywood. That she had been allowed that long to associate with foreigners was in itself almost unprecedented. Moreover, Zara's imported enthusiasm for the Soviets had not survived the touch of reality. For Emma's sake he was circumspect in every word and act, but the authorities had their own ways of measuring the temperature of a foreigner's "loyalty."

It seemed clear that the mysterious forces, whatever they might

be, were striking at the American engineer through the woman he worshipped.

About this time Emma took sick and was rushed to a hospital. Zara was in despair. He received several tender, reassuring notes in her hand. He could not even learn the name of the hospital, however. In spite of a thousand desperate efforts, he saw her only once more, soon after she left the hospital. The nearest she came to explaining the pressure under which she was so obviously laboring was the statement that her "father" was terribly angry over her plan to go to America.

We had little doubt at the time and even less in retrospect that "father" was an Aesopean symbol for something bigger, more implacable and imperious. Emma was hardly the kind of woman whose life was ordered by a father. Twice in the following months Zara succeeded in talking to her over the telephone. Her voice was weak, frightened, barely recognizable. She begged him not to call her again. He had lost his Dark Goddess.

Zara remained in Moscow in the fanatic hope of finding her again. He was like a dead man walking, talking, working, numbed with sorrow. Often he roamed the streets of Moscow all night. Distractedly he haunted the motion picture studios, but it became evident that Cessarskaya was not working.

Finally the sinister influences, having given him time to savor bit-

terness, showed their hand. An American Communist whom he knew from California invited him, out of a clear sky, to meet an unnamed "important person." Zara followed his guide across town, into an unknown house, and found himself face to face with a uniformed officer of the dreaded GPU. After some sparring, the officer came to the point:

Would Zara make confidential investigations of building projects for the secret police? Subtly, the GPU man conveyed that he knew all about the American's personal tragedy, and threw out hints that only by cooperating with the all-powerful GPU could he hope to see Emma again.

ZARA agreed. After all, he was being asked to do only what he had tried to do anyhow — to study construction jobs and make suggestions for their improvement. He kept me apprised in detail of this and subsequent interviews. The initial assignments, we realized, were merely a prelude. His first tasks were to inspect the Moscow subway construction, then under way, and certain aviation plants. He reported technical defects, but resisted GPU efforts to fix blame on individuals. It was not sabotage, he insisted, but sheer technical backwardness.

At this stage, on the excuse of renewing his American passport, he went out to Warsaw, since there

was as yet no American embassy in Moscow. At the Warsaw embassy, he dictated the story of his Soviet experiences, including his recent relations with the GPU; presumably his statement is moldering in some State Department file. Whatever might happen to him, he wished the American Government to know the full facts.

When he returned to Moscow, his police "contact" dropped further pretenses. "Mr. Witkin," he said bluntly, "you are very popular in the American colony. You can help us . . . and yourself. We want nothing but the truth. How do your friends Lyons, Chamberlin, Barnes, Duranty feel about the Soviet regime? What do they say in private? You also have good friends in the diplomatic corps and among foreign engineers . . ."

Directly from this final interview, Zara came to my office. He was pale and shaken. He had told the GPU to "go to hell," and announced that he would refuse to see them again. The last faint hope of finding his Dark Goddess was extinguished.

There was nothing more for him in Soviet Russia. His naïve dream of

socialist construction had ended in a nightmare of police intrigue.

HE REMAINED a couple of months longer, waiting for me to wind up my affairs so that we might return home together.

In America, Zara tried to take up the threads of his profession. He wrote a long book about his Soviet experiences — a curious composition, compounded of economic statistics, engineering data, his personal ordeal in Soviet industry, and running through it strangely, the story of a great and frustrated love. But I could find no publisher for it.

A few years later I learned that Zara Witkin had died in Los Angeles at the age of forty. One of his business associates, in sending me the sad news, wrote: "In the last few years, Zara has not been the same Witkin I knew before he went to Russia."

Of this I had been fully aware. Though it was not visible on the surface, his magnificent physique and his robust spirit had been broken down. The Kremlin had conquered an American engineer and idealist.



Sometimes people call me an idealist. Well, that is the way I know I am an American. America is the only idealistic nation in the world.

WOODROW WILSON (1856-1924)
Speech, 1919

North Carolina's POLLEN MERCHANT

By Edwin J. Becker



MOST PEOPLE sneeze at pollen — especially ragweed — but nearly half a century ago, R. T. Greer of Lenoir, North Carolina, decided that there was more to it than just a sneeze. Just about that time medical science was discovering ways of treating allergy patients. Doctors had a crying need for pollen — all kinds of pollen.

Greer did a bit of exploring in and around Lenoir. There was plenty of ragweed, plenty of cockleburrs, plenty of everything that makes folks sneeze, break out in rashes, or be just plain uncomfortable. So Greer set himself up in business.

At first this North Carolina “medicine man” did his own collecting. But as his fame as a pollen merchant spread, orders rolled in; doctors and laboratories wanted various kinds of barks and root — so, Greer branched out. Today the Greer warehouse at Lenoir is a big, ramshackle building

which houses probably the most valuable accumulation of roots, barks and pollen in the world.

Greer says his success stems from the fact that he’s a staunch believer in his products. Oldsters around Lenoir chuckle about how Greer used to be a tobacco chewin’ sharpshooter. “Could hit a bullfrog in the eye,” one of them told me.

“Had to stop the habit,” Greer said. Of course, a lot of people have tried to stop the tobacco habit in one way or another, but Greer knew just what to do.

“I know the properties of the stuff I sell,” he said, pulling a piece of root out of his pocket. “Here, try it.”

It was calamus root cut in tablet size. Greer chews calamus all day long. It’s taken the place of tobacco and he never hesitates to offer you some. Pleasant tasting, too.

So successful has this business of pollen collecting become, Greer now

has nearly 2,000 people scattered throughout the southeastern states working for him in ragweed time. Some of them may sneeze *while* at work, but they never sneeze *at* their work. Pollen gathering adds very nicely to the family income.

All of the pollen Greer handles is sold to big pharmaceutical houses, which then make antigens from the stuff—the medicine doctors treat you with when hay fever, asthma and other allergies get a good grip on you.

GREER was the first man in the world to collect and sell pollen commercially. In one three-week period he collected and shipped \$42,000 worth of ragweed pollen. That shipment still stands as the largest amount of pollen ever collected, shipped, and sold at one time.

However, today it is not pollen that is the kingpin of Greer's unusual enterprise. He now concentrates on crude drugs.

The Blue Ridge and Smoky Mountains region of North Carolina provides the nation with more than eighty per cent of the annual crude drug supply. In this area, plant life is luxuriant.

Though most of Greer's products are seasonal (that is, they must be gathered at the time when their growth makes them ideal for medicinal uses), natives of the region have been well schooled by him and know just when the various plants are marketable.

Barks, leaves, roots, herbs, plants—all the former home remedies which are now incorporated in widely used medicines are shipped to drug manufacturers, universities, hospitals and doctors by Greer. In his warehouse at Lenoir you will see barrel upon barrel of Adam and Eve root, sassafras bark, calamus root, catnip herb, skunk cabbage root, pipsissewa vine and hundreds of other varieties.

The increasing diversity of Greer's medicine man activities has not shoved his first love into the background. He's still pollen-minded, and probably knows more about pollen and pollen gathering than anyone else in the world.

Today it is a known fact that there is hardly a plant that is not offensive to some human being. Of course, the top villain is ragweed. Orders for pollen from this obnoxious plant continue to stack the spindle on Greer's desk. And he certainly does not sneeze at the thirty cents a gram which ragweed pollen commands.

A tousle-haired youngster interrupted our conversation. He was lugging a huge burlap sack with incredible ease.

Greer smiled. "Lift it," he suggested.

I hefted the sack. It was very light. Then I looked in it. It was filled chock-full of cockleburrs.

"Demand for cockleburrr pollen is increasing all the time," he said.

I felt like sneezing—and did!

ALLERGIES are old stuff to Greer. The pollen from corn, walnut trees, pine, dogwood, dandelion and hundreds of grasses fill the jars that line countless shelves in his pollen room.

Ever see a person sneeze at the sight of a chicken? Well, they do, and Greer doesn't hesitate to provide chicken or goose feathers that will effect a cure.

Now and then he gets orders for goat hairs. He's got a jar full of them. Horses, dogs and cats also supply hair for doctors, as it has been established that the dandruff of those animals cause allergies.

Greer's army of collectors are kept posted as to his needs by means of a bulletin which he issues, in which he tells them what he wants, and when he wants it. Entire families can be seen in the woods and fields of the Blue Ridge and Smoky Mountain country with cloth-covered pans, moving from plant to plant, shaking blossoms over the cloth. The fine pollen sifts into the pan.

None of these workers are afield before the mist has lifted. They must be continuously on the alert. The season is short, and if the wind beats them to the pollen they won't make any money, and Greer will be unable to fill orders. "A calm, cloudy morning is best," he says. "Too much sun dries the pollen too fast."

Greer's one ambition is to make a big haul on maple pollen. "Hardest pollen of all to get," he says. "Don't

think there's a gram in the whole country." If he could get a pound of maple pollen he'd be a very wealthy man.

"Is it a steady, year after year business?" I asked.

"Fluctuates," he replied. "When people have money they'll buy medicines; if they don't have it, they'll suffer without it."

The present market is experiencing a boom. His warehouse stock is undergoing a constant turn-over; pollen and crude drugs going out to all corners of the United States and Canada.

And it isn't all for medicinal purposes — much of the bark and roots is used for flavorings. For instance, deer tongue is used in fine smoking tobaccos; sassafras is becoming more and more popular as a flavoring.

Greer is known locally as the "medicine man," and he accepts the tag as authentic. In more than 45 years of pollen collecting he hasn't yet fallen prey to an allergy — and that makes him wonder. Some of his workers are waiting for the time to come when Greer opens a package of some new kind of pollen, bark or root, and experiences some of the uncomfortable moments he's been helping to cure others of for so many years.

He trickled a lot of ragweed pollen through his fingers. "Never makes me sneeze," he commented.

"That so?" I said, and sneezed violently as I left the warehouse.

DOINGS *of a* DEMOCRACY

By HAROLD HELFER

- ✓ A scheduled meeting of tenants in St. Louis for discussion of possible means for getting rent controls restored had to be called off because sponsors were unable to obtain rent-free space for the meeting.
- ✓ The town clerk, four ballot clerks, a constable, an election officer and a janitor stood by at the polls at Fayette, Maine. But none of the town's 160 citizens could work up enough interest in a State Senate election to show up to vote.
- ✓ A week-long strike of 60 employees of a Scranton, Pennsylvania, casket company came to an end when they decided their boss wasn't such a bad guy after all. This happened after he distributed to them a free batch of baseball tickets.
- ✓ Sale of beer is legal in one end of Edward Jennings' store at Oak Haven, Michigan, but not at the other. The store is on the town line.
- ✓ Constable A. W. Murchison, of Austin, Texas, had practically no bother in serving a citation on one delinquent taxpayer — himself. Consolation was the fact Constable Murchison collected a \$1.25 fee for serving the papers on Citizen Murchison.
- ✓ Mugsy, pet Boston bulldog of James E. Milbery, of Pembroke, Massachusetts, won't eat meat handed him by his master if Mr. Milbery says it is Russian. The moment he terms the meat American, the dog gobbles it up.
- ✓ A skunk made the income tax returns of a Jonesboro, Tennessee, citizen. Café owner Harry Byrd asked Washington's sympathy for the fact that some skunks took up housekeeping under the floor of his restaurant and, for a week after the critters were routed, the café had to be closed down and customers were reluctant to return even longer than that.
- ✓ The funeral of a union leader was picketed by gravediggers on strike at Chicago cemeteries and a friend declared the deceased would have wanted it that way.
- ✓ In Wyocena, Wisconsin, the citizens voted to outlaw the sale of beer — but decided that the sale of hard liquor was all right.



The Chapel in the Laundry

BY PHYLLIS B. MITCHELL

"GIVE US this day our daily bread." How often has this petition risen from our lips? Do we realize to the utmost the meaning of the prayer that is used without exception in every Christian Church?

When we study the Bible with those who have delved deep into its meaning, we learn that "our daily bread" is not only food in general, but all things that are necessary for man to have a healthy and happy life. "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you . . . Judge not . . . Love your enemy . . . Take no thought for the morrow." We have heard these words since our childhood. But have we put them into practice? If we have not, we have left untapped a powerful source of victory over our difficulties. It is always there, waiting to be used, a vital force that can transform our lives.

"With what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again." Charlie P. Webb of Crestview, Florida, was taught these sacred precepts by his parents in his boyhood

days. As he grew older he still believed and respected the principles of Christianity, but their full power remained unused and their wisdom lay locked away in his heart.

Many times when business difficulties cast their shadows on his life, he thought of his father and his scriptural precepts. When fire completely wiped out his laundry business, and debt and despair became his burden, Charlie Webb began to consider the principles that had been sleeping quietly in his heart. Later, when business was restored, he decided to put the basic rules of Christianity to work in his life.

He began to have daily Bible readings in the laundry for his employees. The first uncase of the entirely unfamiliar occurrence soon died away in the warmth with which the worship periods were received. There was a lifting in the atmosphere of the place. Harmony was uppermost. Absenteeism became extremely low. But the noise of the machinery seemed to detract from the sacredness of the devotional periods. Mr. Webb decided that,

as the Bible readings meant so much to his employees and to himself, he would provide a quiet place for worship where the resulting serenity would give an added blessing.

So the chapel was built. The white stone building has 800 square feet of space, with entrances from the laundry and from the street. Neon tubing on the ceiling in the form of a cross provides soft lighting. The picture "Christ in Gethsemane" adds a special note of serenity. A mahogany reading stand holds the large, gold-bordered white Bible. A new electric organ, a piano and numerous metal chairs for the twenty women employees and visitors complete the furnishings. The employees conduct the services.

AND the results? "For more than 20 years I had tried to make a success of my business, but something always went wrong and I stayed in debt," Mr. Webb says. "Then I decided to follow the principles of life which had been taught to me by my parents. I took God into partnership in my business. Since that time I have prospered. My business is growing by leaps and bounds. There is something good in everybody, in fact, more good than bad."

His philosophy that mankind is essentially good plays a dominant part in his life. It is the kind of optimism that works miracles. "The Good in You" is the theme of his daily radio program over WCNU,

Crestview, and his column in the *Daily Globe*. It was used also at the dedication service of the chapel on May 9th of this year, when representatives of large laundry manufacturing firms from several states heard the Reverend Titus Aldridge, pastor of Crestview Baptist Church, deliver the dedication address.

Charlie Webb believes that within every heart lies a great deal of good. Sometimes it is covered by bitterness, anxiety or the trials of the world. But it is there, waiting for us to awaken it. Just as we can awaken wonderful resources within ourselves by faith, so can we benefit those around us by believing in the good in them. "Recognize the good in everyone you meet" is Mr. Webb's recipe for happiness and success.

This philosophy is shared by Mr. Webb's wife, Sadie, and by Charlie and Carolyn, his son and daughter. They also have remembered that "It is more blessed to give than to receive." Charlie Webb also gives freely of his time as teacher of a large, young men's Bible class in the Baptist Church and as an active civic worker in the Crestview area.

The forty-five-year-old Florida laundryman has proved that he can take God with him on Monday, Tuesday and every day of the week. His success is evidence that our lives will be blessed and our problems solved when we are able to say with him, "I have taken God into partnership with me."

A CRUISE WITH YELLOW JACK

Edited by
GEORGE H. TINKER



*A true Civil War
story, from the diary
of Dr. C. M. Dodson,
USN, serving off the
Louisiana coast
in 1864*

THIS MORNING
the U.S.S. *Arkansas*
came up to our fleet from
the Rio Grande River. She
had the yellow fever on board.
Well, here she lies flying the yellow
flag and a signal of distress. She seems to be
an object of terror as she rides at anchor pitch-
ing and rolling. There is much signaling going on.
I suppose they are trying to arrange for her relief.
Afflicted crew! Little did I think that in a few short hours
I should be with you to share the horrors of your situation!

I was sitting in my dispensary, and on looking up, saw our Captain, a very unusual thing as we seldom see him at this hour. He said: "Are you aware of what is transpiring on board the *Arkansas*, and what an unpleasant duty I shall have to perform unless someone will offer his services for that afflicted ship? Would you go if no one of my surgeons are willing?" So I said, "Yes."

It was about 6:00 P.M. when I got on board the *Arkansas*. We got under way immediately. I could not help thinking of my undertaking and looked lovingly back at the *Pocahontas*, that was fast receding in the distance. She had been my home for eight months, during five of which I had not set foot on shore; and though there may have been some hours of loneliness within her wooden walls, I had left some dear friends and pleasant associates behind. But what a change from that healthy ship! I find the *Arkansas* a good-sized, double-decked screw steamer. She has for some time past plied from New Orleans to the Rio Grande, supplying the various blockading vessels along the coast.

I had an interview with Captain Cate, her commander. He tells me, "Our hands are full!" We talked of his officers who are below sick. I find on the list, the surgeon, mentioned as "Enfeebled." The Captain states that since leaving the Rio Grande, three have died and been buried at sea.

At 8:00 P.M. Captain Cate and I

had finished our conversation. I then went to Doctor Smith's room; found him in bed and from him I learned enough. The paymaster is not well. The chief engineer and many of the crew are down with the fever. The doctor was quite feeble, and though I did not want him to move, he would get up and with my support, moved with me forward so as to give me a look at things, and they were very bad. So many down with fever. Some in stupor that nothing could arouse. Others are with nurses who have been detailed to do all they can for them. Doctor Smith said, "Do as you think best, only let me get to my room." Poor fellow, he was disappointed as to his own strength.

WHAT impelled me to see every sick man forward that night, I can hardly say, but I have seen them all. I see tonight that many have lain long in stupor — unmistakable evidence that they have but a short time to live. Made the balance as comfortable as possible and at midnight went to bed. Before doing so, wrote a little in my journal. I could not sleep for a long time, the ship was rolling so violently. At 2:00 A.M. she gave a very heavy pitch and roll, and out I came on the floor.

U.S.S. Arkansas, At Sea,
October 9th, 1864

I am glad that morning has come. But only for the light alone have we

cause to be glad. It shows us more plainly our misery and danger. Several new cases have developed; in fact, there are so many down with the fever that there is not force enough left to keep up full steam on the ship, and our engines are working slowly. The condition of the sick is deplorable. Most of them are lying in hammocks, and as the ship is rolling and pitching heavily, so they are flopping about and no improvement in their condition can be made until the storm abates. This evening at 6:00 P.M. one more died. Buried him at midnight. Into the Gulf! Gloomy, gloomy times!

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U.S.S. Arkansas, October 10th, 1864

I had all of the crew, refugees, etc., mustered at the dispensary window. Besides the regular crew we have a large number of refugees. They seem to be a rough sort of men. One of our deck officers tried to get the refugees to assist the engineer's department by helping in the fire-room, but found them unfit and unwilling. One patient has had two vomiting spells in succession. The chief engineer is a hopeless case; black vomit has taken place and I do not think he can last long.

⊗ ⊗ ⊗

U.S.S. Arkansas, Off Quarantine,
Mississippi River, October
11th, 1864

Arrived here this morning and the ship was at once reported to the

quarantine surgeon; consequently, "Up with the yellow flag." It was already up, but doubtless the surgeon means to nail it to the mast, and no more intercourse with the outside world until we are judged to be free of contagion.

There are three more dead on board, and in a short time that number will be largely increased, judging from things below. Our chief engineer has just died. The doctor in charge of the station has just looked over my report of treatment and desires that I go on with it as heretofore. He also states that I will have to remain here and not return to the *Pocahontas*. There are many vessels lying here having the fever on board and flying the yellow flag. Near by lies the ram *Tennessee*, her iron casement sadly battered and showing several rough holes, just as she came out of the fight of Mobile Bay.

⊗ ⊗ ⊗

U.S.S. Arkansas, October 12th, 1864

Ice, lemons, and a full supply of hospital stores came to us from New Orleans today. Also a dispatch containing orders that the ship shall remain here with all on board. Sent all dead on shore. A frequent sight now is to see pine coffins coming and going over the ship's side. No new cases developed today, though many serious ones are on hand. So many lie in a perfect stupor that soon ends fatally. There is one case in which I find I take a special interest. I found him swinging in a cot. He seems so

courageous and so patiently waiting his turn for aid, remarking that he could not hope for much attention as so many have to be cared for. He suffers from such gastric irritation that for several days he has not taken any food. Everything, as soon as he has swallowed it, is rejected by the stomach — lime-water, and milk, bismuth and kino, all failing. But small doses of a preparation of iron — that has succeeded in alleviating the symptoms a little. Later in the evening I saw him and found he had been given the medicine regularly by the men, and he had asked for something to eat. Made him some beef tea. Tonight, quite late, another death. One of the crew forward. Sent him to shore at once as our orders are not to retain them on board for any length of time.

⊗ ⊗ ⊗

U.S.S. Arkansas, October 13th, 1864

Today is quite warm and pleasant. Captain Cate sent to New Orleans for ice and fresh beef. Some very fine oysters were sent to us from the shore. Doctor Smith has improved but asserts that he is not well. Mr. Bishop, the paymaster, is able to get up. Most of the men look very feeble. I am using quinine and whisky freely among them. Almost every day steamers arrive here having the yellow fever on board and are quarantined. We have quite a fleet here now under the yellow flag. Another death today. Sent the corpse on shore pursuant to orders.

U.S.S. Arkansas, October 14th, 1864

There was another death this morning. This was rather a peculiar one. He has lain in a stupor ever since I came on board. Could not get any internal stimulation or medicine in him as his teeth are closed fast, and external stimulation has no effect whatever. At 4:00 A.M. he was taken with a hemorrhage from the mouth, accompanied with severe struggles. Nothing could be done for him. His death was a violent one; he died in a strong convulsion and in a few minutes he was as yellow as an orange.

⊗ ⊗ ⊗

U.S.S. Arkansas, October 16th, 1864

Another death this morning. Some time before this case died, the coffin was commenced by "Chips," the carpenter, on board, and before the corpse was cool it was placed in the coffin and hastily sent on shore. This is the Sabbath, and most of it has passed by before I ever thought of what day it is. We are all surrounded by such a distressing state of things that one forgets everything but the picture of the misery that is constantly before him.

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U.S.S. Arkansas, October 18th, 1864

One more patient died this morning. We are all hopefully looking forward for the advent of "Jack Frost." That, we are told, is our only hope to rid us of this fearful disease.

It was decided today that on the morrow a grand effort should be started toward a further cleaning of the ship.

✱ ✱ ✱

U.S.S. Arkansas, October 19th, 1864

The ship's officers commenced a general cleaning up of the ship to-day. They impressed some of the "refugees" into service, scrubbing, painting, white-washing, etc. A few of what is left of our crew are at work scraping and painting the standing rigging, so that in a short time things will present a more cheerful appearance. This afternoon the "refugees" refused to work and are seen in groups, in earnest talk. Our officers seem to anticipate trouble from them, but the officers, when on watch, are vigilant. Should any outbreak take place it will be promptly met and quelled.

✱ ✱ ✱

U.S.S. Arkansas, October 20th, 1864

The weather is growing a little cooler. Last night was really chilly, not to say cold.

✱ ✱ ✱

U.S.S. Arkansas, October 23rd, 1864

This day, I am sorry to say, has been badly observed by a boat's crew that had, with several other men refugees, liberty to go on shore. When they returned, many had been fighting, others showed the effects of whisky. Men so recently amid the scenes and trials that we have gone

through should not so soon forget themselves and be guilty of such conduct. If there ever was a place where a chaplain was really needed it is with us on board this ship. We have seen men perfectly rational, dying, dead, and buried, with no word of cheer for them while dying, or Christian burial given to their remains.

✱ ✱ ✱

U.S.S. Arkansas, October 24th, 1864

Hurrah! My sick are improving, a fact that I am more than pleased to state. This evening the man heretofore mentioned as being so bad off with gastritis, is doing first rate, has no pain, no fever, and an increasing appetite. While extremely feeble, he converses intelligently and believes he will be all right again. I am glad that he has such good hopes. He swings in his cot on the lower deck. And so I leave this man tonight comfortably resting. I have asked the master-at-arms to see that the entering ports — large doors at the ship's side — be closed tonight as there is a cold spell, and the wind too severe for a patient so weak and would do him harm.

✱ ✱ ✱

U.S.S. Arkansas, October 25th, 1864

There was a little frost last night and the weather changed to a cool spell this morning. When I went below decks to visit the sick this morning, I found all of the patients improving except the man I left last night so comfortable and hope-

ful. He was dead. The entering ports, which are exceedingly large, had not been closed, thus exposing him to a severe draft which, in his weakened state, had proved too much for him.

✱ ✱ ✱

U.S.S. Arkansas, October 26th, 1864

The quarantine doctor stated to-day that our ship is in good shape, thoroughly clean and being well ventilated. This certainly is a fact, for in addition to the great wind-sails, or ventilators, that force a steady breeze to the lower deck and to the hold, inverted wind-sails conduct the vitiated air, if there be any, from below and deliver it to the elements high above deck.

✱ ✱ ✱

U.S.S. Arkansas, October 27th, 1864

I am happy to say that our sick are all mending rapidly. Our ship has been cleaned up thoroughly, disinfectant spread when needed, and we now present a healthy appearance. There are no severe cases now, and I may add that there is nothing that really demands my further stay here. I would not object to a change and a little liberty, for we have been here so long. I hope such release will come for all of us soon, as no doubt it will.

✱ ✱ ✱

U.S.S. Arkansas, November 1st, 1864

Still here at quarantine. The

weather is good, rather warm during the day, but quite cool at night. Now that the fever is almost an event of the past, we have to battle with insects, mosquitoes that sing and prey.

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U.S.S. Arkansas, November 2nd,
1864

The weather was very cool last night, but not cold enough to discourage the mosquitoes from attacking and causing great annoyance to our convalescents.

✱ ✱ ✱

U.S.S. Arkansas, November 3rd,
1864

At noon today the following written order was placed in my hands:

Sir: You will proceed to New Orleans in the steamer *Ida*, and report to Commodore Palmer for further orders, stating that you have been for some weeks a Volunteer Assistant in the Medical Department of the *U.S.S. Arkansas*, by permission of the Commander of the *U.S.S. Pocahontas*, to which ship you belong.

D. Cate,

Actg. Vol. Lieutenant, Commanding

The *Ida* is alongside and soon about twenty men are put on board from our ship. Some will be sent to hospital, some are discharged sailors.

And this closes all that is of interest from my journal, being an exact record of the time that I was on board the *U.S.S. Arkansas*, The Good Old Ark.

Perjury Charges and the *Fifth Amendment*

BY JOHN F. O'CONOR

AS THE parade of witnesses claiming the privilege of the Fifth Amendment grows longer and longer, the question concerning the implication of guilt arising from such claims becomes increasingly important. Two principal arguments have been advanced by those who would have us believe that it is improper, even grossly unfair, to conclude that those who claim the privilege have something to hide.

The first argument, a very familiar one, is that many witnesses, who would not object to confessing their own connections with Communism, hesitate to do so because they might be required to “squeal” on their associates and thus to assume what they consider to be the undesirable role of a “stool pigeon.” This argument has proved to be of no value to those who would hide their Communist connections, because it is based on the admission, implicit or explicit, of such connections. It cannot be justified by “moral scruples” against implicating one’s associates because the Supreme Court, as far back as 1896, in the case of *Brown v.*

Walker, 161, U.S. 591, (p. 597), made it absolutely clear that the object of the privilege is “to protect the witness himself and no one else — much less that it shall be made use of as a pretext for securing immunity to others.”

Faced with these obvious disadvantages, the apologists have turned to their second argument. They theorize that a witness who has never had any connection with Communism may experience the fear that should some perjurers come forth and assert that he has had such connections, he will be forced to assume the burden of defending a prosecution for perjury. Even if he should be exonerated because of his innocence, the expense and the notoriety are great burdens, and could easily be avoided in the first place by the simple device of refusing to testify at all. It is asserted that in some cases the false witnesses may have already come forth, so that the existence of the dilemma, for the unfortunate witness who is thus forced to claim the privilege of the Fifth Amendment, is assured.

Paul Shipman Andrews, Dean Emeritus of Syracuse University College of Law, has advanced for our sympathetic consideration the case of just such a witness. In two letters appearing in the New York *Herald-Tribune* on October 26 and 31, 1953, Dean Andrews describes for us a "Professor X," a mathematician, whom he represented before the House of Representatives' Committee on Un-American Activities. "Professor X," he states, had been named by certain other professors as having been present at certain meetings which they considered to be meetings of a Communist group. Faced with the prospect of stating (untruthfully) that he had been a Communist at that time, or of contributing to the testimony of these other witnesses and exposing himself and them to perjury charges, "Professor X" fell into a state of mental agony which he could not endure. Contrary to the advice of his attorney, he decided to extricate himself from this dilemma by invoking the Fifth Amendment. From this story, we are told, it becomes "crystal clear" that there are circumstances under which a witness who has never been a Communist may invoke the Fifth Amendment.

ON A CASUAL reading of the story, the conclusion may seem plausible to some. A little reflection reveals, however, that unless "Professor X" actually had attended these meetings, he was invoking the privi-

lege under false pretenses and exposing himself to a different indictment, one for contempt of Congress for refusal to testify. The argument made in behalf of "Professor X" implies that a witness may refuse to testify merely because someone else's testimony might be contradictory to his own. If such were the case, any witness would be enabled to thwart justice by the simple expedient of pointing to the existence of other testimony relating to the same subject matter. If no such other testimony were available, he could simply point out that it might be offered in the future. On such a theory of the Fifth Amendment, it would thus become impossible to compel any witness to testify, even though he might in no way be personally involved (incriminated).

Dean Andrews' "Professor X," however, is not just a hypothetical case. A reference to the published testimony before the Committee on Un-American Activities discloses that only one witness whose testimony is reported in the Committee's investigation into education was represented by Dean Andrews. This witness was Professor Abe Gelbart, who testified before the Committee on May 28, 1953. He is an associate professor of mathematics at Syracuse University and, on November 13, 1953, it was announced that he would be retained in that status by the University in spite of the fact that he had refused, on the grounds of privilege under the Fifth Amend-

ment, to answer questions regarding possible past connections with Communism. Professor Gelbart did state to the Committee that he is not now a member of the Communist Party.

An examination of this testimony shows us that even if Dean Andrews' theory of the Fifth Amendment were correct, we would nevertheless have to look elsewhere for a concrete example. It does not appear that all of the testimony of this witness is consistent with the argument advanced on his behalf, and while there is no intent to single out this particular witness rather than any other, an analysis seems to be in order because here at last is a concrete instance offered by a proponent of the argument for our consideration.

Professor Gelbart had been named by Professors William Ted Martin, Isadore Amdur, and Norman Levinson, of Massachusetts Institute of Technology, as having been, with them, a member of a Communist cell at that institution (Hearings on Communist Methods of Infiltration [Education], pp. 1018, 1026, 1048 and 1077). Dr. Levinson also testified (p. 1077) that Professor Gelbart had told him, in 1946 or 1947, that he had left the Communist Party.

At the close of his testimony (Hearings, p. 1582) Professor Gelbart stated:

I am aware that if I could truthfully swear that I was once a Communist or Communist sympathizer and had since changed to the anti-Communist views, which in fact I hold, I might

hope to be much better off, and might hope for some favorable treatment from the committee, and from my university, as was accorded Professors Martin, Levinson and Amdur.

However, I am also informed that if I should make statements contrary to the testimony of these three professors, who believed I had once been a Communist, it might make trouble for them; and in addition, that my own case might be turned over to the Department of Justice, with a view to prosecution.

IN THE CASE of many of the questions which this witness declined to answer, such as questions regarding the Communist cell at MIT, and possible Communist activities and connections during the period he was at MIT, the answers might well have laid him open to the charge of perjury, if inconsistent with the testimony of the other three witnesses. But Professor Gelbart was not one hundred percent consistent in his claim of the privilege in this manner. When counsel for the Committee asked him (p. 1573), "Were you at Professor Martin's house when these meetings of the Communist Party cell at MIT took place?" he invoked the privilege and declined to answer. But when asked (p. 1568), "Did you ever attend any meetings of a Communist Party group in the homes of any of those gentlemen whose names I have just mentioned [Martin and Amdur]?" he was able to reply: "To the very best of my recollection, I did not."

This witness might similarly be thought to have been avoiding possible perjury charges when he invoked the Fifth Amendment in reply to the questions "Do you have any comment to make about Dr. Amdur's testimony?" and "Is Dr. Amdur's statement concerning you correct, true or false?" But his refusal to answer these questions seems greatly out of step with the position taken by most persons who have felt they were falsely charged with Communist connections. Generally such persons have insisted loudly, and at great length, that they be given a chance to refute the testimony. And we have become accustomed to the cry that this and other committees have not given persons named as Communists adequate opportunity to defend themselves. Are we now expected to accept with full credulity their protestations of complete innocence when, given this opportunity, they plead the privilege of the Fifth Amendment and refuse to answer?

THE PUBLISHED testimony of the three witnesses who claimed they knew Professor Gelbart as a member of the Communist Party all concerned membership in a Communist cell at MIT, which Professor Gelbart attended from 1938 to 1940 in order to obtain his doctorate. One of the witnesses, Dr. Levinson, testified that Professor Gelbart told him, in 1946 or 1947, that he had left the Party. All of the three testified that

they themselves had left the Party: Martin in 1946 (p. 1015), Amdur in 1944 (p. 1047) and Levinson about 1945 (p. 1074). Yet Professor Gelbart specifically declined to answer, under claim of privilege, whether he had been a member of the Communist Party in 1948, 1949 or 1950 (pp. 1580-1581). Negative answers to these questions could not possibly have conflicted with any testimony of the other witnesses mentioned.

Professor Gelbart may have invoked the Fifth Amendment as a result of mental confusion and misapprehension of the real significance thereof. But the argument on which Dean Andrews bases his case, that he "could just not face the uncertainty of a possible investigation and prosecution for perjury if under oath he denied ever having been a Communist," is not an appealing one. Many were required to choose between signing false confessions and accusations against their fellows involving hideous crimes of war, on the one hand, and enduring sleepless, foodless, bathless months of days and shivering nights, filled with physical and psychological tortures, on the other. It is difficult, at such a time, to sympathize with those who will not assist the fight against this curse and claim they cannot speak the truth because they fear a "possible" charge of perjury, in the defense of which they will be secure under, not alone the Fifth Amendment, but all the other Amendments in the Bill of Rights as well.

NAMES THAT MADE

N E W S



WHAT's in a name? Very frequently it is a good news story. As when real estate broker Richard I. Bone announced that Robert G.



Bacon would transfer title of his home to Howard Hamm at Albany, New York, or when Daniel Boone was fined for shooting a rabbit out of season at Saint John, Indiana.

It was newsworthy when Mrs. Ross Rainwater gave birth to a son right after a record-breaking rain in Rockford, Illinois; when Harland Troudt won a trout-fishing contest in Cheyenne, Wyoming; and when twins were born to Mr. and Mrs. Wendell Triplet at Quincy, Illinois.

It was worth a wire service story when someone discovered that one meat market in Memphis, Tennessee, was run by Abraham Hamburger

By
DANIEL FRANCIS CLANCY

while another was run by Bryan Hamm and Jimmy Armour.

"St. Peter speaking" no longer greets persons telephoning the District of Columbia morgue since John F. St. Peter resigned to go to work for an electrical firm, according to another press association story.

It seemed like the man for the job when Please Wright was recommended for the postmastership at Oceana, West Virginia — and the woman for the job when Miss Easter Lily King played the organ for Easter Sunday services in Tokyo, Japan.

It restores one's faith in democracy to hear that Tommy Stamper was re-elected president of the Miami, Florida, branch of the National Association of Letter Carriers; that William L. Records was elected Great Keeper of the Records for the Connecticut Improved Order of Red Men; and that Mrs. W. D. Gardner was named head of a garden club in Greenville, Mississippi.

Here are some more I've collected:

George A. Teck enrolled at Georgia Tech and Never Fail became a freshman at the University of Oklahoma. Miss Minnie Penman retired

as a penmanship teacher at Santa Ana, California. Leo Dumm of Altoona and Leo Smart of Cassandra were on the dean's honor list at St. Francis College, Loretto, Pennsylvania.

General Marshall showed up as a sergeant in Tokyo — General L. Marshall of Princeton, West Virginia. Pvt. Joseph Goodsoldier pleaded guilty to a drunk charge in Minnesota. Sgt. Bond signed up Recruits Beers and Portwine at Madison, Wisconsin. Three Robert E. Lee's (a corporal from California and two Pfc.'s from North Carolina and Wisconsin) met at Biloxi, Mississippi, in 1951. Marine Pfc. Peter Rabbitt, Jr., re-enlisted at St. Louis, Missouri, in 1952, remarking that he had a brother Jack and his sister was known as "Bunny."

Gerald Goodspeed was arrested for speeding in Muncie, Indiana, Demosthenes Speedy was fined for speeding in Rochester, New York, and Walter Speed was charged with driving too slowly at Oakland, California. Ellen Rush and Leona Quick drove two cars which collided in Decatur, Illinois. Burl E. Justice is sheriff of Scioto County, Ohio. Policeman Royal E. Bitgood was bitten while making an arrest in New London, Connecticut. Sherlock Holmes of Bridgeport, Connecticut, reported his auto had been stolen.

In 1953 there was a three-car minor collision in Goshen, New York, involving cars driven by William H. Taft, Robert E. Lee and

Andrew Jackson; George Washington and Benjamin Franklin were drivers of trucks which collided in



Richmond, Virginia, and George Washington was arrested at Anniston, Alabama, for making an illegal left turn on Independence Day. A couple of years ago a story from Kansas City, Missouri, told of George Washington's being arrested on Lincoln's birthday on Truman Road. Deputy Sheriffs Yawn and Goodnight arrested a speeder at Houston, Texas. A story from London, England, a few years ago told of the interrogation team at Wembley police headquarters — consisting of Constables Watt, Wye and Howe.

William Sober was charged with drunkenness at Hartford, Connecticut. Truck driver Joseph Drunk was fined for drunk driving in New York City. "I suppose you were sober as a judge," said Judge John I. Rice in Columbia, South Carolina, as he fined Joseph Judge for drunkenness. An Indian arrested in Denver, Colorado, for drunkenness gave his name as John Nelson Never Misses A Shot.

When George Washington, cook at the White House Cafe in McAlester, Oklahoma, reported to his draft board in 1951, the Selective Service official was puzzled by George's name. "How do you get your mail?" the draft officer asked. "Just send it in care of the White House," George Washington said.

THE SCOTS ARE LOSING THEIR TASTE *for* SCOTCH!



By Raymond Varela



THERE'S a low, moaning breeze of discontent wafting o'er the lochs and braes of Bonny Scotland.

A whole new generation of dour Scotsmen has grown up whose lips have rarely caressed a bouquet of Scotch whisky. The sad, sad fact is the Scots are rapidly losing the taste for the Highland brew. And the situation is one which is causing a certain measure of anxiety for the Scotch Whisky Association, which represents 99.9 per cent of the whisky distillers in Scotland.

The reason for the near-crisis in the industry is of course due entirely to World War II, and the dollar shortage which has been a feature of the European economic scene for the last decade. If the present trend continues it is conceivable that Scotch whisky will become a liquid memory to be placed in the same category as ancient mead. Already, gin, long the sob-sister of the hard liquor family, is gaining wide acceptance in the smart bars of London and the plebian saloons of

the provinces. This is almost certainly due to the scarcity of Scotch and to the fact that gin does not require aging.

In Scotland, as in many other countries, the legal minimum age at which whisky may be sold is three years, but in actual practice the majority of distillers allow at least four years, and in some cases up to ten years, before they distribute the liquor. This poses problems which are peculiar only to the distilling industry. The distiller thinks not in terms of consumer demand for the next year, but rather in terms of a decade. No other product has such a gap between its creation and consumption.

There is ample evidence that the drinking population *desire* Scotch, despite the fact that in Scotland and Britain it is in the luxury class. In its lamentable absence the people are accepting various — and frequently dubious — brands of the brew from such unlikely places as Holland and Denmark,



both of which are marketing "Scotch whisky." The word "Scotch" as applied to whisky has a geographic as well as a legal significance. Australia and Japan have attempted to distill Scotch but with little success. The characteristic flavor and bouquet of Scotch whisky is one of the dark, deep mysteries of the native industry and is one which imitators all over the world would give a fortune to know.

THIS MUCH can be gleaned from the reluctant distillers: water plays an important part in deciding the flavor and character of Scotch. The distillers guard their water runs as carefully as the U.S. Government guards the gold of Fort Knox. A much desired type of water is the soft liquid which flows from red granite streams in the wild Highlands. But though water is important, there is more to it than that. Climate too plays its part and achieves its greatest influence during the maturing process. At this period of whisky production the pure fresh air of the Highlands, permeating the casks in the warehouse, works on the whisky, helping to mature it, and bears off undesirable constituents.

The industry produces something in the region of 30,000,000 proof gallons a year, and from that figure it might be imagined that there would be a "wee drappy" left over for the thirsty Scot. Unfortunately, such is not the case. Scotch whisky is Britain's biggest single dollar-earn-

ing export and its rate of export has been kept as high as possible.

Even during the war it was the only product to be exported without interruption — save for the German U-Boats — during the whole length of the conflict. But in the post-war era of British Socialism, the government attempted to lay its heavy hand on the industry with the result that barley, an important ingredient in the manufacture of Scotch, was rationed.

The consequence was that the balance of stocks became uneven. Instead of three- to four-year-old whiskies being balanced by much older brews, the situation was (and still is) that the proportion of "young" whiskies predominates. Distillers are still having to draw on pre-war stocks of liquor to satisfy the exacting requirements of the U.S. connoisseur who has grown to appreciate the finer points of Scotch.

The U.S. market is by far the biggest overseas market for the Scotch whisky industry, consuming last year over 7,000,000 proof gallons, which brought about \$65,000,000 to the sadly depleted dollar resources of the British Treasury. Canada was the second best customer, consuming around 1,000,000 proof gallons worth \$10,000,000.

The rough pattern of Scotland's export distribution is that the U.S. takes about one-half of all the Scotch distilled in the Highlands, the "white" dominions and the rest of the Commonwealth take a quar-

ter, and the rest of the world takes a quarter. Thus there is less than a trickle of the highly prized liquor for the hardy Scot — even if he can afford it!

The Scot who has been canny enough to locate a bottle of Scotch is faced then with (for a Highlander) a weighty decision — to buy or not to buy. It is pathetic. It is sorrowful. It is ironic. But it is a fact, nevertheless, and the reason can best be understood when it is realized that out of the retail price of 35 shillings (two days' pay) no less than 24 shillings 6 pence goes to the Customs and Excise in tax. (In dollars and cents this means \$3.75 out of \$4.65.)

Scotch whisky has always intrigued the British Government as a ready means of raising the revenue. Whenever it has appeared that something should take a price beating, that something has always been the Highland brew. It appears to be the same in many countries to which Scotch is exported. If a country is running into exchange difficulties, one of the first products it slaps a quota or tax on is Scotch whisky; and if a country wishes to boost its revenue it is again the "Pride of the Highlands" which takes a beating. The tax has not been reduced for 65 years, and it is not to be wondered at that the distillers feel something ought to be done about this unhappy state of affairs.

At the present time all is plain sailing with regard to the export

business in Scotch, but in the event of shocks and changes abroad (which, in effect, means the U.S.A.) the whole export fabric could be damaged beyond repair.

In an effort to enlarge the home base and to provide a buffer against possible adversity, the distillers have been able to persuade the government to allow them to distribute five per cent more Scotch to the whisky-parched British Isles.

THIS YEAR there is a stock of 146,200,000 proof gallons, but owing to the uneven balance of the liquor, and to the ever-increasing demand from the U.S. whisky drinker, this stock is barely adequate for requirements. And out of this stock the British Government, under an agreement entered into with the Scotch Whisky Association, specifies that 11,000,000 gallons must be exported, mainly to the dollar areas of the world. The fact that 2,750,000 gallons is allocated to the home market does little or nothing to ease the situation for those Scots who would dearly love a "wee dram" Saturday nights.

One of the solutions to the whisky shortage is the growing of more and more barley, one ton of which produces 105 proof gallons of Scotch. A year's supply of the brew consumes something like 300,000 tons of barley. The problem is to persuade the farmer to grow more. Whether that can be done is in the lap of the Highland gods!

THE LADY WHO SAVED MOUNT VERNON

By
RICHARD MILNE



FEW KNOW that Mount Vernon, the famed estate given Washington, once was on the verge of being razed. Except for the patriotic persistence of a fiery, red-headed invalid, Mount Vernon might have been torn down to make way for a factory in the years before the Civil War.

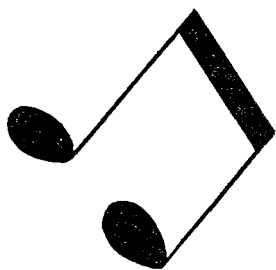
John Augustine Washington, Jr., the First President's great grand-nephew, came into possession of Mount Vernon in 1843. He began long, fruitless efforts to sell the estate, and allowed it to fall into decay. It seemed ready for the wreckers. Or so, at least, thought a number of manufacturers, who by 1852 were approaching Washington to buy the site for a factory.

Reports of the negotiations came to the ears of 37-year-old Ann Pamela Cunningham, a resident of Laurens County, South Carolina. She was an invalid with little to occupy her attention. Violating all the rules of feminine etiquette — which in those days decreed that women should not become involved in public affairs — she wrote to the Charleston, South Carolina, *Mercury*.

In her letter published December 2, 1853, she declared it would be terrible if patriotic citizens visiting Mount Vernon — assuming it was still standing — “should find it forgotten, surrounded by blackening smoke and deafening machinery where money, only money, enters the thoughts; and gold, only gold, moves the heart or nerves the arm!” She appealed to the “ladies of the South” to purchase the estate “as a monument of love and patriotism.” The letter launched an enthusiastic campaign.

The Mount Vernon Ladies Association of the Union was organized and chartered. The \$200,000 demanded by J. A. Washington was raised, and on April 6, 1858, possession was taken of Mount Vernon.

Miss Ann Cunningham became first regent of Mount Vernon and lived there from 1868 until 1874, the year before her death. If it hadn't been for this patriotic lady, who was willing to defy the code of her time, Mount Vernon might today be nothing more than a vague memory, lost in the spread of American industry.



Sound On DISC

THE phonograph record is this column's domain, but there is more to music than what is etched on vinyl. And since the sense of discovery is a thrilling one, I am asking you to share it with me. Late in April, I found myself taking a critic's holiday in Town Hall where Philippa Schuyler was giving a concert. Philippa is an attractive and poised young lady who is: one, a pianist of remarkable abilities; and two, the daughter of the great Negro newspaperman, George Schuyler.

Miss Schuyler has toured Europe and won considerable acclaim. And any one of the recording companies could add luster to its list of artists by signing her up. For she brings to the piano the kind of technical resourcefulness which one seldom hears. Even from so rigid an instrument, she extracts violin-like nuances of tone. Her touch is superb, ranging from great delicacy to pounding vitality. If she lacks anything, it is the maturity which time inevitably brings.

Brahms usually bores me, but she made his music come to life. A dull and academic work by Griffes stood

The Recent Recordings

up and walked when she played it. Scarlatti came trippingly off her fingers. She made a gallant attempt to pull Beethoven's *Appassionata Sonata* together — although Serkin is the only musician who has, to my mind, ever succeeded in making this work sound more than disjointed. If the *New York Times* critic, who obviously had his eye and ear on extraneous matters, did not thoroughly approve — so be it. There are, Lord knows, few enough first-rate and exciting pianists around these days — but Philippa Schuyler is certainly one of them.

And so to the records:

I am putting aside for extended comment next month two important Vox records, Charpentier's mass and symphony, *Assumpta Est Maria*, and two of Cimarosa's comic operas *Il Maestro di Capella* and *Il Matrimonio Segreto*. I do call to your attention



Bachianas Brasileiras, No. 1, for Eight Celli by Heitor Villa-Lobos. This is astringent music, binding together in its unusual instrumentation the Bach approach and the melodic strain of the Brazilian folk. It is a work of unusual texture, strange sonorities, and sudden musical surprises, excellently conducted by Theodore Bloomfield and sharply recorded by M-G-M.

Also on M-G-M are excellent performances of Honegger's *Symphony For String Orchestra* (which some rate highly, but which like most contemporary music leaves me cold), Fauré's *Pelleas and Melisande Suite* (which captures the gently tragic mood of the Maeterlinck drama), and Ravel's *Pavane Pour Une Enfante Defunte* (whose stately melancholy is too well known to require exposition).

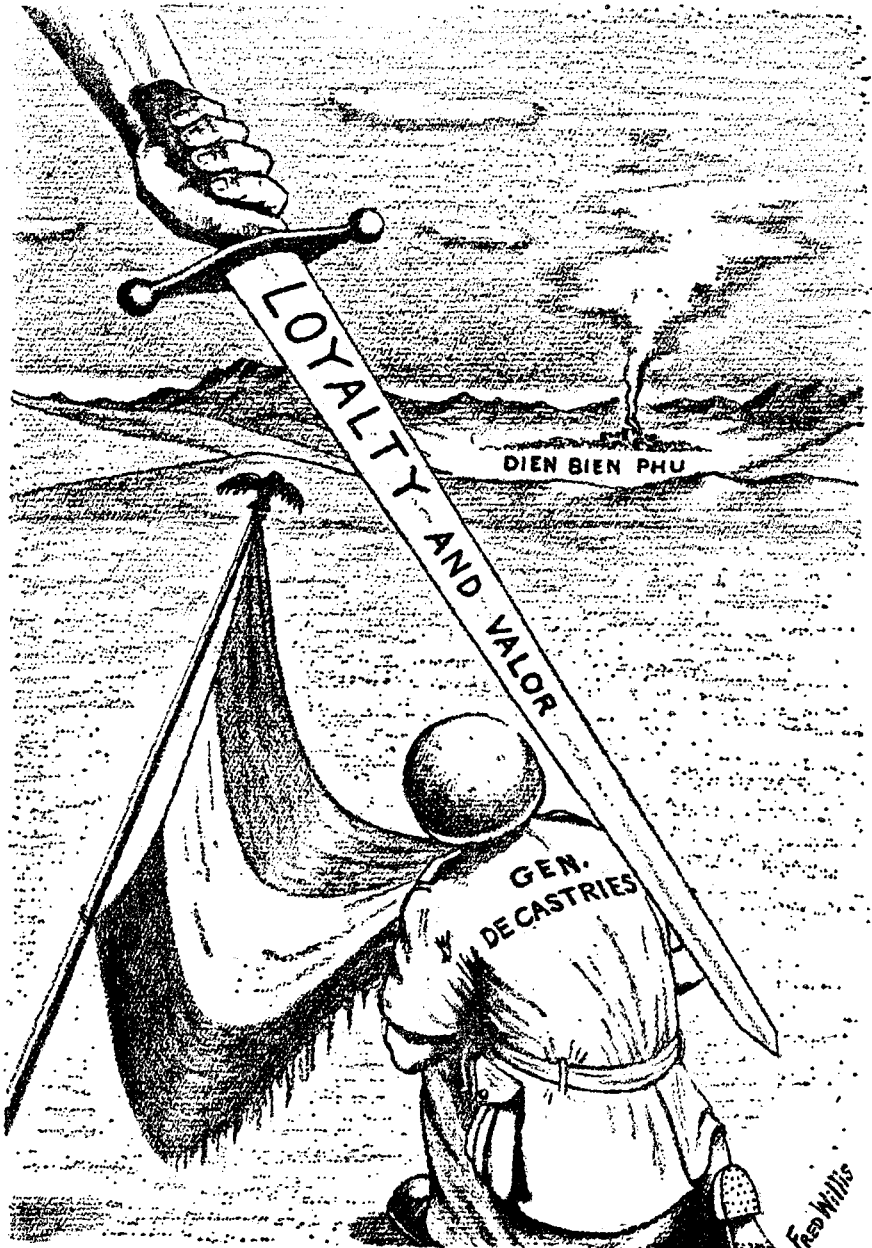
IN THE so-called "popular" vein, Capitol has issued an album of pianistic reveries, Duke Ellington solo, reminiscing in tempo and kept to the beat by a rhythm section. Duke is not the greatest jazz pianist in the world. But he has more melodic ideas than any seven men, to garnish such oldies as his *In a Sentimental Mood* and *Prelude to a Kiss* and introduce some new ones. It is interesting to listen as he takes a theme, plays with it, moves away, and then comes back to tie it up.

Lush and full of rhapsodizing strings is the David Rose album dedicated to the music of Harold

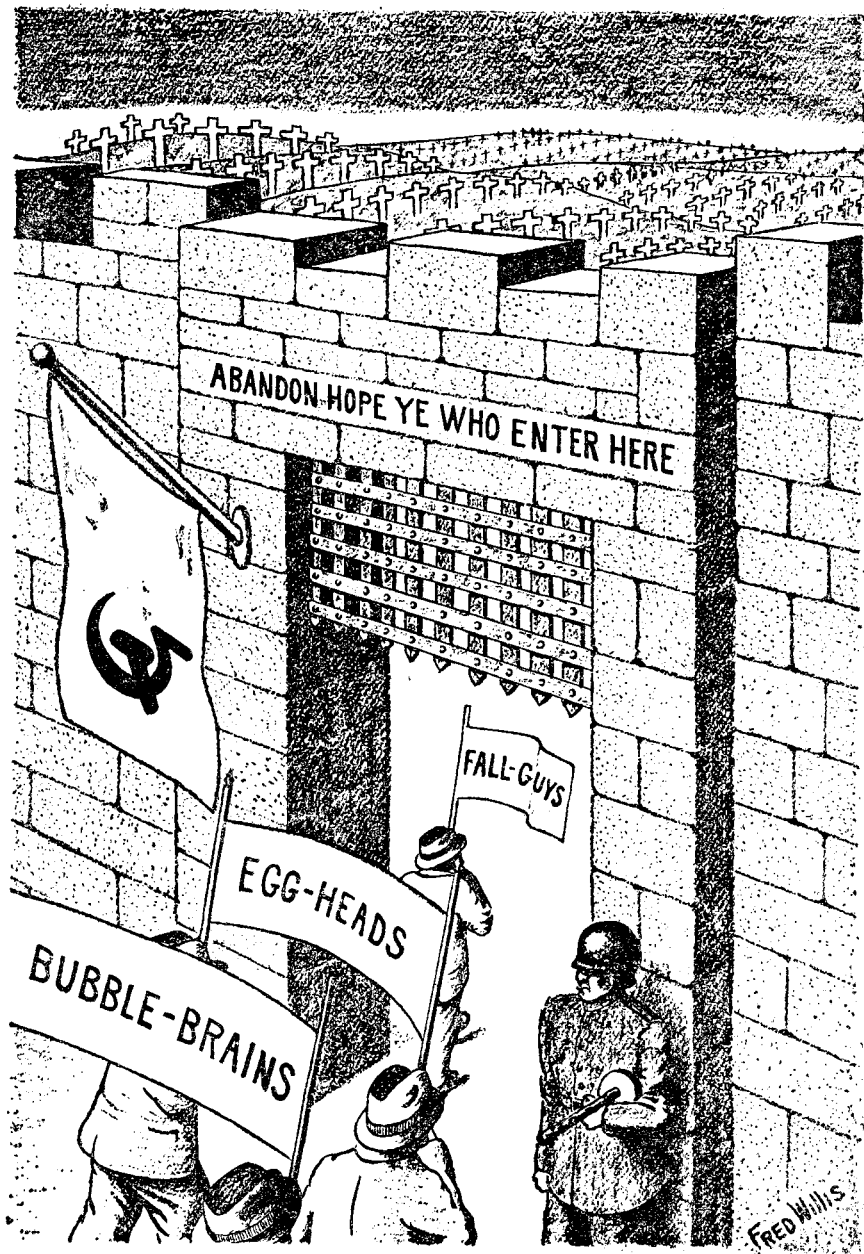
Arlen. It gets its title from Arlen's *Let's Fall in Love*, and includes *Stormy Weather*, *Over the Rainbow*, *Ill Wind*, *It's Only a Paper Moon*, and other Arlen hits. For those who came in early, this one has its full quota of nostalgia. M-G-M issued it.

There's at least as much nostalgia in Kate Smith's version of such oldies as *Love Walked In*, *The Very Thought of You*, *Love Is Here to Stay*, etc., which Capitol has labeled *TV Curtain Calls*. Miss Smith is a forthright singer, with none of that warbling and moaning which has made the current crop of performers such a cross to bear. But there is little virtue to another Capitol release: Skitch Henderson playing Shostakovich, Ravel, MacDowell, et al. It's called *A Man and His Music*—and you can keep both.

There was a time when Benny Goodman and something called "swing" were synonymous. I was there; I know. But swing went out, the hard-driving band became passé, and Goodman almost forsook Tin Pan Alley for Carnegie Hall. Recently Benny has been coming back. He can still play more clarinet than any of his jazz competitors and he proves it in the Capitol 45 rpm Extended Play of *Two For the Record* (from the Walt Disney cartoon of the same name) and the Capitol LP, *Classic In Jazz*. He no longer has the men around him who made his old bands great, but a light, tender quality has crept into his playing which makes it very appealing. R. DE T.



The Free World's Tribute to Courage



Welcome Suckers

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Will

By J. Anthony Marcus

MALENKOV

Succeed?



MALENKOV ascended Stalin's throne a year ago with the notion that by allowing his agricultural slaves to till little plots for their own use, by reducing the governmental robbery of their toil on the collective farms, he could pacify them and increase food production. By giving the workers a bit more to eat, he thought, affording them a better suit of clothes at a lower price, a radio or even a refrigerator, he could influence them against following the example of the East German workers who revolted against the Communist regime last summer.

He sees the handwriting on the wall, of course. Last year's events in Germany, the refusal of Soviet officers and men to shoot down the striking workers, the repercussions in Poland, Hungary and the other satellite countries have scared him. He surely remembers how the overthrow of the Romanoffs in March, 1917, began with a little incident. He knows that the Communist absciss has been ripened by thirty-six years of governmental murder, starvation, enslavement and in-

human oppression and exploitation, that there is a limit to the patience of even as long-suffering a people as the Russians, that a little incident could set off an explosion blowing the Soviet regime into eternity.

What he does not know, however, is that his palliatives won't work. *What the Russian peoples really want, Malenkov can never, never deliver* — if his dictatorship is to survive.

To begin with, the history of Soviet production of consumer goods is replete with tall promises and dismal failures. Far too many for the Soviet masses to take stock in new promises by new rulers. If in the course of thirty-six years, Soviet industries have not learned to make a good pair of shoes, a decent garment, a pair of stockings that will last, a dress to fit a woman, a lavatory, pots and pans, etc., it could not be achieved within the next two or three years as is now being promised. Even a Russian *muzhik* knows that. A typical picture of conditions in Russia was recently given by a Soviet Red Army captain in East Germany.

CAPTAIN KALOOGIN was visiting a German family. His host was an employee of a Soviet organization in the occupied area, spoke Russian fluently and was on friendly terms with the personnel. At dinner he asked the Captain if they had in the Soviet Union cameras, radios, modern highways, good clothes reasonably priced, phonographs and other items which, even today, people in Germany possess. The Captain assured them that "Of course we have everything, everything in abundance." After reciting at length the wonderful things they had, he suddenly stopped, gulped down a tea glass of vodka and resumed his remarks in an entirely different tone. Captain Kaloogin began to spill the Kremlin beans:

"And why should I lie to you? To be perfectly honest with you, we have nothing, nothing. There is something, to be sure, but not for the pocketbook of the average person. A decent radio, a photograph apparatus, a phonograph and similar items are for the big shots of our new aristocracy or for the shrewd. A civilian suit of clothes is almost beyond our reach. We have been ordered to tell the world that we have everything. With tongue in cheek we keep parroting the Kremlin line.

"In your Germany before the war, as I understand it, really poor people were unknown. All workers were capitalists. Why, then, did you start a war? Now you, too, will have nothing, as in our country. Oh, I

know we must not talk that way. If you could only take a look at the way our people in the Soviet Union live! . . ."

This is only a fragmentary account of the long story told that night by the embittered Red Army captain, but in it is the feeling of the vast majority of the peoples of the Soviet Union. Material improvements alone will never pacify them. Their primary cry has been and is today: *Svo Bóda! (Freedom!)* For centuries their ancestors had yearned, fought and bled for it. For a short few months in 1917 they finally got a taste of it — but only a taste. Through the cowardice of the hair-splitting, socialist Provisional Government of Alexander Kerensky, the barbaric Communists robbed them of their hard-won liberties. A Polish adage says: "God forbid if a *muzhik* should ever become a lord!" This has happened to unhappy Russia, and through her to other hundreds of millions of innocent peoples.

Malenkov and his henchmen are too far removed from the masses to understand their yearnings. They have freedom galore — all the freedom to do with their own lives as they please — as well as with the lives of the countless millions of their unwilling subjects.

Granting concessions of a material nature could only whet the appetite of the hungry and the enslaved, the disillusioned and humiliated. It could only prove to the masses that

they can gain their freedom only by continuing the struggle with the Kremlinites. Any concessions wrested could only heighten their determination to demand more and greater concessions. And freedom from the Kremlin oppressors being uppermost in their hearts and minds, they would be emboldened to intensify and continue the civil war which has been raging there since November 7, 1917, until victory is won.

MALENKOV is fully aware of the dark clouds gathering on the Soviet horizon. That is why he hastened the liquidation of Lavrenti Beria, the man he himself had nominated as his first Vice Prime Minister a short few months before, together with Beria's top-ranking aides. He chose wisely his first scapegoat — the chief of the secret police, the most hated institution in the Soviet Union. He knew that it would make a hit with the general public, although he was well aware that not Beria but Stalin was the real chief of the secret police. Liquidating heads of the secret police, either because they knew too much of Stalin's and the Politbureau's crimes or for reasons of expediency, is nothing new in Bolshevik Russia. Beria's immediate predecessors, Yagoda and Yezhov, had met a similar fate when it suited Stalin's purpose.

Now Malenkov is free to fill the vacancies of the murdered officials with his own henchmen. Once the

thousands of secret police functionaries in commanding positions have been replaced with men loyal to the new dictator, the stage will have been set for a new offensive. If he fails in his second purge, it will prove fatal for the Soviet tyranny, and Russia will emerge a free nation ready to live in peace with the rest of the world, eager to help liquidate the Communist movement all over the world. But if, God forbid, he succeeds, the operation will make Malenkov as supreme a dictator as Stalin was, and his ruthlessness will be severely felt at home and abroad.

What is that second stage? As long as the armed forces are staffed with generals of Stalin's choosing — men who have tasted life abroad and dealt with free peoples — Malenkov cannot feel secure. Since Stalin's death, he has been compelled to flirt with the Zhukovs and Sokolovskys, the famous war heroes, to insure the success of Operation Beria.

The honeymoon with the Red Army chieftains, however, will be short-lived. It is just another expediency. There were occasions even under Stalin when it was found necessary to relax the stranglehold over the armed forces by the political commissars and the secret police. Naïve and wishful thinkers in the Soviet Union and in the West imagined that the authority of military commanders had been restored for good. Overnight the picture changed and the heavy hand of the Kremlin, through the secret police,

was felt, from general to private, with thousands liquidated or exiled.

The same is in store for the present upper command in the near future. If Malenkov can accomplish the reorganization of the secret police, commanding its own fully-equipped divisions, operating its own arsenals and commissaries, subject to no control other than that of the supreme dictator in the Kremlin, liquidation of the overfed vodka-inhibited generals and admirals will follow. Stalin had set this pattern for Malenkov to follow. Stalin never allowed even his most trusted generals or admirals to carry their guns in his presence, making them surrender the weapons in the reception room; upon the dictator's orders no officer or private was ever allowed to carry a single bullet in his gun while parading on Red Square during the national holidays. Malenkov cannot afford to be less cautious.

WHEN that day comes, as come it must, and the generals and admirals of Malenkov's choice take over command, a Peter N. Pospelov, present Secretary of the Central Committee of the Soviet Communist Party, will dust off the old phonograph record he played three years ago at the Lenin anniversary celebration and remind the world once more that "America is strong; everyone is indebted to her; everyone depends on her; she is hated more and more; and she plunders everyone

. . . The hands of the imperialists are red with the blood of the Russian people. The Soviet people will never forget the bloody atrocities, the hangman 'exploits' perpetrated on our land by the American interventionists . . ."

Listen to the Communist saint talking! The Soviets, who have tortured and murdered countless millions, who are responsible for many World War II atrocities plus the smaller wars which have been raging ever since in various parts of the world, are smearing the good name of the American people in the above terms. Fortunately, the world has become accustomed to such rantings from the Kremlin paranoiacs on all occasions at home and abroad. It is by now a trite refrain. The Russian peoples in particular have since learned that when the Soviet leaders consider someone a friend, he is an enemy of the Russian peoples, and vice versa.

But our people and government would do well to bear this in mind, to remember Pospelov's remarks the next time he tries to do some sweet cooing in our direction. Quoting Lenin on the possibility of peaceful co-existence with his regime, on Lenin's death anniversary, January 20, 1954, he used his molasses-coated record when he said: "The Soviet Union is doing everything that is necessary to solve peacefully all outstanding world problems."

Many gullibles at home and the neutralists and socialists in other

free nations are influenced in their thinking by such lies. There is the danger for us. The evil intentions of the Soviet government can never be exaggerated.

Once the swollen legions of the Soviet armed might, combined with the millions of China and other satellite nations, are in the hands of Malenkov's trusted commanders, aggression in the international arena will flare up with renewed fury and frightfulness. The *peredishka* — breathing spell — will have lulled the West to sleep, will have aided the Soviets to steal more and more of our technological know-how in order to strengthen its striking power. The Kremlin gold shipments to the West will have helped fill the bare food warehouses to prepare for the war to a finish. Then the Malenkov legions will resume their aggression.

WE MUST not forget for one moment that Malenkov is a true disciple of Stalin, that he was Stalin's choice to succeed him. He is more dangerous than Stalin because he has risen to power at a moment when his striking power is a million times greater than was the deceased dictator's when he forced himself upon the Russian people in the 'twenties.

I well remember those years, for I was a frequent visitor to the land of the Soviets in behalf of leading American corporations. I recall the little army wagon drawn by under-

fed, bony horses, with driver, officers and privates trudging the weary miles behind it. I recall those years when the iron and steel industry was penniless. Not a tractor, army tank, submarine, bomber or fighter plane, to say nothing of modern means of production and distribution of food and clothing and other necessities, was to be found in Russia of Russian manufacture.

This is not the Russia Malenkov has inherited. He is today a Genghis Khan with atom-hydrogen bombs in his hands, determined to use them in the quest for world domination — a course from which neither he nor his successor could ever deviate for long. The Kremlin has never compromised on its basic tenets, and never will. Only death at the hands of its own outraged, exploited and humiliated peoples could rid the world of this cancer.

Self-interest of the Western peoples, therefore, dictates that they close their ranks, enlighten their peoples about the true nature of the Kremlin beast, refuse to compromise with the enemy, and thereby inspire the victims behind the Iron Curtain to intensify their struggle with our common enemy. While the purges in the Soviet Union rage, we must double and treble our efforts to help bring about the overthrow of the Soviet gangster regime. Either this or we'll find ourselves one day compelled to fight an atomic-hydrogen war at a moment of the enemy's choosing.

London's BARROW BOYS

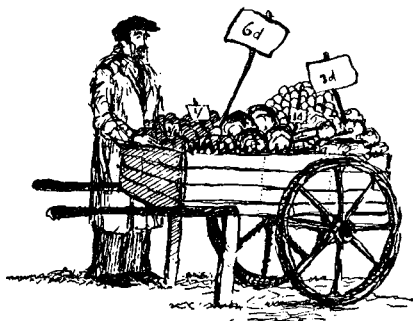
By E. K. Arkinstall

THERE are some odd institutions, official and unofficial, in London, and the Barrow Boy is an institution in himself. Like the flower girls who are no longer "girls" in the fullest sense of the word, neither are the Barrow Boys "boys." Most of them have reached the years, if not of discretion, of maturity; and as the saying goes, you have to be up very early to catch them.

The Barrow Boy is a very much maligned character. Quite mistakenly, as it happens. He is no better or no worse than many a magnate and his day's work is very long and mostly arduous. His living is precarious and he is at the mercy of the weather. It is by no means a pleasant task to have been to the markets at around five o'clock in the morning; collected your wares, for which you have to pay cash; trundle

a heavy barrow through miles of traffic-lined streets, in some instances; and then stand until six or seven in the evening. Even then your day is not finished; the barrow has to be taken back to the garage and locked up for the night. If the Barrow Boy is working on his own and the barrow belongs to him, he is better able to please himself as to what hours he keeps. But in general, the barrows are owned by a man who runs a fleet of them, and the Barrow Boy then works under orders and on a percentage.

He has no regular meals but usually slips into the nearest café for a cup of coffee or a small snack whenever he can spare a minute, and even then his meager sustenance has to be taken within sight of his barrow; not because of dishonest passers-by, but because of the po-



lice, who will move him on if he is causing an obstruction.

These men of the streets are men of character. They have the patience of saints and an acid wit. With the majority of them you get a fair deal. The Barrow Boy is an artist in display and the arrangement of his wares. He possesses the deftness of the conjurer. The manner in which he can secrete before your eyes a slightly rotten tomato in a pound of fruit would defy a Sherlock Holmes. You will never catch him in the act, try as you will, and his aggrieved demeanor if you dare to suggest that perhaps that orange was slightly black at one side, makes you drop your claim with shame.

THERE is the pock-marked, disheveled man who stands half way down Brewer Street Soho, with a barrow full of grapes the size of peas, labeled "Malaga."

"Are they sweet?" you ask timidly.

He fixes you with a jaundiced eye. "Sweet as 'oney. 'Ere y'are, luv; try one."

He clutches at a bunch with a filthy paw and tears off half a dozen. If you are squeamish, you hesitate. Those hands! "Go on, try it!" he urges. And you do, reluctantly, after having first surreptitiously wiped it on your coat or polished it with your glove. His eye defies you while you chew. You admit that they are sweet and wonder how many million germs you have swallowed.

In the matter of assessing their customers, the Barrow Boys are psychic. They have to be. Like the little man who stands at the corner of Rupert Street and displays several dozen tiny lettuces which look as though they have been subjected to a three weeks' drought.

"They're very small," you object, when he has persuaded you to stop.

"They're all 'eart, lady." To demonstrate what he means he tears one apart. "There y'are. They're lovely. Best in London!" he chants.

But go on further to Berwick Street and you come to the vendors of wearing apparel. Take a look at Tosher the Tie King in action. His tongue never stops. It has been said that with the possible exception of Chinese, the English language possesses more words than any other. Tosher uses them all! Strong men have fled in terror from his sales talk.

Englishmen are conservative about their ties. But Tosher will convert you. He will sell you three ties for six shillings, each one more horrible than the last.

Then there is the man with the pearls. His is an entirely different technique. Tosher makes you feel big — till you get home. The Pearl Man makes you feel small. He has boxes of pearls; one string, two strings, three strings, and multiple strings, which no one less than an Eastern potentate would feel comfortable in.

"Now, 'ere we 'ave a magnificent stringa pearls. Gather round, ladies. 'Ere we are, complete with satin-lined box. Now I am not going to ask you five shillin's. I am not going to ask you four shillin's. Go round anya the big stores. What will they ask you? Without a word of a lie, they'll ask you thirty shillin's — thirty shillin's!

"But not me. An' why? Because I don't go in for fancy prices, that's why. The price I am askin' for this 'ere string of magnificent French pearls is two an' a kick. Not a penny more. Two an' a kick."

There isn't a stir in his audience but he continues, "Who wants this magnificent stringa pearls? I'm not a bleedin' philanthropist. For this one lot only, two shillin's!"

He leans forward and thrusts his face into that of a gaping woman. "Listen, madam. Do you know or do you not know a barg'in when you see one?"

She giggles uncomfortably.

"Well, this is a right lark. But I'll tell you what I'll do." He makes a magnanimous gesture. "Come 'ere, gather round. I am goin' to sell 'er this three-link, genuine, cultured French pearl necklace, direct from Paris, for the sum of one shillin' and nine pence — there!"

He slams the lid on the box and thrusts it at her and holds out his hand for the money. He has now attracted a sizeable crowd. Embarrassed, she hands over her money.

The vendor mops his brow with a

dark gray handkerchief. "Madam, you crucify me," he moans.

A LITTLE further along the road, you will come to the man with the earrings. He looks like a retired Army colonel, erect and courtly, and speaks in a soft, cajoling voice. He will tell you with a hint of pride that he has always had a fondness for exotic colors, and that he makes his earrings himself. This may or may not be true, but he makes it sound as though it is. When you have listened to him for a few minutes you are convinced that you are in the presence of an undiscovered genius — a man with a beautiful soul.

He fingers his earrings delicately as he talks and tells you that he will match any color or any material you like to name. He believes in individuality. No factory rubbish for this lover of the original. There is an air of tranquility about his barrow. He will minister to your whims as a Harley Street physician fusses over a gold-encrusted patient. He will tell you his life story, given half a chance.

You would have to be very strong-minded indeed to drag yourself away without succumbing to his gentle blue eyes. You curse your own weakness and hand over your five bob, happy (or not) in the knowledge that you have got something into which has gone one man's personal care and skill. Or has it? You never know with Barrow Boys.



THE TEMPEST in the COFFEE POT

By Patrick McMahon

THE little lady legislator from Illinois had no idea of helping the Communists in Guatemala, or anywhere else, when she took the rostrum of Congress for one of her rare speeches last January and proceeded to stir up a tempest in the Inter-American coffee pot.

She simply wanted to know why the American housewife had to pay more than a dollar a pound for coffee, and why it was that one cannot get a decent cup of coffee for a nickel, or even a dime, in a restaurant any more, and she very obviously suspected something sinister about the whole thing. Besides, a tight election was in the offing, and a lot of votes are cast by American housewives. American housewives have been getting madder and madder for a long time about rising prices — especially coffee.

Politically, the little lady's speech

was a natural. It had press appeal and it had voter appeal. All over the country, astute newspaper editors — who also had no thought of giving the Commies a helping hand — spotted the coffee speech out of the dreary welter of news about A-bombs and H-bombs, taxes and budgets, Malenkov and Molotov, Korea and Indo-China, and correctly assessed it as a good “relief story.” They assigned their best feature writers to blow it up and keep it alive, and got their crack editorial writers to wax indignant about the 15-cent cup of coffee.

Certainly there was no subversive thought in the minds of the U.S. Senators who sniffed those coffee-scented breezes, found them laden with aromatic political possibilities, and proceeded to whip them into a whirlwind with the inevitable Senatorial investigation.

But the net result of all of these works, the hubbub in the United States over coffee prices and the proposals to boycott Latin American coffee, proved to be the greatest piece of sheer good luck that has fallen to the Communists since they opened their campaign to gain a firm foothold in the Western Hemisphere some thirty years ago. It enabled them to scuttle the most promising, and from their standpoint, the most threatening effort that has been made to date to dislodge them from the one firm foothold they have gained, the neighboring Central American Republic of Guatemala.

AND THEREIN lies an hitherto untold story — a story that just goes to show how complicated life and politics and editing have become since Lenin and his small band of Bolsheviks seized control of a disorganized revolution in a huge, sprawling country half way around the world from us.

Few residents of the United States have any conception of the bitterness and concern that the coffee tempest up here aroused throughout Latin America, especially in those countries whose economies are heavily dependent on coffee.

One of the deep-seated grievances in Latin America is the conviction of all of those countries that they

do not receive from the United States and other industrial nations prices for their raw materials that are commensurate with the prices they pay for the manufactured products they must buy in return. That is one of the things they mean when they talk so bitterly about "economic colonialism."



Our Latin American neighbors complain, and with considerable justice, that when the raw materials and agricultural products which they export are in surplus in the world markets, the United States

preaches "free enterprise" and allows prices to seek the natural level. But when raw materials are scarce, we use our tremendous economic power to bring the prices down.

Thus, just as we had done throughout World War II, when raw materials became tight after the outbreak of war in Korea and the launching of our big rearmament program, the U.S. forced prices down by the establishment of intensive domestic controls on distribution. Increased production in Latin America finished the job.

There was one notable exception, though, from the decline in commodity prices — coffee. Partly as a result of the Brazilian droughts together with rising world demands, and to some extent as a result of speculation, coffee prices continued to rise — and that was the one drop

of solace in the bitter cup of Latin American woes. The economies of Brazil, Colombia, Nicaragua, El Salvador, Haiti, Costa Rica, the Dominican Republic and Guatemala are heavily dependent on the price of coffee. A serious drop in coffee prices would bring economic disaster, or at least depression, to nearly all of those nations.

But probably the most vulnerable country to any fluctuation of the price of its coffee in the U.S. market is the Republic of Guatemala, which for the past several years has been under almost complete domination of the Kremlin. Not only have the Communists gained control there but they are using that foothold to launch an intensive drive to capture all Central America.

FOR several years these neighboring countries have been becoming increasingly exasperated at Guatemala's flagrant intervention in their internal affairs. And shortly before the recent Caracas Conference of the Organization of American States, they decided to do something about it. The governments of Nicaragua, El Salvador and Honduras agreed to present to the Caracas Conference a formal resolution denouncing the Guatemalan government as Communist-controlled and charging it with intervening in their domestic affairs. The ambassadors of those countries in Washington consulted with their Latin American colleagues and were

pledged a total of fourteen supporting votes.

The OAS charter sets up specific punitive actions that can be taken against any member nation that is found to have violated the treaty by intervening in the domestic affairs of its neighbors: diplomatic isolation, economic sanctions, and finally, even military action.

A few weeks prior to the Caracas Conference, the possibility of economic sanctions against Guatemala was being seriously discussed among Latin American diplomats.

The consternation of the Guatemalan Communists to all of this was clearly revealed in their almost frantic efforts to bolster up their own position and to muddy up the diplomatic waters. They recalled the Guatemalan ambassador to Washington, Guillermo Toriello, a tough, articulate and effective follower of the Communist line (whether he carries a Party card or not), and promoted him to Foreign Minister to head the Guatemalan delegation to Caracas. Then, in a typical Communist diversionary maneuver, Guatemala charged that the leaders in the diplomatic attack, Nicaragua, El Salvador and Honduras, were conspiring with the United States and the Dominican Republic to invade their country and unseat their "democratic" government. In a further effort to muddy things up, Costa Rica, where the Communists are rapidly gaining control, brought vague charges in the OAS

against the Dominican Republic and threatened to boycott the Caracas Conference unless Venezuela released certain political prisoners (mostly Communists).

Then, just as the Guatemalan Communists were progressing from deep concern to outright consternation, the coffee tempest blew up in the United States.

The U.S. press became filled with talk about a coffee boycott. Egged on by the Senate investigating committee, the Department of Agriculture slapped controls on the coffee exchange.

All talk of economic sanctions against Guatemala, of course, was automatically dropped. For all practical purposes, economic sanctions against Guatemala by the OAS would amount to nothing more nor less than a boycott of Guatemalan coffee by the United States.

Needless to say, a boycott of Guatemalan coffee by the U.S. would be a crippling blow and might possibly upset the Communist-controlled government. Certainly the example would slow down the drift of the Costa Rican government towards the Kremlin.

But so severe was the shock throughout the coffee-producing states to the loose proposals in Congress and the press of a general coffee boycott to bring prices down that it is impossible to even mention the word "boycott" in Latin America, now, in regards to Guatemala, or even the Soviet Union for

that matter. Each country feels that it is, itself, too vulnerable. And the whole success of the proposed resolution denouncing Guatemalan intervention depended on the firm support of the other coffee-producing countries.

SO THANKS to the tempest in the coffee pot, the resolution, as it was originally planned, was not even introduced. The "great victory" that Secretary of State Dulles achieved at Caracas was strictly a public relations victory, won by his able corps of press agents, in the newspapers of the United States. The anti-Communist resolution that the U.S. delegation finally bulled through the conference is little more than a mild rephrasing of a similar resolution which the OAS had adopted in Washington in the 1951 conference. Far from winning a "great victory" at Caracas, the U.S. delegation in fact had to exert tremendous diplomatic pressure and considerable skill to keep the conference from blowing up in our face. And even with that, the Guatemalan Communists came out of the fracas better than we did.

However, the collapse of the great hopes that had been built up behind the scenes regarding Caracas for once could not be blamed on the Department of State.

It was simply the unintended and unforeseen result of an astute speech in Congress, by the little lady from Illinois.



Is Everybody Anti-Semitic?

By RABBI BENJAMIN SCHULTZ

AN INJUSTICE is being done the Jews. The word "anti-Semite," hurled indiscriminately, is becoming ridiculous. It's losing all meaning. Its sting is being dulled, and bigots made respectable.

Take that mass-mailer of vicious diatribes against "Jewish Bette Davis" and "Jewish Kirk Douglas," bluntly suggesting "violence" against the Jews. He can now boast of innocence by association. "If I am anti-Semitic," we fancy him saying, "why, that's all right, because according to the bleeding hearts, so is every decent American from Richard Nixon to John T. Flynn, and from Tom Dewey to Fulton Lewis."

It's the "liberals," through their broadside accusations, that have handed the crackpots this white-wash on a silver platter.

A cynical lot, quite cold to their racial pawns' ultimate hurt, the "liberals" don't mean to stop. Their gimmick is working. They have their motives, their weapons and their dupes.

It's high time all three were exposed.

Senator Wayne Morse told an Alabama Jewish audience that Congress is riddled with anti-Semitism. He raised the specter of all Jews being "driven" from the United States. "I am amazed," the Senator declared, "at the number of my colleagues who in private meetings closed to the press, and in cloakroom sessions which go unreported, fight viciously to refuse aid and haven to millions of displaced human beings just because they are Jews." Legislative halls, he said, resound to "hatred for the Jews of America and of the world."

Spurred by such eminent authority, minority-mongers sprang to action. Milton Friedman, in his widely syndicated Jewish column, typically announced that Eisenhower had embraced "anti-Catholic and anti-Jewish elements," that "Senator Jenner tried to get the American Legion to join the anti-Semitic smear campaign against Anna Rosenberg," and that the following are also undesir-

able: Richard Nixon; Robert A. Taft (defender of "rights of Nazi war criminals"); Representatives Leo Allen, Charles Halleck, Clare Hoffman; Senators Bricker, McCarran and McCarthy. The Bricker Amendment, by the way, was opposed because it "would make it impossible for the U.S. to endorse the U.N. genocide agreement."

That was the year Los Angeles' Jewish Community Council defended Nixon against charges of bigotry after photostats of his alleged "restrictive covenant" house lease had been circulated. Yes, and President Harry Truman conjured Hitler's ghost against candidate Eisenhower, who, he said, "is willing to accept the very practices that identified the so-called 'master race.'"

THIS RECALLS that ten years ago a Presidential aspirant was linked to Gerald L. K. Smith by the powerful Chicago Jewish *Sentinel*, which asserted Smith was "working hard" to elect him. "He is," the paper said of the candidate, "the last hope of the America First crowd and their seditious followers." He appeals, agreed the New York *Jewish Review*, to the "illiterate, bigoted and intolerant."

That man was Thomas E. Dewey.

Now a darling of the "unbiased" set, Dewey, of course, was really the same then as he is now. It could happen to anyone.

There's an odd hysteria about all

this. The admirers of Bricker, the late Bob Taft, Nixon, McCarran and McCarthy comprise a large majority of Americans. Is this majority anti-Jewish? If it is, the Jews are in a bad way. For not only are they misfortune's victims, but there must be something really wrong with them. (Americans, noted for far-flung kindliness, would despise overwhelmingly only people that deserved it.)

Neither hypothesis is true. The scions of an historically persecuted group have been fortunate here. They have, in turn, served and been appreciated. In business, and in the arts and professions, amity prevails. Abraham Ribicoff was almost elected U.S. Senator from Connecticut in the Republican year 1952, outrunning his fellow Democrats. Shortly thereafter, Lewis Strauss was unanimously acclaimed as chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission. In 1953, Harold Riegelman, candidate for New York mayor, carried a large "Gentile" county, and lost the "Jewish" ones. The people acted purely as Americans — which they should have. And plain folks stay affectionate toward Eddie Cantor, Jack Benny, and the personable Eddie Fisher and Red Buttons. In fact, early this year an old and famous Jewish organization declared: "A new atmosphere of greater racial and religious amity has been created in America."

Why, then, has Senator Herbert Lehman compared Senator Joseph

McCarthy with Hitler? Lehman's unrevised estimate stood in January, 1954, when McCarthy's Gallup Poll rating reached its peak, showing a majority of the country with him. If the people of the United States favor a Hitler, where is the "new atmosphere of greater racial and religious amity" proclaimed by Lehman's close friends — that same month of January?

LET'S GO FURTHER. Why the continued hysteria? The largest racial weekly, the Brooklyn *Jewish Examiner*, actively pursues its policy blazoned in black type in 1950: "We have no faith in the future security of American Jewry." It fears "torture chambers" and "mass graves," echoing a Bronx organ which sees in the Washington loyalty hearings "the Brown House in Munich."

While the average citizen, Jew or non-Jew, remains calm, this mounting hysteria of certain "spokesmen" poses a peril. Most of them have now added Velde and Jenner to the rubric of "McCarthyism." They oppose them. America supports them. There's dynamite there.

Embattled Joe himself was the center of some floundering which itself reveals the root sources of the "spokesmen's" indoctrination, of which they may be unaware. A popular monthly asked a racial "defense" agency executive whether the Senator is anti-Semitic. The very question showed the inroads of propaganda, for McCarthy is anti-Com-

munist. The answer came and was printed: "Our files reflect no evidence of anti-Semitic activity on the part of Senator McCarthy."

Maybe there was an office uproar, and maybe there wasn't. Maybe it was a coincidence. But the defense group, at once, circulated a statement that while he is not an anti-Semite in the crude or professional sense, "Senator McCarthy's methods have injured many of the democratic institutions" and "the extension of civil rights and liberties" upon which "the security of our minority groups is largely dependent."

There you have it. Translated from its mock-sociologese, this simply means that Red-hunting is anti-Semitism. It is an insult to the Jewish people. It links the Jews, officially, with the Communists at worst, and the ADA'ers and egg-heads at best. No one has a moral right to do that to us, to defame the plain Jew on Main Street and in full view of American opinion to boost bigotry in the name of fighting it.

There's been too much of that going on. Too much "faint praise" of conservatives in cautious reports; too much "Well, his bigotry is subtle!" Too much smearing, from varied sources, of patriotic men and women, of honorable organizations, of the American Legion, Catholic War Veterans, Daughters of the American Revolution, Facts Forum — and yes, of David Schine, Roy Cohn, Benjamin Gitlow, Frank

Chodorov, the late Ben Stolberg — all anti-Reds. Cohn and Schine were not defended against Smith's racist attacks on them. The professional "defenders" were busy with "civil rights" elsewhere. Their anti-McCarthyism (nay, their anti-anti-Communism) proved stronger than their Jewishness.

MOST OF THEM, non-Communists, would be horrified to face their ideological ancestor. It was Earl Browder who shouted in Madison Square Garden in the old days: "Anti-Communism is anti-Semitism!" This was the signal for the Red communications underground to plant that idea among socialists, do-gooders and "liberal Republicans" who, as usual, didn't know what was happening to them.

A neat blow that was. At one stroke, the Stalinists got powerful allies; inflamed the anti-Semites who accepted Browder's syllogism that pro-Communism is pro-Jewishness and therefore Jews are Communists; and presumably hastened Lenin's revolutionary moment when groups would be "at loggerheads with one another."

Senator Morse asserted in Alabama that the "very same patriotism" being marshalled "to hunt Communists" is "also being used as an excuse for Jew-baiting." I would never accuse Morse himself. But I do insist that a genealogist should come up with a "family tree" of his idea. On it would be Alexander Bit-

telman. An official Communist "minority" leader, he wrote in 1947 that American "Fascist-like attacks" against Reds should remind Jews that "the day that Hitler started his anti-Communist crusade — on that day the path was cleared for the establishment of crematoriums and concentration camps." He'd been bolstered by a Party 1946 resolution establishing not only that defending the Jew "is a fight of a general democratic character" (reminiscent of the liberals' later "extension of civil rights") but that Jew-hatred will vanish "only with the abolition of capitalism."

Then Carey McWilliams appeared on the scene — a highly respectable figure. Senator Morse may have heard of him. McWilliams' book, *A Mask for Privilege*, exposed anti-Semitism as a capitalist plot, lambasted the "Protestant white majority," instigated the Jew, and recommended collectivism as a cure. He was a raging success, selling books, giving lectures, and achieving acceptance by big "defense" groups.

Formidable today, his power began in 1948, about Bittelman's time. Perhaps by a coincidence, McWilliams has been linked to dozens of Communist fronts, and in 1940 was identified in sworn testimony as a Communist by two witnesses before the House Un-American Activities Committee.

Lying quick to the flame, like dry brush in the forest, is an "anx-

iety neurosis" among some Jews. Millions of my brethren were massacred in Europe between 1941 and 1945. We have not all recovered from the shock. There are a few extremists among us who feel that because Jews came to a horrible end in Germany, ergo, we are about to be destroyed in the U.S.A. Add to this old memories of Czarist religious persecution, and we can understand William Zukerman, who says in his Jewish newsletter: "It is shocking to realize how much of that morbid psychology which had long disappeared even in Eastern Europe, has been transferred to and retained in this country by American Jews who were born and bred here. . . . One is at a loss to fathom what is the cause of this strange manifestation. Is it a lack of faith and trust in the American people and society?"

M^{R.} ZUKERMAN should be assured that the average American of Jewish faith is an American; and certainly does not distrust the American people, who include himself. Insofar, though, as extreme pro-Israel propaganda has attempted to cast doubt on Jewish security here, it must be openly repudiated. On the delicate question of Zionism, however, it must be emphasized once and for all that there are good Americans on both sides. There is too much smearing of anti-Zionists as anti-Semites. Anti-Zionism is not anti-Semitism. And American Zionists, in overwhelming number, have

but a sentimental bond to Israel of the type exhibited toward Ireland by St. Patrick's Day marchers, or to Canterbury by U.S. Episcopalians. There is no question of dual loyalty involved. Nor should the hate fringe of the Klux group, with its pure fantasy about "world conspiracies" and "protocols," be dignified by the discussion of decent men.

The plain truth is that, conservative though they be personally, hysterical minority-mongers are playing into the hands of the left.

Not that the left really cares about any "minority." It certainly turns against the Jews when that's profitable. There isn't an election campaign in New York's mixed garment-workers' Local 22 which is free from Jew-baiting and slanders. The Communists annually spread anti-Semitic lies among the Negro and Puerto Rican members directed against Charles Zimmerman, the local's head, and other officials who are Jews and anti-Communists. This tactic only reflects the persecutions of Jews in the Russian hinterland, where the commissars flourish through inflaming and dividing the populace. The abolition of Jewish communal life in Russia, the closing of synagogues and imprisonment of rabbis, and the periodic outbreaks of "intellectual" anti-Semitism, are by this time well-known. Nor did the cynical exploiters of the "Rosenberg Case" wince at the bigotry they themselves had aroused. Rather, they welcomed it.

The recent target of the Reds in this country has been Joseph R. McCarthy. As might have been predicted, there came out of nowhere in July, 1953, a special supplement titled, "McCarthy and Anti-Semitism." It was contained in *Jewish Life*, a Communist monthly. Through its dreary pages of simple untruths and thrice-removed guilt-by-association, there is, of course, no mention of the annoying fact that McCarthy hasn't a bigoted tissue in his body. No mention of Steve Miller and James Packman, Jews, who led his campaign for re-election in Wisconsin. No mention of young Cohn and Schine, except to slur them.

What leaps up to you is this key sentence: "McCarthy has demonstrated an appeal, never enjoyed by the Gerald L. K. Smith type of professional demagogue, to certain *solid conservative elements*. McCarthy has plenty of *financial backing* [emphasis mine]". Thus the Bittelman amalgam of "minorities versus conservatives" is still effective. A closer look shows that this is a quotation from Joseph and Stewart Alsop, though with their permission, I am confident.

"A voice of warning must be raised," writes Dr. Abraham A. Neuman, president of Dropsie College, denominational Jewish school. "More insidious than anti-Semitism itself is the fear it inspires. It is a disservice to American Jewry to play upon its fears rather than upon

its spiritual strength. It is a distortion of American history and an insult to our country to exaggerate the influence of crackpots and bigots as if they were in any way truly representative of America."

THE AVERAGE American Jew is just as much a victim of the hysterical minority-mongers as the average American is. The average American Jew is an unwilling victim, but he lets his so-called spokesmen get away with it because of sheer inertia on his part and the very human tendency to let things slide.

In America, last bastion of free opportunity, we must not let infiltration and organized deception weaken our inner defenses. The false charge of anti-Semitism is clouding the reputation of one fine conservative after another. This is hardly accidental. The true bigots, profiting from this implied respectability, would unhesitatingly join their Communist allies in destroying Jew and non-Jew alike. Today they live on each other and both feed on tension.

Now more than ever, Americans must judge their neighbors as humans and individuals, without distinction of race or creed. Let all understand that no Communist is either a real Christian or a real Jew. And let us not heed the alien sirens playing on our sensitivities for purposes of politics and eventually of treason.

\$LANDER

CAN COST YOU MONEY

By Herbert L. Schon

THE MOTHER in Denver, Colorado, was incensed. Her son's pert young school teacher had whipped the little boy in front of the entire third-grade class and sent him home weeping.

"Why, the woman must be insane," the irate mother told a group of neighbors that evening.

When the rash comment reached the teacher's ears, she lost no time in bringing a suit charging slander. A jury decided that not even an outraged parent has the right to reflect on the sanity of a school instructor and awarded damages of \$1,500.

Carelessly chosen words are the cause of legal suits which cost Americans thousands of dollars each year. While the American Bar Association keeps no overall statistics on such cases, most states report an ever-increasing number of suits being brought for libel and slander, and a tendency on the part of juries to award substantial amounts for injured reputations. Everybody's good name is protected by laws

which warn that no person can falsely and maliciously assail another's standing in the community without liability. Forget this ancient precept during some violent outburst of anger or poor judgment and you are almost certainly paving the way for a costly session in court.

If you believe your next door neighbor has been having trouble with his wife, is a hypocrite, sneak, spy or is cruel to children, better not put your suspicions on paper or in a letter which has any chance of being passed from hand to hand. Such accusations have been held to be libelous. In most states, libel is any false and malicious publication against an individual, whether in print, writing or picture, designed either to injure his reputation or to expose him to public contempt or ridicule.

It is almost as easy to fall into the snares of slander. A dissatisfied patient in a northern New York town who complained about a young doctor learned about this too late.

"He is no good," the man told his friends. "He is nothing more than a butcher. I wouldn't have him to treat a dog."

Slander, a stern judge told the jury which eventually assessed high damages in favor of the physician, involves defamatory words which are spoken and which prejudice the reputation, business or means of making a livelihood of another.

LIKE MURDER, slander almost always occurs unexpectedly and in the most unlikely places. What started out as a leisurely few hands of poker in Phil Holcomb's living room near East St. Louis, Illinois, recently ended with his friend Vincent Paley bringing suit for \$30,000. At a tense moment during the game, Holcomb allegedly pointed to Paley and said, "Any time that —— draws against me, he beats me."

Paley claimed that the remark not only caused him to lose friends and business, but also led him to suffer a mental shock and torture, impaired his nervous system and brought on a heart condition which resulted in expenses for medical attention. Should the court finally allow payment of the full sum sought, at the rate of \$3,000 for each of the ten words, Holcomb's spirited remark could turn out to be one of the costliest comments on record.

When Louise Wallender walked down to a variety store in Miami

to pick up a fifteen cent loaf of bread, she could not have known that it would lead to her winning \$2,000 in a slander suit.

The Florida woman had a standing agreement with one of the store clerks that a particular brand of bread would be saved for her each week. When she asked for the special loaf one day, the unwary young clerk declared, "You haven't paid me for the bread you got last Saturday." He continued to repeat the accusation in a high and threatening tone of voice, so that a dozen or more customers nearby witnessed Mrs. Wallender's embarrassment. That accusing voice was a bit more subdued when court action a year later agreed with the Miami housewife's charge that her "name, credit and reputation" were injured.

When it comes to handing out money in libel or slander suits, almost all states instruct juries that they must decide whether general, special or exemplary damages should be assessed. General damages are for loss of reputation, shame and hurt feelings, while special damages are imposed for injury to property, business trade, profession or occupation. Less often heard of are exemplary damages, a sum awarded as an example and punishment for statements published with actual malice.

Juries, like most people, are apt to take a dim view of malicious name-calling and have frequently slapped all three types of damages on those found guilty of the prac-

tice. Unless you are sure that the fellow down the street who never gets a haircut is actually a secret agent of the Reds, and can prove it in court, it would be wiser not to point him out to friends as the right hand man of Malenkov. New York courts have already found that a false oral statement accusing a man of being an agent of Hitler and fascism in America was an obvious ground for slander, since it imputed his guilt of any and all crimes of such an agent.

Few people will find any fault, for example, in the statutes on slander which helped three Mississippi boys not so long ago. The youngsters had bought tickets for a movie theater which had frequently been victimized by gate crashers. A short time after the trio had been seated, an usher came down the aisle with a policeman, pointed at the youths and said, "These are the boys that slipped in." Their ticket stubs not only exonerated them from any wrong-doing, but led to a substantial award when a Southern court agreed that they had been slandered.

In a similar case, a fourteen-year-old North Carolina girl went through mental torture for months. A burly detective in a busy department store accused her of stealing a barrette from one of the counters. The girl quickly proved that she had nothing in her hands except a small change purse. Somehow a twisted version of the incident

reached her school mates. One of them told her, "Rena, if I had known you wanted a barrette that bad, I would have bought you one." Another girl friend asked, "Honey, did you really steal the barrette?" Testimony of this sort resulted in her receiving \$2,500 from a jury quick to clear her reputation and to place the blame on a detective who didn't know his job.

Hurt feelings alone, of course, never form the basis of a successful court action. The middle-aged New Yorker who resented being called a bachelor, the Baltimore naval officer who took umbrage at being labeled as a "screwball," and an elderly roué who was greeted by the receptionist at a swank New England hotel with the observation, "You're a no good bum," all had their cases thrown out of court.

THE TROUBLE which a wagging tongue can cause, however, is nothing compared to the damage which can stem from a maliciously misguided pen or typewriter. Sending a postal card which accused a former friend of stealing money cost a North Dakota man several thousand dollars. Dropping the card into a mail box, the court ruled, was publication of a libel. "While the government may legislate against the reading of postal cards by those through whose hands they pass," the judge told him, "it nevertheless recognizes the frailty of human nature and prohibits the

mailing of postal cards containing defamatory matter, under severe penalties."

Letter writing also has its perils. If you send a note in a sealed envelope to your elderly Aunt Minnie, accusing some mutual friend of arson or wife-beating, and the old lady reads and quickly disposes of the letter, no harm has been done. But if she leaves it on the table as a document for all and sundry to see and read, you are guilty of putting a libel into circulation.

Not all libel suits are quickly resolved, however. When a clever mind sets out to smear a person, attempting to avoid all appearance of malice, a judge must frequently resort to common sense rather than the letter of the law.

PERHAPS the strangest case of all, in which a dead man tried to have the last libelous word, occurred in New York several years ago. John and Ethel Poague were separated a short time after their marriage. When John died suddenly a few years later, his will was admitted to probate. Ethel was amazed to find a passage in the document which said: "My reason for not making a special bequest or devise to my wife is that (and then followed some scurrilous matter which even court records felt constrained not to reproduce) and that she is provided for by dower rights in and to my real estate."

Incensed at the scandalous ac-

cusations, Mrs. Poague sued not only her late husband's estate but also the attorney who filed the will.

The judge exonerated the attorney, pointing out that the lawyer was compelled by statute to probate the instrument even though it contained libelous material. But he gave the offended widow a major portion of an estate which the dead husband had hoped to keep from her hands, declaring that the will was a particularly malicious document. While a libel in a newspaper might eventually be forgotten, the court said, the will had to remain on file forever, and the vile language would be seen by generations yet unborn who might have business dealings involving the estate.

The complexities of libel and slander do not, of course, provide a convenient cover for those who should be properly pointed out as wrong-doers. Every state makes provision for "privileged" communications. These cover such matters as testimony in court, information about crimes which is given to the police in good faith, legitimate comment on a person running for public office, and evidence presented before a grand jury. In such instances, there is a direct obligation to tell the truth, no matter how injurious it might be to any particular person. It is only the deliberate slander and the malicious libel against which increasing vigilance is being shown.

KARL BAARSLAG

Determined Dutchman

By NICHOLAS NONNENMACHER



NOT LONG AGO a strange-looking letter arrived at the National Headquarters of the American Legion in Washington. It bore Siamese stamps and was addressed to "Carl Tsarlag, Care of the American Region, Washington, D. C." Anti-Communists in far-away Thai, in need of help and information, had somehow heard that an organization called the American "Region" had a man who could help them.

The Chinese Ambassador to Rome dropped in to pay a visit to the Legion's counter-subversive specialist, Karl Baarslag; a Filipino colonel, charged with counter-subversive work in the Philippines, arrived for advice and help. It seemed that sooner or later anyone seriously engaged in the study or exposure of the world Communist conspiracy found his way to Baarslag's office. In fact, while he was with the Legion, his office became a sort of national clearing house for all anti-Communists.

The role of expert on Communism

is not a new one for Karl Baarslag. He first began to learn the hard facts of world Communism back in the early 'twenties when, as day laborer, seaman, radio officer, and union organizer, he saw first-hand what the Reds were doing in the labor movement. From 1920 to 1925, he worked in the Brooklyn post office where he was in close contact with young Communists, some of them actual founders of the Party. Later, he listened as Reds sang the Communist *Internationale* while working at night down in the basement stacks of the New York Public Library.

Baarslag was spurred into militant anti-Communist activity in 1933 when he saw what Stalinists were doing then to the trade union movement. He helped found and became general chairman of an AFL Radio Officers' Union after spending several years in the mid-'thirties trying to break the grip of the Reds in his own union. These years fighting the Communists on the waterfront taught

him a lot about their tricks and resulted in a pamphlet, *Communist Trade Union Trickery Exposed*, which still stands as one of the best jobs ever done on the subject.

When the Japs hit Hawaii, Baarslag was Administrative Assistant to the District Communications Officer in the Philadelphia Navy Yard. Three days later, however, a request from Washington brought him to the Office of Naval Intelligence. There he did special monographs on Communism and wrote most of the Navy's studies and directives on world Communism.

IT WAS while serving as assistant to Lt. Commander Floyd Caskey, who had charge of the Communist desk in ONI, that Lt. Commander Baarslag witnessed what still awaits the full light of an official investigation. Late in 1943, he was forced to sit by while orders (that those concerned suspected came from the White House) to destroy one hundred thousand file cards on subversives were carried out. He saw the destruction by tearing and burning of this mass of tremendously vital data on known and suspected Communists, which he himself had helped to build up.

Shortly afterwards, a so-called manpower survey found a forty per cent surplus in officer personnel. Instead of removing some of the numerous junior officers, the experienced heads of the various desks in domestic intelligence in ONI were

transferred and their places filled with less knowledgeable men. The heads of the Nazi, Fascist, Sabotage, Counter-Intelligence and other desks — all were transferred to other assignments. This neat operation, which looked like a genuine reduction in force, saw Commander Caskey of the Communist desk go to the Bureau of Ships, and his assistant, Baarslag, getting ready to go to Europe.

It was actually back in 1942 (May 19, to be exact) that the then Lt. Baarslag got a personal tip-off on what probably lay ahead for his and ONI's anti-Communist work. At 10:45 that morning he was junior officer present at a very small group of Naval officers, including half a dozen high-ranking admirals, listening to the Secretary of the Navy in his office. At that meeting, Secretary Knox ordered the reinstatement, with full back pay, of all radio operators who had been taken off ships because of their Communist Party connections.

As they left the meeting, Baarslag remarked to Caskey, "The order of President Roosevelt relayed through Secretary Knox means in effect that American Communists, despite acts of Congress to the contrary, are no longer to be considered subject to United States law."

And so it was that Karl Baarslag got the reward that other determined anti-Communist fighters got from the Government to which they were so loyal. Removed from ONI,

he soon found himself on the way to Brussels with the Combined Intelligence Objectives Sub-Committee (CIOS) of SHAEF.

RETURNING from Germany in 1945, Baarslag learned from former ONI associates more about "Soviet reverse Lend-Lease," as he calls it, the vast network of Soviet espionage Stalin set up in this country during the war years. He assumed, however, like most other citizens, that our Government would arrest and try all Soviet spies, both foreign-born and domestic, as the Canadians had done. But nothing happened.

Several former FBI men told him they'd resigned in disgust when the Bureau was stopped from arresting Arthur Adams, top Soviet atomic spy-master. They told him of their months of work with a special FBI unit which had literally "gotten the goods," including miles of incriminating tape recordings, on a long list of American citizens deeply involved in Soviet spying. These men said they believed the State Department had stopped the FBI from rounding up spies "lest delicate diplomatic relations with the U.S.S.R. be irritated."

The Dutch are rather humorless about such things, and Baarslag saw nothing funny or trivial about this sickening scandal. He started looking for some way to bring the appalling facts to the American people.

Finally, in March, 1947, he found his opportunity and accepted the

position with the American Legion. Operating out of the national headquarters of the world's largest veterans' organization, former Navy Commander Baarslag now had a potential force of some three million ex-servicemen and women to mobilize against the Reds.

The Legion, always a powerful defender of Americanism, now found new vitality. Baarslag brought the organization his tremendous wealth of anti-Communist know-how.

One of his first positive acts was to get National Commander Paul Griffith to include in a speech to a DAR annual convention, on May 22, 1947, the statement: "We have in this country today, still at large, a band of Communist atomic spies whose names were disclosed to our Government by Prime Minister MacKenzie King of Canada more than twenty months ago. These Red secret agents have not been arrested, have not been brought to trial, and for all I know have not even been hampered in their plotting against the security and welfare of this nation although their identities now have been known to Government officials since September, 1945."

Baarslag hoped to shock the country into a state of alertness. He knew too well the general apathy, the ignoring of Communist perjury and contempt of Congress and other official bodies. All too familiar with the defense of the open advocacy of Communism by right of free speech, Baarslag had to strike where it hurt.

He knew that the civil libertarians, over-educated idiots, and pseudo-intellectuals would be hard put to defend and explain away espionage threatening America's security as revealed by such a high source as MacKenzie King. The theft and transmittal to Soviet Russia of the nation's vital military and scientific secrets meant that every citizen was in danger of being wiped out by mass destruction weapons that the Communists could now develop.

Soon there appeared a monthly *Summary of Trends and Developments* in which he digested world Communist activities, exposed new fronts and frontiers, listed by name thousands of fellow travelers, interpreted subtle Party line changes, and thundered against the laggards, fellow travelers, and the anti-anti-Communists. Running forty to fifty pages each issue, it had great value, not only to fighting Legionnaires but to intelligence personnel in this country and abroad.

It finally became too much of a burden, however, and was replaced in 1952 with the *Firing Line*, a four-page anti-Communist newsletter appearing twice a month.

BAARSLAG's energy never seems to lag. Born in 1900, he ran away to sea in World War I, and this early love of the sea has been with him ever since. One of his books, *Islands of Adventure*, resulted from an around-the-globe trip he made in a yacht, ranging from the Ba-

hamas to the Fuegian Archipelago. Now married, with two sons, he still harbors one secret ambition — to round "old Cape Stiff (Horn)" on a square-rigger "with every stitch of canvas set that a reckless skipper will crack on in a half gale."

For the present, however, his tireless fight against Communism continues to take all his time and energy.

Perhaps one of the greatest contributions to the cause of justice and freedom Karl Baarslag has made is his campaign for acceptance by society of former Communists who have proven their sincere break with the Reds by their work and testimony against them. He knew that one of the greatest successes of the Communist Party in this country had been the almost universal boycott of former Party members who had broken away. He realized that only former members of the conspiracy could help clinch Government cases against Communists. And, he realized, who'd be in a better position to expose the inner workings, psychological patterns, personalities and techniques of the conspiracy than those who had helped found the CPUSA and who had trained and developed its present leadership? By getting full Legion support behind the ex-Communists, Baarslag almost single-handedly helped destroy this black-out which had so crippled our fight against the Soviet's Fifth Column in America.



THE CHRIST OF THE ANDES

BY TOM MAHONEY

As I looked out of the window of the Santiago-Buenos Aires plane, my glance dropped from awesome Mount Aconcagua to the surface details of the pass over which our DC-3 was flying. These were distinctly visible far below through the clear air of the Andes.

The tracks of the winding trans-Andean railroad gleamed until they vanished into a tunnel. Ski trails and even skiers could be seen on the snow about the winter sports resort of Puente del Inca. There was a Pan-American Airways weather station. Then in the snow there was a lonely bronze statue holding a cross.

My South American companion, who also had been studying the view, pointed to the statue and proudly exclaimed: "El Cristo Redentor — The Christ of the Andes!"

This aroused a memory of a picture in a travel folder. "Oh, yes," I

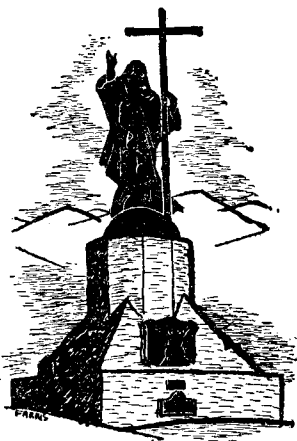
said, "the statue made from old cannon and inscribed, 'Sooner shall these mountains crumble into dust than Argentines and Chileans break the peace.'"

My fellow traveler said, "You should look up the story, Señor."

I did so and, after fruitless searches in two sizable libraries, I found the accurate account in the files of the Pan-American Union.

The first of a remarkable chain of events that resulted in the Christ of the Andes began in 1881, when a treaty between Argentina and Chile declared that the boundary northward from Latitude 52 degrees South should "pass along the highest crests of the Cordillera which divide the waters." As exploration of the great mountains proceeded, it was found that the watershed and the highest peaks were not the same.

Chile claimed that the watershed,



which in some places lies far east of the peaks, was the boundary. Argentina held out for the tallest peaks, some of which are on the Pacific's edge. Soon after 23,000-foot Mt. Aconcagua, highest in the western hemisphere, had been scaled for the first time in 1897, the dispute brought the countries to the verge of war. Both armed feverishly. Argentina adopted compulsory military service and mobilized troops. The Chilean fleet was given war paint.

At the last minute, as thousands of families were saying farewell to their sons, it was agreed to settle the dispute by two arbitrations. A tribunal chairmanned by William Buchanan, U.S. Minister to Argentina, fixed part of the boundary. The remaining differences were entrusted to King Edward VII of Great Britain and a commission that met in London. After another threat of war, Argentina and Chile accepted the

British sovereign's decree and in 1903 signed two remarkable treaties. One provided for disarmament. The other pledged the nations "to submit to arbitration all questions of whatever nature which from whatever cause may arise between them, in so far as they do not affect the provisions of the constitution of the one or the other country."

THE PEOPLE of both countries hysterically celebrated the averting of war. Meanwhile, Pope Leo XIII in an encyclical of November 1, 1900, had asked consecration of the world to Christ the Redeemer. "Venerable brethren," wrote His Holiness, "think it the chief part of your duty to engrave in the hearts of your people the true knowledge and, we might also say, the image of Jesus Christ. Remember the words He spoke (John XII:32): 'And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto Me.'"

This inspired Monsignor Marcelino del Carmel Benavente, Bishop of San Juan in Argentina, to propose in a pastoral letter the erection somewhere in the mountainous portion of his diocese of a statue of Christ. Mateo Alonso, a promising young sculptor, made a model for such a statue and in 1903 this model was exhibited at the Colegio La Cordaire, a school of the Dominican order to which the Bishop belonged.

As Buenos Aires cheered the Argentine and Chilean members of the boundary commission on their re-

turn from London, it occurred to an energetic woman, Señora Angela de Oliveira César de Costa, that the new peace treaties should be celebrated by completion of the statue as planned by the Bishop of San Juan. She suggested this to officials. When they hesitated about expenses, she promised to raise the necessary funds.

Cannon were melted and cast, under the supervision of the young sculptor, into a figure of Christ 26 feet high. He held a cross extending five feet higher. Both stood on a granite globe weighing 14 tons. At a Buenos Aires arsenal a marker plaque was cast in the form of an open book bearing the dates of all Chilean-Argentine treaties. Guarding the pages were two female figures. One of these was modeled in the likeness of the wife of the president of Chile and the other bore the features of Señora César de Costa.

It was at first planned to erect the statue at Puente del Inca on the Argentine side, but the appropriateness of having it precisely on the border 13,780 feet above sea level in Uspallata Pass was soon apparent.

ONE FINAL matter of dispute was which way the statue should face. The Argentines contended that the Redeemer should face the rising sun while the Chileans argued that, as He came from the east, His statue should face west. This was compromised by having the figure face to the north along the boundary.

Across the top of the open book plaque on the base was revealed a Latin sentence: "He is our Peace who hath made us one." Another marker supplied by Argentine workers bore the names of the two presidents and "*A Cristo Redentor Por la Paz Definitiva Entre Argentinos y Chilenos 1902-1904.*"

In 1937, long after the statue was erected, Chilean and Argentine members of Rotary International added an additional plaque bearing words said at the dedication of the monument by Monsignor Ramon Angel Jara, Bishop of San Carlos de Ancud in Chile: "Sooner shall these mountains crumble into dust than Argentines and Chileans break the peace sworn at the feet of Christ the Redeemer."

In the fifty years since erection of the statue, the Argentines and Chileans have kept the peace sworn at the feet of Christ the Redeemer.



Do You Know That —

- ▶ The Communist policy of employing slave labor both as a means of punishment and as an integral part of economic policy has absorbed at least 24 million Chinese under the Peiping regime. It is believed to have been a large factor in making possible the Communist attack on South Korea.
- ▶ In April, the U.S. aircraft industry produced its half-millionth plane, probably a jet craft for the Air Force.
- ▶ By the accidental treatment of a patient with X-ray, without her physician's awareness that she was already undergoing hormone therapy, cancer specialists believe they have hit on a hitherto untried combination of the two methods which has brought unusually good results against stubborn breast cancers.
- ▶ The Spanish government is reported to be investigating the 285 prisoners suddenly released by the Russians after many years' internment in Soviet prison camps. Some of the men had been captives for 15 years and the Spanish, suspicious of their sudden release at this late date, believe it may have been a cover operation for getting Russian agents into Spain.
- ▶ A highly reputable private opinion survey reveals that for every person who believes that there is too much Congressional investigation of Communism, two approve of the amount of attention being given the subject and four believe that there should be more such investigations.
- ▶ The first successful newspaper in America, a single sheet published weekly, was established 250 years ago. After it ended publication in 1776, there was no newspaper in America for fifteen years.
- ▶ Simultaneous with the opening days of the Geneva conference which pin-pointed Communist intransigence against settlement of any difficulties between East and West, 47 men, representing some of the biggest British manufacturers, were signing new trade agreements with Red China.
- ▶ With inquiries completed in only a few states, a Labor Department bureau found millions of dollars overpaid in unemployment compensation, through administrative errors and fraudulent claims. Congressional inquiry into the situation was asked. NORA DE TOLEDANO

Letters to the Editor

» In our home we consider the *MERCURY* a "must" and appreciate your strong fight against Communism in the U.S.A.

MRS. HARRY CLARKE
Long Branch, New Jersey

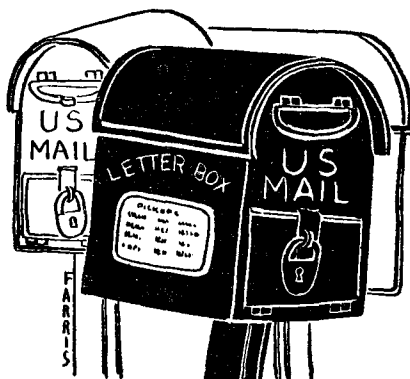
» For a long time I have been looking for just such an article as "Who's Behind the Teacher Shortage?" It was splendid and I could verify in my own experience many of the facts that were brought out. . . . I think this is the best article you have published on the subject of schools because it hits the central source of the difficulty right on the nose. I'll bet it will bring plenty of rantings and ravings from the traitors, their fellow-travelers and all sorts of oddly twisted and mentally disordered people. It's high time they were stopped in their tracks and our children saved from their vicious contamination.

ELEANOR KILPATRICK
Philadelphia

» I am a new subscriber to your magazine. Even though reducing my list of subscriptions to a "must" list, your magazine now heads that list.

A. C. AIKEN
Albuquerque, New Mexico

» Am enclosing my personal check for a one-year subscription to your wonderful magazine. . . . All Americans should know the truths and the facts to better understand the *mess* we seem to continuously find our country in.



More power to you in your revealing search for any and all truths and facts.

MRS. RALEIGH O. FIFE
Beverly Hills, California

» Today I read your Easter story again. Then I read it to the children. It's beautiful. Thank you for the inspiration!

R. R. RAMSEY
Philadelphia

» The *AMERICAN MERCURY* is always good but I think the May 1954 issue is the best yet! Keep at it, you're doing great.

PEGGY WINK
Port Orange, Florida

» My congratulations on your current (May) article regarding Senator McCarthy, by Harold Lord Varney.

JOHN W. ARNOLD
Pleasantville, N. Y.

» Yes, please renew my subscription to the MERCURY. It's a habit now as I was one of the first subscribers years ago. . . .

CARRA C. HATHORN
Houma, Louisiana

» Keep hustling! Yours is the only magazine I know of that is expressing real, traditionally American principles. Hope you will consider printing again informative articles concerning the *Federalist Papers*.

ROBERT T. LEBERT
New York City

» The Article "An Anti-Communist's Guide to Action" by J. B. Matthews in the May issue fills a real need and I hope there will be more articles similar to it. I have run across many people who are aware of the way our government leaders and others are losing our nation to Communism by default but who also think there is nothing they can do about it. . . .

Please keep the MERCURY pro-American and anti-Communist. There are so few such magazines today. I feel that America could be saved if the circulation of the MERCURY reached a million.

JULIAN E. WILLIAMS
Washington, D. C.

» Your reprints . . . are exactly what I need for my work. I am a high school teacher. High school kids ask questions. They are too old for fairy tales. They're all "from Missouri" in my class. . . . In closing may I say thanks for the "shot in the arm" which your articles have given my job. May God help you in fighting our fight.

EDMOND C. ROY
Ste. Rose du Lac
Manitoba, Canada

» Kindly cancel my subscription to the MERCURY. It is poorly written, biased — just plain trash. The cartoons even more than the literature (?) show the level you have chosen. In this day and age I put my faith in an editor who has courage, backbone, and above all *Christian* ideals. . . .

MIRIAM L. HOYT

Medford, Massachusetts

P.S. I note you publish only rabid fan mail.

» In these days of distorted news-casting and printing it is refreshing to read a "sane" magazine such as this.

TERESA MCDONELL

Devils Lake, North Dakota

» The article on "Book Burning" in the current issue was excellent. I sent it to the local school board, where a left wing member seems to be stirring up trouble. . . .

E. M. BIGGERS

Biggers Printing Company
Houston, Texas

(Editor's Note: The following letter is printed exactly as it was received, misspellings and all, as an illustration of the intellectual caliber of at least some of our opponents.)

» No I have not been to busey to renew, you stink with Holy Wotter, hog wash, who do your, present Holy Water Morons, working for The Pope, and perhaps, Roten senitor Joe McCarthy who should be in Ireland or perhaps Spain, Saying his beads and praying to the banshees. There were athiest in the mud. I am an ex soldier.

WILLIAM ARGABRIGHT
Perth, North Dakota

AUTOMOBILES and STATIC ELECTRICITY

By J. H. W. KERSTON

Do you remember that crackling sound when drawing a hard-rubber comb through your hair, and the hair literally "standing on edge"; or when dragging your feet over a deep-pile rug on a dry, wintry day? What, then, is the explanation of all this?

It is caused by the generation of static electricity on a small scale. The same thing happens on a larger scale, and much more effectively, whenever a glass rod is briskly rubbed against silk, or when rotating rubber tires are brought in close contact with a road surface. And the greater the friction, the "hotter" the spark.

These electrical phenomena are caused by the discharge and equalization of different voltages between different materials. It is not unlike those huge electric sparks—in the form of lightning—that pass from one cloud to another, or to the earth. Now, let us consider what happens with cars and trucks.

As the result of the most exhaustive tests and studies, it has been proven that charges of static electricity amounting to 12,000 volts or more may be found in automobiles and trucks driving along the nation's highways and on city streets.

Possible danger from this source, in starting a fire of gasoline vapor if a spark is discharged, is indicated;

even after a stop of 20 minutes or more there is sometimes no apparent decrease in the accumulated voltage. Many hours may have to pass before the charge is completely dissipated from a stopped car.

It has also been found that a "drag chain," such as is commonly used on the rear of gasoline trucks, and which supposedly prevents a dangerous charge from accumulating, has no noticeable effect because the pavement is not grounded.

The charge comes, apparently, from the transfer of electrons in two materials which are "in contact," but are actually separated by a millionth of an inch or less. This occurs between the tires and the road surface, as well as between shoes and a heavy carpet, when one's body can accumulate a charge sufficient to make a sizeable spark when a finger is suddenly brought near a grounded object. In the latter instance, a charge of as high as 10,000 volts may be accumulated.

Voltages up to 75,000 have been recorded with gasoline and other liquids passing through hose and pipelines, creating a constant source of potential danger.

The friction of rubbing does not produce the charge, but merely establishes more extensive contact between the two materials.



The American Mercury's List

- Animal Farm*, by George Orwell, \$1.75. Harcourt Brace & Co., Inc., 383 Madison Avenue, New York.
- Anthem*, by Ayn Rand, \$3.00. The Caxton Printers, Ltd., Caldwell, Idaho.
- Asia Aflame: Communism in the East*, by Van Der Vlugt, \$6.00. Devin-Adair Co., 23 East 26th Street, New York.
- Brain-Washing in Red China*, by Edward Hunter, \$3.75. Vanguard Press, Inc., 424 Madison Avenue, New York.
- Century of Conflict, A*, by Stefan T. Possony, \$7.50. Henry Regnery Company, 20 West Jackson Boulevard, Chicago 4, Ill.
- China Story, The*, by Freda Uteley, \$3.50. Henry Regnery Company, 20 West Jackson Boulevard, Chicago 4, Ill.
- Claims of Sociology, The*, by A. H. Hobbs, \$2.75. Stackpole, Telegraph Press Building, Harrisburg, Pa.
- Communism and Christ*, by Charles Lowry, \$1.75 (paper), \$2.75 (cloth). Morehouse-Gorham Co., Inc., 14 East 41st Street, New York.
- Communist Trail in America, The*, by Jacob Spolansky, \$3.50. Macmillan Company, 60 Fifth Avenue, New York.
- Communism Versus the Negro*, by William A. Nolan, \$3.50. Henry Regnery Company, 20 West Jackson Boulevard, Chicago 4, Ill.
- Communist War on Religion*, by Gary Mac-Eoin, \$3.50. Devin-Adair Co., 23 East 26th Street, New York.
- Crime Without Punishment*, by Guenter Reinhardt, \$3.50. Hermitage House, Inc., 8 West 13th Street, New York.
- Cry Is Peace, The*, by Louis Francis Budenz, \$3.75. Henry Regnery Company, 20 West Jackson Boulevard, Chicago 4, Ill.
- Enemy Within, The*, by deJaegher and Kuhn, \$3.75. Doubleday Bookshop, 436 Fifth Avenue, New York.
- God and Man at Yale*, by William F. Buckley, Jr., \$3.50. Henry Regnery Company, 20 West Jackson Boulevard, Chicago 4, Ill.
- Great Idea, The*, by Henry Hazlitt, \$3.50. Appleton-Century-Crofts, Inc., 35 West 32nd Street, New York.
- I Chose Freedom*, by Victor Kravchenko, \$4.50. Scribners Book Store, 597 Fifth Avenue, New York.
- I Led Three Lives*, by Herbert Philbrick, \$1.49 (paper). Grossett & Dunlap, Inc., 1107 Broadway, New York.
- Iron Curtain*, by Igor Gouzenko, \$3.00. E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc., 300 Fourth Avenue, New York.
- Lattimore Story, The*, by John T. Flynn, \$1.00. Devin-Adair Co., 23 East 26th Street, New York.
- McCarthy and His Enemies*, by Buckley and Bozell, \$5.00. Henry Regnery Company, 20 West Jackson Boulevard, Chicago 4, Ill.
- McCarthyism: The Fight for America*, by Joe McCarthy, \$5.00. Devin-Adair Co., 23 East 26th Street, New York.
- Men Without Faces*, by Louis Francis Budenz, \$3.50. Harper & Brothers, 49 East 33rd Street, New York.

of Recommended Books on Current Affairs

- Negro and the Communist Party, The*, by Wilson Record, \$3.50. University of North Carolina Press, Chapel Hill, North Carolina.
- One Who Survived*, by Alexander Barmine, \$4.00. G. P. Putnam Sons, 210 Madison Avenue, New York.
- Our Secret Allies*, by Eugene Lyons, \$3.50. Little, Brown & Co., 34 Beacon Street, Boston, Massachusetts.
- Out of Bondage*, by Elizabeth Bentley, \$3.50. Devin-Adair Co., 23 East 26th Street, New York.
- People's Pottage, The*, by Gareth Garrett, \$3.00. The Caxton Printers, Ltd., Caldwell, Idaho.
- Prejudice and the Press*, by Frank Hughes, \$6.00. Devin-Adair Co., 23 East 26th Street, New York.
- Red Masquerade*, by Angela Calomiris, \$3.00. J. B. Lippincott Co., 521 Fifth Avenue, New York.
- Red Plot Against America*, by Robert Stripling and Bob Considine, \$3.00. Bell Publishing Co., Drexel Hill, Pennsylvania.
- Road Ahead, The*, by John T. Flynn, \$2.50. Devin-Adair Co., 23 East 26th Street, New York.
- Secret War for the A-Bomb, The*, by Medford Evans, \$3.95. Henry Regnery Company, 20 West Jackson Boulevard, Chicago 4, Ill.
- Seeds of Treason*, by de Toledano and Lasky, \$3.50. Funk and Wagnalls Co., 153 East 24th Street, New York.
- Shanghai Conspiracy*, by Charles S. Willoughby, \$3.75. E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc., 300 Fourth Avenue, New York.
- Soviet Slave Empire, The*, by A. K. Herling, \$3.75. Wilfred Funk, Inc., 513 East 24th Street, New York.
- Spies, Dupes and Diplomats*, by Ralph de Toledano, \$3.50. Little, Brown & Co., 34 Beacon Street, Boston, Massachusetts.
- Stalin and German Communism*, by Ruth Fischer, \$8.00. Harvard University Press, Cambridge, Massachusetts.
- Traitors, The*, by Alan Moorehead, \$3.50. Scribners Book Store, 597 Fifth Avenue, New York.
- Twenty-Year Revolution, The*, by Chesly Manly, \$4.00. Henry Regnery Company, 20 West Jackson Boulevard, Chicago 4, Ill.
- Web of Subversion, The*, by James Burnham, \$3.75. John Day Co., Inc., 210 Madison Avenue, New York.
- When the Gods are Silent*, by Mikhail Soloviev, \$3.95. David McKay Co., Inc., 55 Fifth Avenue, New York.
- While You Slept*, by John T. Flynn, \$2.50. Devin-Adair Co., 23 East 26th Street, New York.
- Whole of Their Lives, The*, by Benjamin Gitlow, \$3.50. Scribners Book Store, 597 Fifth Avenue, New York.
- Witness*, by Whittaker Chambers, \$5.00. Random House, Inc., 457 Madison Avenue, New York.
- Yalta Betrayal, The*, by Felix Wittmer, \$1.25. The Caxton Printers, Ltd., Caldwell, Idaho.

**WEBER**

In The Year 1928 . . .

Remember Al Jolson in "The Singing Fool" and Fannie Brice in "My Man"? These were advertised as the best talking pictures on Broadway that year of 1928 when the Weber Dental Manufacturing Company was already thirty years old.

The banks were paying 4½% on savings, Herbert Hoover had defeated Al Smith; Helen Wills, Bobby Jones, Babe Ruth, and Chris Cagle were big names in sports, and a December headline proclaimed that "television is prominent in predictions for 1929."

While these items occupied national interest more than two decades ago, The Weber Dental Manufacturing Company was progressing quietly along the path towards better dental equipment for better service to the profession.

Two new products were added that year — the footpump chair and the dental engine. Many of that "first run of '28" are still in service, attesting to the quality which has always been the watchword of the Weber Company.

Thirty years of research and development had produced by 1928 the first dental cuspidor (1898) and the Weber X-Ray (1925), together with these newest products, the chair and the engine.

Steadily, purposefully, effectively, we were making our way among the leaders in the dental equipment field. Today, more than fifty years of "know-how" go into every item of dental equipment produced at our large modern factory in Canton, Ohio. Weber equipment has stood the test of time.

Yes, the Weber Company is proud of its fine dental equipment and proud, too, of the role it has played in the history of progressive dentistry.

The WEBER Dental Manufacturing Company
Canton, Ohio and dealers in major cities

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